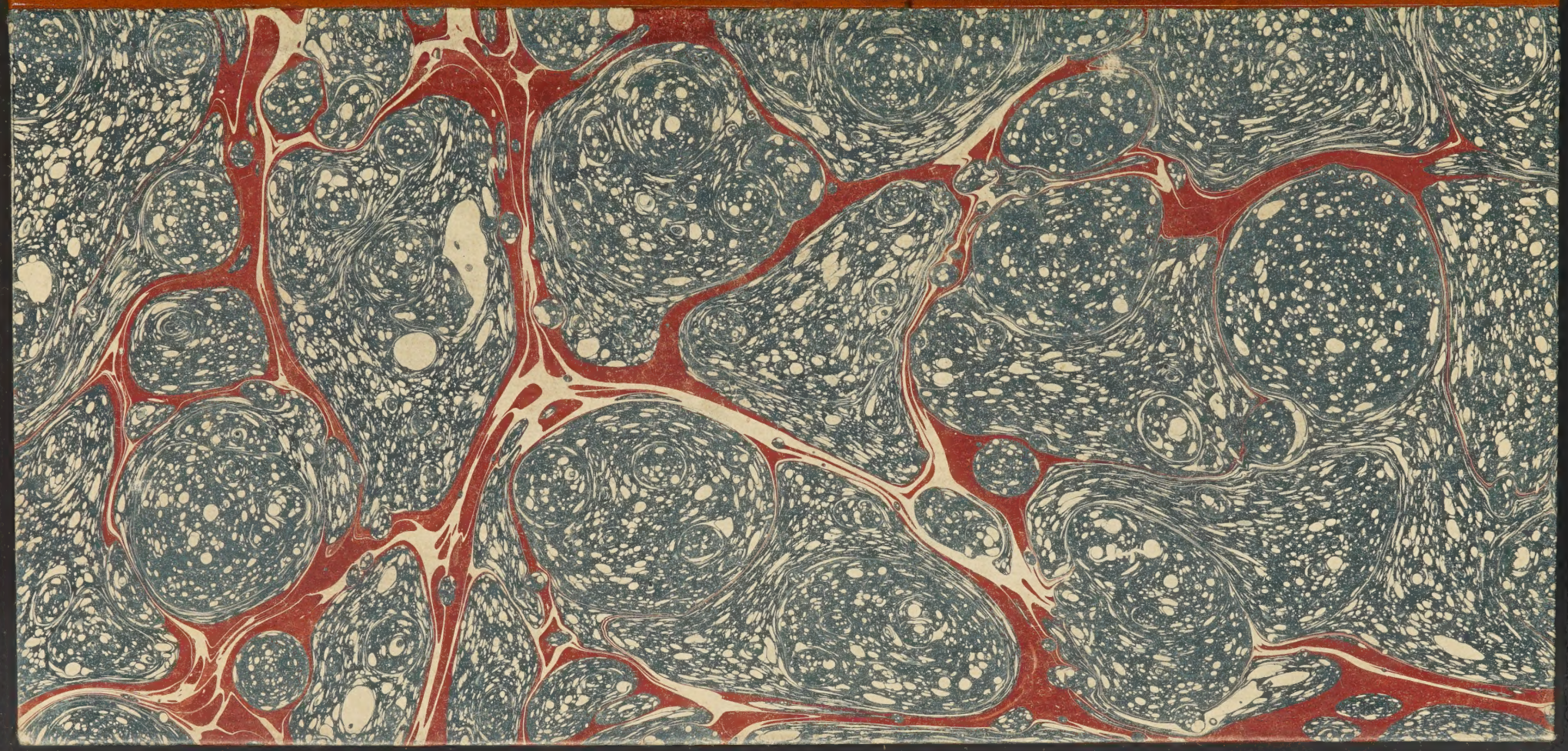

SAVAGE'S
LETTERS

1st ed
-150

A Select COLLECTION of

LETTERS

OF THE

ANTIENTS.

Written Originally by

Greeks.
- *Phalaris*,
- *Solon*,
- *Socrates*,
- *Pythagoras*,
- *Euripedes*,
- *Xenophon*,
- *Aristotle*,
- K. *Philip*,
- *Alexander* the Great,
- *Democritus*,
- *Heraclitus*,
- *Diogenes* the *Cynick*,
- *Isocrates*,
- *Hippocrates*,
- The Emp. *Julian*, &c.

Romans.
- *Cicero*,
- *Seneca*,
- *Augustus Cæsar*,
- *Mark Anthony*,
- *Brutus* and *Cassius*,
- *Pompey*,
- *Mithridates*,
- *Germanicus*,
- K. *Herod*,
- *Agrippina*,
- *Poppæa*,
- *Caracalla*,
- *M. Aurelius*,
- *Aurelian*,
- Qu. *Zenobia*, &c.

Whereby is discover'd the Morality, Gallantry, Wit, Humour, Manner of Arguing, and in a Word, the Genius both of the *Greeks* and *Romans*.

Multa ignoramus, quæ non laterent, si Veterum *Lectio nobis esset familiaris.* Cicero.

By Mr. *SAVAGE*.

LONDON: Printed for *J. Hartley*, next door to the *King's-head* Tavern in *Holborn*; *F. Coggan*, in the Inner *Temple-Lane*; *W. Davis*, at the *Black-Bull* in *Cornhill*; *R. Gibson*, at the *Roe-Buck* between the two *Temple* Gates in *Fleet-street*; and *T. Hodgson*, over against *Grays-Inn-Gate* in *Holborn*. 1703.

TO

Anthony Hammond Esq;

ONE OF THE

COMMISSIONERS

OF

Her MAJESTY's Navy.

SIR,

THE *Honour* I have had of a long *Acquaintance* with you, has given me *Assurance* to present you the following *Sheets*; your known *Sence* will confirm the *Reader* of their *Merit*, and for my own part I know both my self and you too well, to shelter any thing under your *Name*, which is not in some measure worthy it. This I may venture to say for our *Book*, being made up out of the *Performances* of the most celebrated *Men* and *Authors* of *Antiquity*; and if the *Translators* should any where fall short of their *Originals*, we might in *Vindication* ask, Whether any *Translation* from the *Greek* or *Latine* has ever yet kept up with

them? I'm ſure I may aver, we have not fallen ſhort of any yet publiſh'd in *Engliſh*, either in our *Choice* or *Verſion*.

This is the only *Collection* of *Letters* entirely *Antient*, (without any Allay of *Modern Originals*) wherein you will have a near and familiar *View*, of the *Great Men* of *Antiquity*; you will hear 'em ſpeak in their own proper *Perſons*, and ſee their *Intereſts*, *Inclinations*, *Paſſions*, *Reaſonings* and all elſe work, that could bring a *Man* perfectly acquainted with them. *Letters* are of this *Nature*; They are a ſecond-hand or diſtant *Converſation*, where the *Mind* is freely ſpoke, and the moſt private *Tranſactions* and *Intrigues* manag'd. We have given a *variety* no *Collection* before this can boaſt, and I may venture to affirm, there are hardly among the whole *Number*, any trifling, unentertaining or not conducive to a true *Proſpect* of the *antient Greeks* and *Romans*.

I could eaſily lay down the *Rules* and *Excellencies* of this *way* of *Writing*, whereby a *Judgment* might be form'd how near our *Authors* come to *Perfection*. All *Letters* are either *Narrations*, that is *Accounts* of *Things* and *Buſineſs*, or elſe they are to *Perſuade* or *Diſſuade*, to *Praiſe* or *Diſpraiſe*, to *Accuſe* or *Defend*, under which *Heads* will all other *Species* of this *kind* fall. Now every *Letter* is *good* or *bad*, as it juſtly and cloſely purſues the *end* it aims at, to which *Teſt* we leave our *Collection*.

Should any ſupercilious *Critick* aſſert that ſome few of this *Collection* are not *Genuine*, let him enjoy his *Opinion*; I ſhall never think a *Diſpute* like that about *Phalaris*'s *Epiſtles*, tho' learnedly manag'd on both *ſides*, worth the *Heats* and *Pains*, where the *Conſequence* is not of any great *Importance*;

tance; especially when I may justly say, that if there be any such in this *Book*, they carry such an *Air* of *Antiquity*, and are so built on the *Customs*, *Manners* and *History* of those *Times*, that they may very well pass for *Originals*, inasmuch as they contribute to our common *end*, of bringing the *Reader* acquainted with the *Antients*.

There is one *Thing* very *remarkable* in these *Roman* and *Greek Letters*, and that is an *honest* and *hearty Love* which the *Writers* of them have frequently shewn for their *Country*, a *Virtue* too many among us want at this Time: Yes, *Sir*, we want more *Hammonds* to rouse up a publick Spirit. You are not a meer pretended *Patriot*, a *noisy Boaster* of an *impotent* and *unactive zeal* for your *Country*; but you exert it in *Action*. That *Understanding* and *Honour* which has drawn the *Royal Eye* upon you, to repose so *weighty* a *Trust* in you, as part of the *Care* of the *Navy*, has by that means furnish'd your *zeal* for the Good of your *Country*, with a *Power* of endeavouring to make it *Prosperous*.

But while I consider you as a Patriot, I must not forget that *essential Quality* of one, *Religion*, without securing *which* our *Country* cannot long be secure. And this warns me to take *notice* of the *Epistle* of *Symachus* in *Vindication* of *Paganism*; and those of the *Emperour Julian* the *Apostate*. They were inserted here for the *Service* of *Religion*, to shew what a shallow *Reasoner* the wisest of those two was, when he oppos'd the *Christian Religion*. St. *Ambrose* has sufficiently confuted the *Former*, and I shall only examine the *Latter*.

A Prefatory Dedication.

The *Quality* and *Conſideration* of this *Author* indeed ſeem to demand a *Word* or two in the *Tranſlator*'s *behalf*, not as to the *Truth*, *Juſtneſs*, or *Value* of the *Tranſlation* of theſe Letters, but as to the Tranſlating them at all. The *Character* of the *Emperour Julian*, as to his *Apoſtacy*, is in every bodies *Mouth* with *Contempt* and *Abhorrence*; while his *particular Qualifications*, which are in themſelves *Meritorious*, are not juſtly regarded, tho' his *Sence* and *Learning* are greater *Arguments* of his *Condemnation* than the *want* of them could be; for tho' *Folly* and *Ignorance* might be ſuppos'd to be impos'd on, by the *Arts* and plauſible *Sophiſtry* of a *Pagan Philoſopher*, to make one forſake the Light of the *Goſpel*, yet one would ſcarce imagine it poſſible, that a *Man* of *Reaſon* and *Learning*, nay and of *Judgment* in other *Things*, ſhould by any *Argument*, either of *Stoick*, *Peripatetick*, or *Platonick Philoſophy*, be wrought from the *Credit* of his *Reaſon*, as *Julian* was by *Maximus* the *Philoſopher*.

In his Second *Letter* here Tranſlated, he tells us of his *Fondneſs* for *Books*, which from a *Boy* were his chief *Delight*; for certainly he was well skill'd in *Phyſick*, *Sculpture*, *Poetry* and *Philoſophy*, as appears even by theſe *Letters* of his, tho' in the laſt he was too much involv'd in a *Faction* or *Party*, to be a ſincere *Enquirer* into *Truth*, being a profeſs'd *Diſciple* of *Plato* and *Ariſtotle*, and one that allow'd that *Authority* to their *Names* which he deny'd to *Reaſon*, wherein he had forgot a *Saying* he has himſelf in one of his *Letters*, *I love* Plato (ſays he) *I love* Socrates, *but I love Truth better.* Had he done ſo, he might eaſily have diſtinguiſh'd betwixt the *Abſurdities* of the *Polytheiſm* of the *Gentiles*, and

and the *Excellence* and *Demonſtration* of one *Eternal, Omnipotent* and *Juſt God* of the *Chriſtians*; and have alſo had more *Confidence* in the *Providence* of that *God*, than in *Auguries* and fooliſh *Dreams*, to which he diſcovers, in his *Letter* to *Oribaſius*, &c. a very great *Deference*.

But ſetting aſide his *Sins* of *Judgment* in *Religion*, his *Life* ſhin'd equal to moſt of his *Predeceſſors*, and *Ammianus Marcellinus* gives him a very *noble Character*, for had he never known *Chriſtianity* and its *undeniable Truths*, he might have been very juſtly compar'd with *Antoninus*, *Marcus Aurelius*, &c. He ſays of himſelf, *that he was ſlow to puniſh, but much ſlower to forgive when once he had reſolv'd on puniſhing.* He was very *abſtemious* in the *Pleaſures* and *riotous Luxury* of the *Time* wherein he liv'd, patient of *Heat* and *Cold*, a good *General*, and, as he would have you to think, an *honeſt Man*; for he has not a few *Maxims* of great *Probity*, one of which eſpecially is worthy the *Mouth* of a *Chriſtian* of his *Age*, which was, *That a ſhort time well and innocently ſpent, was, in his Opinion, preferable to an Immortality of Sinning.* He was moreover a *Prince* not covetous of *Money*, as you may find from that *Letter* wherein he remits *part* of a *Tax*, affirming, *That he had much rather do his People good, than take their Money from them, which was their Support.*

Amidſt his *virulent Hatred* to *Chriſtianity*, he profeſs'd a ſort of *peculiar Moderation* in his *Conduct* towards the *Profeſſors* of it, leaving them entirely at *Liberty* to *conform* to the *Emperor's Religion* or to enjoy their *own*. The ſmall *Progreſs* this *Liberty of Conſcience* produc'd towards a *Return* to *Idolatry*, is every way evident from

ſome of theſe *Letters*; and which occaſion'd that to *Arſacius Arch-Prieſt* of *Galatia*, to ſtir him up to an *Imitation* of the *Chriſtians* of his *Time*, in their *Charity*, *Bounty*, and the like, as thoſe *Things* that had ſo far promoted and ſpread our *Holy Religion*. In the ſame *Letter* he endeavours to reform the *Abuſes*, or rather *degenerate Lives*, of the *Heathen Clergy*; whereby to gain them a *Reputation*, which was naturally productive of *Authority* with the *People*, the ſureſt way of ſpreading *Error* as well as *Truth*.

But notwithſtanding his *Profeſſion* of *Moderation* towards the *Chriſtians*, in his *Letter* to *Artabius*, and in that againſt the *Chriſtian Teachers* making *Uſe* of the *Greek Authors*, he burſt out into *Expreſſions* contrary to his *Decrees* of *Liberty of Conſcience* in his *Heat* againſt St. *Athanaſius*, and at the ſame time that he could recall *Arrian Biſhops* from *Baniſhment*, he compell'd *Athanaſius* to go into *Exile*, not allowing him to be in any part of *Ægypt*. And this leads me to the tranſlating theſe *Letters* at all, which was on *account* of the *Service* it might be to *Religion*, againſt the *Atheiſts* of this *Age*, who when you urge the *Fathers* and the *Accounts* of the *Primitive Chriſtianity*, deny their *Authority*, as brib'd by their *Intereſt*, or magnifying their own *Party*; whereas here we find the *violent Enemy* of *Chriſtianity*, propoſing the *Chriſtians* of his *Time* as a *Pattern* to follow, to make the *Abſurdities* of his own *Superſtition* go down the better with the *People*. Can there be a greater *Teſtimony* of the *Zeal* of St. *Athanaſius*, than his *Baniſhment* by this *Profeſſor* of *Moderation*, only for his *Spreading* the *Goſpel*, *Baptizing* ſome *Greek Ladies* of *Quality*, and the like? He could correſpond with

Georgius

Georgius the *Arrian Bishop* of *Alexandria*, nay resent his *Murther* by the *People*, yet could not forgive *Athanasius* who every where oppugn'd his *Favourite Idolatry*.

This being the chief *Motive* of the Translation of his *Letters*, I judge it may not be *amiss* to shew his *false Reasoning* in one *Letter*, wherein he forbids all *Professors* in *Schools* the *use* of the *Greek Poets* and *Authors*, except such as were *Idolaters*. The whole *Stress* of his *Argument* is, that it was not *honest* in the *Christians* to teach those *Authors* in their *Schools*, which they did not themselves believe. The *Fallacy* of which is visible, for he names *Historians* and *Poets*. If he means that the *Christians* did not believe the *fabulous Stories* of the *Poets*, I answer he himself nor any of the *Heathens* ever did believe them true. If he means the *Lessons* deduceable from their *Examples*, the *Christians* believ'd those as much as the *Pagans*, as having more lively *Principles* of *Morality* in their *Religion*. If he means the *excellence* of their *Descriptions*, *Language*, *Versification*, &c. these were as much believ'd by the *Christians*, and for that *end* taught by them. But if he comes to *History*, I suppose they gave as much *Credit* to *Thucydides* and *Herodotus* as a *rational Heathen* could, that is as far as they kept the *face* of *Truth*, &c. So that indeed I think the *Objection* extremely trifling in the *Emperor*. But, says he, are not the *Books* of one dedicated to the *Muses* and of the other to *Mercury*? And if they, meaning the *Christians*, will read their *Books*, why will they not imitate them in their *Piety* to the *Gods*? Because their *Religion* was *absurd*, and what no *Rational Man* could believe, and likewise because their *Religion* had nothing

nothing to do with their *Writings*. *Rhetorique*, *Poetry*, *Hiſtory* and *Philoſophy* are no *eſſential parts* of any particular *Sect* and may be ſtudy'd by any *Party* without any *Communion* in *Divinity*. And it had been fully as reaſonable to have forbid them *Painting*, *Statuary*, *Architecture*, &c. by reaſon *Apelles*, *Phidias*, *Vitruvius* and the other *Primimitive Maſters* of thoſe *Arts* were *Idolaters*. But we find *Julian* follows not the *Rule* he preſcribes, for in his *Letter* to *Arſacius*, he is teaching him *Morality* and *Charity* from the *Chriſtians*, which have an *immediate Dependance* on *Religion*, without believing that of thoſe he propoſes for *Examples*, whereby he is really *guilty* of what he falſely imputes to the *Chriſtians* on the former *Account*. I ſuppoſe I need not now add, that his *Epiſtles* being publiſh'd in *Greek* and *Latine* by *Divines*, I had no reaſon to ſcruple giving the *Publick* ſome of them in *Engliſh*, both on *Account* of *Hiſtory*, and the *Motive* I have already urg'd.

Now if I would follow the *common Mode* of *Dedicators*, I ſhould before I conclude, run out into a *large Encomium*, but Mr. *Hammond*'s *Virtues* and *Sence* are too well known, to need or ſo much as bear *Hyperbolical Exaggerations*: His real *good Qualities* recommend him to the *Love* of all *Men*, who can diſtinguiſh betwixt *Merit* and *Affectation*, among whom none more reſpectfully values you than

SIR,

Your moſt humble,
and moſt obedient Servant,

John Savage.

A Cronological TABLE,

Shewing the Years of the World, and thoſe of *Chriſt*, wherein moſt of the Writers of the following *Letters* liv'd.

SYMACHUS *Governour of* Rome, A. C. 392. *His Letter to the Emperors* Valentinian, Theodoſius *and* Arcadius, *in Defence of Paganiſm.* p. 1. *To the Poet* Auſonius. 73. Auſonius *his Anſwer.* 75.

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Hegeſias *to* Soſigenes. 427. *To* Heliodorus. 428.
Eutidemus *to* Lyſanias. 429. *To* Aceſtorides. 430.
Democlides *to* Cteſicles. 437.
Lyſimachides *to* Charonidas. ibid.
Hegeſias *to* Praxibulus. 438. *To three Brothers.* 439.

LETTERS

LETTERS OF THE ANTIENTS.

LETTER I.

Quintus Aurelius Avianus Symachus *Governour of* Rome, *to the moſt* Sacred *and always* Auguſt *Emperours* Valentinian, Theodoſius *and* Arcadius; *requeſting that the Altar of* VICTORY *might be reſtor'd to the Senate-Houſe whence it had been taken; to which and the ſpreading of the Chriſtian Religion the Heathens attributed the Inundations of the* Goths, *the Famine*, &c.

NO ſooner, moſt Auguſt Emperours, had your illuſtrious Senate of *Rome* found the Vices of the Times reduc'd by the force of your Laws, and ſeen the Infamy of the paſt Age waſh'd out by the Piety of this, but by the example and authority of your Conduct, the Reverend Conſcript Fathers gave Words to their Sorrows, and have again

deputed me the Meſſenger of their Complaints, which were deny'd the Audience of your moſt ſacred Majeſties, only becauſe they were ſure to find there a Redreſs, which ſome by no means deſir'd. I am therefore oblig'd both, as your Governour of *Rome* to give you an Account of the publick Acts, and as the City's Deputy to recommend to you what they have entruſted to my Charge. In this there is an Unanimity of Votes, a *Nemine Contradicente*, ſince now Men believe no more, that they can Complement the Courtiers by their Diſſenting. There is no Empire, O Emperors, like the Love of the People. It has been too ſhameful a thing to ſuffer private Diſputes to interfere with the publick Good, and the Senate with a great deal of Wiſdom and Juſtice, proſecutes thoſe, who have made no difficulty of having more regard to their own Power, than to the Fame and Reputation of their Prince. What we now labour to obtain, is a proof, that we watch for the Advantage of your Clemency; for to whom can our Endeavours for the Preſervation of the Laws of our Anceſtors, and the Defence of the Rights, and Fate of our Country, be more juſtly addreſs'd, than to the Glory of this Age? Which will appear the greater when you conſider, that you ought to attempt nothing contrary to the Cuſtoms of our Forefathers. Let us, therefore, look back on the ſtate of that Religion, from which our Common Wealth for ſo many Centuries deriv'd ſuch conſiderable Advantages; and if we examine the Princes of both Sects, we ſhall find that the firſt reverenc'd the Ceremonies of our Anceſtors, and the latter depriv'd us not of them; if there is no example to be drawn from the Religion of the Ancients, let it at leaſt

be

be deduc'd from the Permiſſion of the Moderns. Is there any Man fall'n to ſo great a Barbarity, as not to deſire the reſtoration of the Altar of Victory? But I ſhall be more Cautious in my Expreſſions, avoiding the too naked expoſing what may be too invidious. Permit us only to pay that Honor to the Name, which is deny'd to the Deity! Your Eternity is not a little indebted to Victory already, and much more ſhall be; let thoſe therefore be averſe to this Pow'r, who never deriv'd any Benefit from it; but never let it be ſaid that you deſerted that friendly Patroneſs of your Triumphs, when indeed there is neither Nation, nor Man, that pays her not his Vows? for no Man can deny worſhip to that, which he profeſſes is to be deſir'd. But if you have no regard to the ill Omen of removing the Altar of Victory, you ought at leaſt to ſpare the Ornaments of the *Senate Houſe*. Great is the Power of Cuſtom, and we humbly implore you to permit us in this our Age to deliver thoſe things to our Poſterity, which we receiv'd in our Youth from our Forefathers. 'Twas not without great Reaſon, that the Act of *Conſtantius* was of no long duration, and you ought to avoid all thoſe, which you have ſeen quickly diſanull'd. We are concern'd for the Eternity of your Fame, and your *Divinity*, that the ſucceeding Age, may find nothing in the Tranſactions of your Reign, which may deſerve any Correction. Where ſhall we ſwear to your Laws and Commands? By what Religious Dread ſhall the fallacious Mind be terrify'd from giving falſe Witneſs? 'Tis true all things are full of God, and there is no Refuge for the perfidious; but the Influence of a preſent Religion is a powerful Check

on Tranſgreſſours. This Altar of Victory was the Band of all our Concord, and the Repoſitory of the Faith of every one in particular; nor is there any thing, that gives greater Authority to our Decrees, than, that the Senatorian Order is, as it were, ſworn to all, that it determines. Believe me, illuſtrious Emperors, thoſe who think themſelves only ſecure by the Public Oaths, will, by this means, think, there is an open Inlet made for Perjuries to the Senate, when it is thus publickly profan'd. But it has been urg'd, that the Emperour *Conſtantius* has given a Precedent for this. Let us imitate other Actions of that Prince, rather, than what he never had done, had he ſeen any preceding Emperor guilty of the like Miſtake; for the Succeſſour corrects himſelf by the Errors of his Predeceſſour, and the Condemnation of a foregoing Example begets a juſt Conduct in him, that ſucceeds. That illuſtrious Prince, your Father, might well be allow'd to make a Miſtake in a new Attempt while he did not apprehend the Judiciouſneſs of the Fact; but can we plead that excuſe ſhou'd we imitate him in that very thing, our Conſcience condemns? But if your Majeſties will Copy that Prince, make choice of others of his Acts more worthy Imitation. He rifled not the holy Virgins of any of their Privileges, he decreed the Prieſthood to the Roman Nobility, and deny'd not the neceſſary Expences of our Ceremonies; and following the joyful Senate through the eternal City, with a pleaſing Eye beheld the holy Temples, enquir'd after their Originals, read the Names of the Gods inſcrib'd on their Roofs, and admir'd their Founders; and tho' he was himſelf of another Religion, yet this

this he protected. For every Man has his peculiar Customs, and his particular Religious Rites; the Divine Mind has distributed to all Nations different Guardians; and, as differing Souls are distributed to all that are born, so are there various fatal *Genii* allotted to several People. Let us add to this, the Benefit and Emolument, which gives Man the greatest Tye to the Divinity. For since Reason is but the Twilight of the Mind, and it's Decisions uncertain, as obscure; Whence can we better derive the Excellence of any Deity above another, than from the Records of Time, and those Lessons, which happy Events have taught us. If then Religion draw any Authority from its great and immemorial Antiquity, we ought to preserve that Faith, which has liv'd so many Ages, and in it follow our Forefathers, as they did theirs with all the Rewards of Good Fortune. Let us but imagine we saw *Rome* her self make her present Address to your Majesties in these pathetique Expostulations: *Ye best of Princes, Fathers of your Country, have some Respect to that Venerable Old Age to which those pious Rites have preserv'd me, and permit me to enjoy those paternal Ceremonies, which never yet gave me Cause of Repentance; suffer me to live as I us'd to do, because I am free: This is the Worship, that has reduced the World under my Jurisdiction, driven* Hannibal *from my Walls, and the* Senones *from my* Capitol. *Have I been thus long preserv'd to be School'd in my old Age? Cou'd I discover what these Institutions, that are thought fit to be advanc'd are, yet the Reformation of old Age is shameful and opprobrious.* We supplicate therefore for Peace to the Gods of our Forefathers, and

of our Country. 'Tis juſt enough to think the Object of the Worſhip of all Mankind is but *One*; we all behold the ſame Stars, the ſame Heaven is our Canopy, and the ſame Earth our Dwelling: What ſignifies it therefore by what different Ways we enquire after Truth? *One* way is too narrow, and too little to arrive at ſo vaſt a Secret. But this is a Diſpute fit only for thoſe, who have nothing elſe to do; at this time we offer not Arguments but Prayers. Where are the mighty Profits, the Spoils of the Prerogatives of the Veſtal Virgins have brought to your Exchequer? We find thoſe things deny'd them under Princes moſt remarkable for Liberality, which the moſt penurious have granted: That ſtipend of Chaſtity conſiſts only in Honour; and as their ſacred Fillets are the only Ornaments of their Heads, ſo is their exemption from Rewards the Mark of their Prieſthood. All they require is but a ſort of bare and empty Name of Privilege, being ſecure by their Poverty from apprehenſions of Loſs. Thoſe therefore who leſſen their Subſtance, add the more to their Praiſe, when the Chaſtity, that is devoted to the Public, encreaſes when it is depriv'd of Reward. Far be thoſe baſe Gains from the Purity of your Treaſury; for the Exchequer of a Good Prince ſhou'd be augmented by the Spoils of his Enemies, not Robberys from the Prieſthood. And is there any Gain, that can ſufficiently balance the Envy this brings? And the Miſery of theſe whoſe ancient Revenues are ſeiz'd on, is the greater, becauſe Avarice is a Vice, that cannot be laid to your Charge; for under Emperors, that are not rapacious of the Properties of their Subjects, but Maſters of their Appetites, that is

turn'd

turn'd wholly to the Detriment of the Loſer, that moves not the Deſire of the Spoiler; and thus thoſe Fields and Poſſeſſions left to the holy Virgins and Miniſters by the Teſtaments of the Dying, are brought into the Exchequer. Of you, O Prieſts of Juſtice! I implore that the Rites of your City may have the ſame advantages of Property and Poſſeſſion, which private Perſons have. Suffer your Subjects to make their laſt Wills without Apprehenſion, and let them know, that under Princes free from Avarice, their Legacies ſhall not be violated. And you, O Princes, be pleas'd with this Happineſs of Humane kind; for Examples of this Nature have already diſturb'd the laſt hours of the Dying. Have not the Revenues of Religion the ſame Benefit with thoſe of the Profane? Are they not under the Protection of the *Roman* Laws? I know not what Name, what Apellation to give to the ſeizing thoſe things, which no Law, nor any Chance have made liable to Forfeiture. The Freed men receive their Legacies, nay the Slaves are not deny'd the juſt Benefit of *Wills*, and the *Noble Virgins* alone, and holy Miniſters of the *fatal Rites* are deny'd the Poſſeſſions of thoſe Revenues, which they derive from Inheritance. At this rate it is better being a Slave to Men, than to devote the Body to Chaſtity for the public Good, than to prop the Eternity of the Empire with heavenly Supports, than to aſſiſt your Arms and Standards with Amicable Virtues. By this means we offer an Injury to the Common Wealth, which ought never to be ingrateful. I would not have any man believe, that I defend the Cauſe of Religion alone, for from Attempts like theſe ſpring all the Diſquiets and Inconveniencies

of Humane Life. The Laws of our Forefathers honour'd the Veſtal Virgins, and the ſacred Miniſters of the Gods with moderate Subſiſtence, and juſt Privileges; which for many Ages continued inviolate, till the time of a Company of degenerate Bankers, who diverted the Maintenance of holy Chaſtity to the Reward of baſe and ſervile Flatterers. But what was the Conſequence? Public Famine, while the ſickly Harveſt in every Province deludes our hopes of Relief. Nor can we aſſign this Dearth to the Sterility of the Ground, the Blaſting of the Winds, the Stars, Cankers in Trees, or Tares in our Corn; but this Sacrilege alone conſum'd the Products of the year: For it was but juſt that all ſhou'd want that, which was deny'd to Religion. If we can parallel this great Famine with any Example, then let us attribute it to the common Cauſes of Nature, and the Accidents of the year. The People were again reduc'd to their primitive Food of Acorns and Berries of the Woods. Had our Anceſtours ever any ſuch Calamity, while the public Honour fed and maintain'd the Miniſters of Religion? When did they ſhake the Oak, or tear up the Roots of Herbs for Food? When were all our Provinces inſufficient to ſupply us with Bread, while it was not deny'd the ſacred Virgins? For the Food of the Prieſthood nouriſh'd the Product of the Earth, ſo that it was rather a Remedy, than a Bounty. Can any man doubt but that was given to all for their ſakes, when all want it ſince they are depriv'd of it. Some may perhaps reply, that 'tis the Public Money is deny'd to bear the Expences of a contrary Religion; far be that pernicious Notion from a good Prince, to think

that

that Particular Donations to particular Uſes belong at all to the Imperial Revenue. You govern all, but preſerve every Man his Right; and Juſtice is more prevalent with you, than an arbitrary Licentiouſneſs. Conſult your own Acts of Magnificence, and then conſider whether you wou'd be ſatisfy'd, that thoſe Gifts you have beſtow'd to particular ends, ſhou'd by being part of the Public Revenue be liable to be perverted to another uſe by your Succeſſors. Thoſe Donations, that are once made to the Honor of the City ceaſe to be any longer in the power of the Donor, and that which was at firſt a Favour, by preſcription of Time becomes a Debt. Let your Clemency view the ſecret Supports of all Sects with an impartial Eye, and eſpecially that to which your Anceſtors ow'd their Aſſiſtance, and which defends you, and is follow'd by us. We petition for that Form of Religion, which preſerv'd the Empire of your ſacred Father, and ſupply'd that fortunate Prince with a Lawful Iſſue. Behold that God looks down from his Starry Palace, views the Tears of the Prieſts, and thinks himſelf blam'd for the Violation of that Cuſtom, which he willingly preſerv'd. Correct that evil Counſel, that was given your ſacred Brother, and which he knew not ſo diſpleaſing to the Senate; for 'tis evident their Meſſengers were deny'd Admiſſion to him, that he might be depriv'd of the Knowledge of the Public Decree. And 'tis but a juſt honour you pay the former Age in revoking that which we can prove was no free Act of the Prince.

LETTER

LETTER II.

St. Ambroſe's *Anſwer Addreſs'd to the Emperour* Valentinian, *containing a full Vindication of the Chriſtian Religion.*

AT the Time that the Noble *Symachus*, Governour of *Rome*, made his Adreſſes to your Clemency for the Reſtoration of the Altar of Victory, which had been taken out of the Senate Houſe, and that you (yet in the very Noviceſhip of your Youth, tho robuſt and old in the Virtue of Faith) rejected the Petition of the Gentiles; I, as ſoon, as I had any knowledge of the Attempt, offer'd you a ſmall Paper of what I then thought fit to ſay on that Subject at that Juncture, and demanded a Copy of his Letter. Wherefore I ſend this Anſwer to it, not out of any Diffidence of your Faith, but out of a provident Caution, certain of a pious and juſt examination; only deſiring, that you wou'd have more Regard to the Force of the Thing, than to the Elegance of the Language; for the Tongue of the learned and wiſe Man (according to the divine Scriptures) is Gold, which inrich'd with pompous Words, and exulting in a ſort of dazling Force of a brillant Eloquence, blinds the Eyes of the Mind with the Appearance of Beauty. But if we examine the Gold, we ſhall find, that the Value is from the outſide Stamp, within 'tis nothing but common Metal. I beſeech you but to weigh well and examine the Sect of the Gentiles, and you'll find that their

Boaſts

Boasts and Pretences are noisie and specious, but what they defend is abominable: In Words they talk of God, but it is the Idol they adore. Three things I find the illustrious Governour *Symachus* has propos'd, which he thought solid and unanswerable. 1st. That *Rome* demands the Restitution of her Ancient Rites and Religion. 2dly. That the Revenues of their Priests, and Vestal Virgins be allow'd them; and 3dly, That the depriving the Priests of their Benefices had produc'd the Public Famine. In the first Proposition he introduces *Rome* in a pityful manner complaining, and begging the Restoration of her former Worship, and Ceremonies; those, she says, drove *Hannibal* from her Walls, and the *Senones* from her *Capitol*; but while she thus extols the Power of her Religion, she betrays its Weakness; for *Hannibal* according to this was a long time an over Match for the *Roman* Gods, and spight of them brought Fire and Sword to the very Walls of *Rome*. How cou'd they suffer themselves to be cooped up within their Walls, for whom the Arms of the Gods were zealously employ'd? I know not what to say of the *Senones*, who had been too hard for the *Romans* had not the fearful Geese betray'd them, when they enter'd the *Capitol* it self. Think but what glorious Protectors the *Roman* Temples boast of; where then was *Jupiter*? Was it he that spoke in the Geese? But I have no great need to deny that the *Roman* Rites fought for *Rome*; for *Hannibal* worship'd the very same Gods. Let them therefore choose which they please; if the Gods overcame in the *Roman* Cause, they were beat in the *Carthaginian*, and so *vice versâ*. No more therefore of unjust Complaints of the *Roman* People; they never

never gave any Authority for ſuch a Petition; and *Rome* Adreſſes her ſelf to you in a much different Manner. Why (ſays ſhe) do you to no purpoſe daily imbrue me with the Blood of innocent Cattel? the Trophies of Victory are won by the Courage of the Warriours, not the Fibres of Beaſts; 'twas by another ſort of Diſcipline that I vanquiſh'd the World: The Valour of *Camillus* drove thoſe *Gauls* away whom the Gods had ſuffer'd to Lord it in the City. *Scipio Africanus* found Victory in the midſt of *Hannibal*'s Army, not among the Altars of the Capitol. To what purpoſe do you produce examples of Antiquity? I abominate the Religion of *Nero*. What ſhall I ſay of the Monthly Emperors, and of thoſe, whoſe Reign began and ended almoſt on the ſame day? Or perhaps you'll urge, that the Inundations of Barbarians are what is new and without Precedent. What need I anſwer by the Inſtances of *Valerianus* and *Gallienus*, no *Chriſtian* Emperors; the firſt of which was held in Captivity, and under the latter the whole Empire was enſlav'd? But thoſe Ceremonies, that promis'd them Victories deceiv'd them! Had not they the Altar of Victory? I repent, my Errours, and my aged Cheeks glow with ſhame for my Miſtake. I have no Reaſon to bluſh to be converted, with the reſt of the World, ſince there is no time too late to improve our Knowledge. And that old Age has more reaſon to bluſh, that is incapable of Amendment, for it is not the Ripeneſs of Years but Manners that demands our Commendation; nor is it any Infamy to change for the Better, before which I had nothing common with the Barbarians but my Ignorance of God. Your

Sacri-

Sacrifices, and Rites are to be ſprinkled with the Blood of Cattel. Why ſeek you in the Entrails of dead Beaſts for the Voice of God? Approach ye, and learn on Earth the Warfare of Heaven. Here we live, but 'tis for Heaven we war. Let God himſelf that form'd all things teach me himſelf, not Man who knows not his own Being. Whom ſhou'd I rather believe concerning the Nature of God, than God himſelf? With what Aſſurance can you deſire me to pin my Faith on your Sleeve, who confeſs your Ignorance of what you worſhip? You ſay, *That one Road is not ſufficient to bring us to ſo great a Secret*; but we know, that by the Voice of God, which you are ignorant of; and we are inform'd of, that by the Wiſdom, and Verity of God, which you enquire after by blind Conjectures. You and we do not at all agree, you ſeek Peace for your Gods from the Emperors; we ſeek it for the Emperors from *Chriſt*. You adore the Works of your own Hands, we think it an Injury to Reaſon to think any thing, that can be made, a God: Nor will God be worſhip'd in Stocks and Stones; an Abſurdity ſo groſs, that ev'n your own Philoſophers have laugh'd at it. But if you deny Chriſt to be God becauſe you do not believe his Death, (for you are ignorant, that this Death was of the Fleſh, and not of the Divinity, which he underwent that none that believ'd in him ſhou'd dye) What can be more imprudent, than you, who contumelioufly worſhip, and diſhonorably derogate from him? For you believe your God to be Wood. Oh! ſhameful Worſhip! And you cannot believe that Chriſt cou'd die. Oh honorable Obſtinacy! Thus you chooſe rather to believe in a God that never had Life, than in him

him whoſe Divinity never ſuffer'd death. But he inſiſts, that the ancient Altars ſhou'd be reſtor'd to the Idols, and their old Ornaments to the Temples: But are theſe Demands made to a Prince of their own Superſtition? No. Yet a *Chriſtian* Emperour knows no Honour due to any Altars but thoſe of *Chriſt*. How! ſhall they compel the pious Hand, and faithful Lips to miniſter to their profane Sacrileges? Let the Voice of our Emperour ſound only Chriſt, and ſpeak only for him, that employs the Sentiments of his Mind, for *the Heart of the King is in the Hand of the Lord*. Did any of the Heathen Emperors ſet up an Altar to Chriſt? While they demand the Reſtitution of what once they poſſeſs'd, they put us in mind, by their own Example, how great a Deference and Reſpect the Chriſtian Emperours ought to pay to the Religion, they follow, when we find, that the Heathen made all things ſubmit to theirs. We began, let them follow. We glory in the Blood, we ſhed for our Religion, they are diſturb'd at the loſs of their Riches. We lookt on our Sufferings as a Victory, they on theirs as an Injury. They never did us greater Service, than when they commanded the *Chriſtians* to be laſh'd, proſcrib'd, and put to death, and Religion made that a Reward, which Infidelity meant, as a Puniſhment. See our Magnanimity! we encreaſe our Belief by Injuries, Poverty, and Puniſhment; but they think their Ceremonies cannot laſt when their Profits are taken away. Let the Veſtal Virgins (ſays *Symachus*) have their Immunities; this they urge, becauſe they do not know how to believe, that there can be a Chaſtity without proſpect of Intereſt, and therefore they incite

incite that by Rewards, which they deſpair of from Virtue. But how great is the Number of thoſe Virgins, that theſe promis'd Rewards have made! Scarce Seven Veſtals: Behold the mighty Number! ſo many Ornaments of Perſon, Pomp of Retinue, vaſt Privileges, extravagant Revenues, have preſs'd, and that only for a limited Time, That is not Chaſtity; that is purchas'd with Money, nor that Integrity, which is bought for a time with a Price, as at an Auction. The firſt Victory of Chaſtity is to conquer the deſire of Wealth, becauſe a luſt of Gain is a temptation to Modeſty. But let us ſuppoſe, that Supplies of Largeſſes ſhou'd be given the Virgins, what Rewards ſhall the Chriſtian Virgins have? and what Exchequer will be able to furniſh ſo great an Expence? But if they think none but the Veſtal Virgins ſhou'd enjoy this Benefit, ſure they might allow us to ſhare with them under a *Chriſtian* Prince, who engroſs'd all to themſelves in the Times of Paganiſm. But the Remonſtrance goes farther, they complain, that the Public Proviſions are deny'd their Prieſts and Miniſters: And here how he launches out into an Ocean of Words! But on the contrary, by new Laws our Prieſthood too is deny'd the Benefit of hereditary Succeſſion, and yet not one of us complains; nor do we think it any Injury, becauſe we look on it as no Loſs. If a Prieſt aims at the Privilege of being exempt from all publick Employments, he obtains it with the ſurrender of all his Paternal Rights, and of his whole Poſſeſſions. What loud Complaints wou'd the Gentiles make if their Prieſts were to purchaſe their Office with the loſs of their whole Patrimony? and that a private Perſon ſhou'd at the expence of all

all manner of Profit and Advantage, buy a capacity to devote himſelf to the Public Service, comforting themſelves with the Reward of Domeſtic Want, while they watch for the common Safety, becauſe they make not Sale of their Miniſtry, but purchaſe Grace? Let us make a Compariſon betwixt the two Cauſes. You wou'd exempt your Senatorial Prieſts, when it is not lawful for the Church to exempt her holy Miniſters. The Prieſts of your Temples may make their Wills, and receive Legacies; nor is there any ſo profane, of ſo low a Condition, ſo proſtitute in Modeſty, that wants this Privilege; the Clergy alone are barr'd from this common Right, who alone undertake, and offer the common Vows for all, yet can accept any Legacy or Donation whatever. And where there is no exception to be made againſt the Manners and Probity of the Perſon, his very Office is a ſufficient Cauſe of the Penalty. Shou'd a Chriſtian Widow bequeath any Legacy to the Prieſts of a Heathen Temple, it ſtands good in Law; but if ſhe bequeath any thing to the Miniſters of God, it is null and void. This I have mention'd, not, as by complaint, but to ſhew them what it is, that we do not complain of; for I had much rather we ſhou'd be inferior in Money, than Grace. But they may reply, that whatever has been given, or left to the Church, has not been violated. Let them alſo tell us, who has rob'd their Temples of their Donations, which has been done to the Chriſtians? and if this were done to the Gentiles, it wou'd not be offering but returning an Injury. What? do they now at laſt lay their Claims to Juſtice, and now, after all this time, demand Equity? Where were theſe Pretences when contrary

trary to Law, Juſtice and Equity, they riſl'd the Chriſtians of all their Goods, and having envy'd them the very Breath of Life, deny'd them the common Benefit of Burial? while thoſe Bodies the Gentiles have thrown into the Sea, the Waves have return'd to the Shoar? To hear them now condemn the Actions of their Anceſtours is a Triumph and Victory of Faith. How then can they deſire the Donations of thoſe, whoſe Actions they condemn? But no body has depriv'd the Temples of their Donations, or the Southſayers of their Legacies, only the Farms and Poſſeſſions being taken away, becauſe they made not a Religious uſe, of what they pretended to ſhelter under the Rights of Religion. Why ſhou'd not thoſe, who make uſe of our Example, do, as we do? The Church has no proper Poſſeſſions but *Faith*, that is the Returns, that the Fruit ſhe gathers. The Poſſeſſions of the Church defray the Expences of the Poor. Let the Temples caſt up what Slaves they have redeem'd, what Food they have given to the Poor, and what Subſiſtance they have ſupply'd to the Baniſh'd, and they will find Nothing at the foot of the Account, that will juſtifie their poſſeſſing thoſe Farms, which for this defect are ſeiz'd but no Rights violated. Behold that diſmal Deed, that cou'd not be expiated without a publick Famine, ſince that, which was the Prieſts Advantage was ſubſervient to the Publick Intereſt. And for this therefore they tell us that Men are forc'd to refreſh and moiſten their languiſhing Mouths with the wretched Juice of the Barks of Trees, and compell'd again to fly to Woods for the ſad Repaſt of Beaſts, the *Chaonian*

Acorns to appeaſe their miſerable Famine; that is to ſay, theſe were Prodigies new and unheard of, while Idolatry had poſſeſſion of the whole Earth. In ſhort when before did the Earth deceive the hopes and toils of the Husbandman? And whence had the *Grecians* their Oracles from their Oaks, if they had not thought that *Silvan* food a Remedy, and ſupply convey'd to them by a heavenly Gift; for ſuch they eſteem the Gifts of their Gods? Who but the Heathen people ador'd the *Dodonean* Trees, when they paid Honours to the melancholly Food of the ſacred Grove? It is by no means likely that their Gods ſhou'd ſend that in their wrath for a Puniſhment, which they us'd to beſtow, as a Benefit when they were pleas'd. But where is the Equity of the Gods, that ſhou'd deny food to all men in their Reſentment for its being deny'd to a few Prieſts? The Puniſhment bears no proportion to the Offence. It is not therefore a ſufficient Cauſe to blaſt the expected Crop in Harveſt, and bring ſo great an evil on periſhing Mankind. But long before this the Rights of the Temples, had in every part of the World been invaded, and ſeiz'd on; and did it never enter into the Heads of the Gentile's Gods, till juſt now, to revenge the Affront? And has the *Nile*, that patiently bore the inſults offer'd its own Prieſts, now ſo far eſpous'd the Quarrel of thoſe of this City, as to refuſe to ſend down its Waters to fructifie the *Ægyptian* Plains, for their ſakes? But granting this, How comes it, that thoſe Gods, who were ſo ſevere in revenging themſelves the laſt Year for this Indignity, have ſuffer'd themſelves to be contemn'd this Year? For now the Country people have no recourſe to Trees or Hedges for ſubſiſtance, but the plentiful Crop o'er-

o'erpays the Plowman's Labour, and the Earth makes Returns, with an Intereſt beyond expectation. Who therefore is there ſo much a Stranger to theſe viciſſitudes of humane Affairs, as to be ſurpriz'd at the Changes of Seaſons, and the Products of the Year? But 'tis well known, that even that very Year, inſtanc'd with ſo much force, there was ſufficient Plenty in ſeveral Provinces. Both the *Gauls* abounded; the *Pannonians* beſides what they had for their own uſe, exported great Quantities; and the fruitfulneſs of *Rhætia* felt the Injuries it brought upon her; for loſing that Barrenneſs, in which ſhe was once ſecure, her Abundance drew her Enemies upon her. *Liguria* and the *Venetian* Grounds wanted not their Autumn Grains. Whence it appears, that the very Year objected, was not every where made barren for the pretended Sacrilege, and the next abounded in the Fruit of Faith. They alſo tell us that the Vintage was no better, than the Harveſt, but the Barrenneſs of both, that Year, was the cauſe of our Plenty in both this. The laſt Topic yet remains, and that of the greateſt Conſequence O Emperors! Whether, or no you ought to reſtore thoſe Revenues, which have been beneficial to you? His Words are, *YOU they defend, and are venerated by US.* This is what I cannot bear, O moſt faithful Princes! For they upbraid you that they ſupplicate their Gods in your Name, and taking your ſufferance for conſent commit the moſt abominable Sacrilege, without your Command. Let their Gods keep their aſſiſtance to themſelves, and, help if they can their Devotes, and defend their Rights. For if they cannot help their Worſhippers, how can they defend you, that pay 'em no Adoration? But, ſays he, we ought

to preſerve the Rites of our Forefathers. What when all things are mended, and improv'd by time? Did not the World it ſelf, which in its Infancy either form'd an infirm Orb, out of the coalition of the Seeds, and Particles of the Elements in the vaſt expanſe, or elſe in a primitive Chaos and Confuſion, rude and horrible yet under an indigeſted Cloud of Obſcurity and Darkneſs, did not, I ſay, this World receive afterwards a beautiful Form, diſtinguiſh'd into Heavens, Earth, Sea, and Land? The Earth juſt diveſted of its damp and humid Darkneſs, beheld, with wonder and ſurprize, the Sun. The Day ſhines not out at its firſt appearance, but its encreaſe of Light and Heat riſes from its length and continuance. The Moon it ſelf (by which the Prophets decipher the Church) in its Monthly Revolutions, finds its beginnings obſcur'd with Darkneſs: by degrees filling up its Horns of Light it ſhines at laſt in its full Glory. Husbandry was unknown to the firſt People of the World, but when once the Husbandman begins his Empire o're the Fields, and to cloath the uncouth Hills with Vines, ſoften'd by the civilities of a domeſtick Life, Men put off the Ferocity of the Woods and Wilds their former Habitations. The Infancy of the year receives the Seed, the Spring ſucceeds, with its tranſitory Flowers, but it is the latter end, that furniſhes with the Product and Fruit of all the reſt. And Man himſelf in his Infancy has the imperfect thoughts and apprehenſion of Children, which we throw off, as Years and Experience improve our Underſtanding. Let them therefore aſſert, that every thing ought to have continued in its primitive State, and that the Light of the Sun diſpleaſes them becauſe the World was firſt

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in Darkneſs. But how much better is the Light of the Mind, than that of the Body, and how preferable the Rays of Faith to the Beams of the Sun? The Ways therefore of the World, like all things elſe, have alter'd to make way for the venerable old Age of hoary *Faith*. Thoſe that diſlike this let them condemn the Harveſt becauſe it is ripe no ſooner; let them condemn the Vintage becauſe in the Cloſe of the Year; let them reject the Olive becauſe 'tis the lateſt of Fruits! Thus our Harveſt is the Faith of Souls. The Vintage of the Church is the Grace of Good Works, which in the beginning of the World flouriſh'd in the Saints, but in the latter end diffus'd it ſelf among the People, that Men might obſerve, that the Faith of Chriſt ſtole not on the Minds of the Ignorant. For without an Enemy there is no Crown of Victory; but that opinion which prevail'd before being now exploded, 'tis with Juſtice we prefer the Truth. But if her ancient Rites were ſo ſacred how came this very *Rome* to admit ſo many Foreign? I paſs over the covering the Ground with its price, and the Shepherds Hovels ſhining in degenerate Gold: But (to come to what they ſtand on) what was the Reaſon you receiv'd the Gods of the vanquiſh'd Countries, and their Ceremonies into your Religion? Whence that Example of *Cybele*'s waſhing her Chariot in the diſſembled Waters of *Almon*? Whence came the *Phrygian* Prophets, and the Deity of *Carthage* always invidious to the *Romans*; Her, whom the *Africans* call Cœleſtial, the Perſians *Mithra*, and moſt adore under the Name of *Venus*, differing only in Name not in the Object of Worſhip? Thus they have made a Goddeſs of Victory, which is a Gift not a Power; 'tis beſtow'd,

but governs not: 'Tis the Favour of the Legions, not the Power of Religion. She muſt indeed be a great Goddeſs, who owes her ſelf to the numerouſneſs of the Army, or to the Event of Battel. The Altar of this imaginary Goddeſs is what they contend for the erecting in the Senate-Houſe, that is in the place where many Chriſtians meet together: They celebrate their Sacrifices on Altars in all their Temples, even on the Altar in the Temple of Victories (ſince they have ſuch a fancy for Pluralitys) what therefore is it but a deſign to inſult the Faith, to ſtand ſo much on this one Altar? Is it to be born? Is it to be ſuffer'd, that the Chriſtians ſhou'd be oblig'd to be preſent at the *Gentiles* Sacrifices? Let the ſmoak, ſays he, offend their Eyes, the Aſhes their Mouths, the Incenſe their Noſtrils, the Symphony their Ears; let the Sparkles fly from our Altars into their averted Faces, ſo they be preſent. Do the Gentiles think, that they have not Images enough, when their Baths, their Portico's, and their Streets are full of them? But muſt this common Council of both *Gentiles* and *Chriſtians* be confin'd to a ſingularity of Worſhip? Shall the pious part of the Senate be bound by the voices of thoſe, that invocate their Gods? oblig'd by the Oaths of the Idolaters? If they reprove them and refuſe compliance, they ſeem to utter a Fiction and betray their Worſhip; if they acquieſce, to acknowledge the Sacrilege. Where, ſays he, *ſhall we ſwear to your Words, and to your Laws?* What then does your Will (which is contain'd in your Laws) collect by the Ceremonies of the Gentiles the Suffrages, and bind the Faith not only of the Preſent but Abſent? What more remains, O Emperours! Your Faith is driven away, for if you command you compel. The

Emperour

Emperour *Conſtantius*, of Auguſt Memory, before he was admitted to the *Sacred Myſteries* of *Chriſtianity*, cou'd not but think himſelf polluted if he beheld that Altar there. He commanded it to be remov'd, but he never commanded it to be reſtor'd. *That* carries the Authority of Fact, and not this of Precept. You are the Heads and Directors of the Meeting of the Senate, for you they aſſemble, to you they offer their Conſciences not to the Gods of the Gentiles, and you they prefer to all things, but their *Faith*. That is the Love, that is to be deſir'd, that the Love better, than Empire, when the Faith, that preſerves that Empire is ſecure from Inſults and Danger. But ſome perhaps may be mov'd to ſee that moſt faithful Prince ſo forſaken and forlorn, as if the Merits of our preſent Actions were to be judg'd by the Accidents of frail and tranſitory Life! But what wiſe Man is there that does not know, that humane affairs, are ſet on a Bowl, or Globe as it were, and perpetually ſubject to various and contrary Succeſſes and Viciſſitudes. What more fortunate Man have the *Roman* Temples ſent abroad, than *Pompey*? Yet he after three Triumphs over the ſeveral Parts of the World, is routed in Battel, and flying from the Wars, periſh'd by the Hand of an *Ægyptian* Eunuch. What nobler Prince has the Eaſtern Nations given us, than *Cyrus* King of *Perſia*? Yet he after he had ſubdu'd all the Princes, that oppos'd him, fell a Victim to a Woman's Sword, and being dead was a Jeſt to a Woman's Reſentment, his Head being cut off, and thrown into a Tub full of Blood by her Command. Thus in the narrow circuit of Life how far are the Succeſſes from being the ſame, nay how very different and contrary do we find

them? Is there any Man, that Hiſtory can furniſh us with, that was more devoted to the Sacrifices, than *Hamilcar* General of the *Carthaginians*? Who applying himſelf to Sacrificing to the Gods all the while of Battel, and finding his Victims did him no good, but, that his Army was routed, threw himſelf into that Fire, which he was nouriſhing for the Gods, at leaſt to extinguiſh with his Blood thoſe Flames, that had been ſo inefficacious in his Cauſe. What ſhou'd I inſtance the Emperour *Julian*, whoſe unlucky credulity in the Southſayer's Promiſes depriv'd him of the Power of returning? In the like Caſe therefore there is not the like Offence; for our Promiſes have deluded no Man. I have reply'd to the injurious, as if not injur'd; for I aim'd more at the confuting the Matter of Fact alledg'd, than confounding the Superſtition. And let this their unfair Relation give you, O Emperour! a greater caution for the future how you credit what they tell you. For when he had divided the foregoing Princes into two, he draws this Conſequence from the firſt Diviſion, following their Anceſtors Rites, and the Second's permiſſion; If the *Religion of the Antients makes no Example, let the permiſſive diſſimulation of the Moderns*: He evidently demonſtrates what you owe to your Faith, not to follow the Example of Gentiles Rites, and to Piety not to reſcind your Brother's Statutes.

LETTER III.

Auguſtus Cœſar *to the Married Men of* Rome. *In Commendation of their Condition.*

THE ſmalneſs of your Number in proportion to the vaſt Extent of our City, and the abundance of Criminals of the contrary Perſuaſion gives you a juſt Title to my Love, my Thanks and my Applauſe; for Singularity of Virtue amidſt a multitude of Offenders, raiſes the Value of the Merit, and makes the Perſon ſo much the more Illuſtrious. You only have had Regard to my Decrees, you only have taken care to repleniſh your Country with People, therefore to you alone will Poſterity be indebted for the Roman Empire's not being left a Prey to the next Invader. On your Principle our firſt Founders made *Rome* to excel all other Nations; for they not only regarded the Virtue of its Inhabitants, but likewiſe their Number. A *Roman* Life falls ſhort of the Divine only in its Duration, but you by following this Example of your Forefathers, make us to loſe the fated Mortality of our Kind, by giving us a ſort of Eternity in our Children. Thus without doubt you comply with the Aim and Intention of that *Firſt* and *Greateſt* Being, who form'd us all, and who having divided Mankind into two ſpecies *Male* and *Female*, gave to each a mutual and ardent Deſire of Reunion, and moreover bleſs'd that Union with a Fertility, to which we

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owe that Immortality in our Race, which Fate has deny'd to our Perſons. Nay if I may build an Argument of the excellency of Marriage, on our traditional Theology, this State has had its Charms even for the Gods themſelves, who ſtanding in no need of our Helps for the perpetuity of their Beings, have nevertheleſs made uſe of them to give a ſtrong Proof of the Natural Excellence and Pleaſure of a Conjugal Propagation. Imitating therefore thus the Gods and your Forefathers, you will receive from your Poſterity, that Honour and that Deference, you now pay to your Progenitors, ſince they will have from you an Empire, with the ſame Ornaments your Forefathers deliver'd it to you. I wou'd fain hear from theſe Marriage-Haters but a ſhadow of a Reaſon, why I ſhou'd not pronounce a *Modeſt Wife* the greateſt of Humane Bleſſings, and moſt noble of our Deſires. She is the Safety of that Houſe, whoſe Affairs ſhe adminiſters. She is the tender and careful Nurſe of your Children. She is the Joy of your Health, and your Cure and Relief in Sickneſs; the Partner of your *Good* Fortune, and Comfort in your *Bad*. She ſooths and breaks the headlong Violence of Youth; and tempers the moroſe Auſterity of Old Age. Will any offer to perſuade us, that the Production and Education of Children, which are the very Images of our Bodies, and Pictures of our Minds, and in whom we ſee, as it were, our very ſelves born again anew, affords not a Delight ſincere to the laſt degree? Or that it is no ſatisfaction, when we come to obey the Laws of Fate, to ſee a Son of our own, to whom we can bequeath thoſe Honours, and Poſſeſſions of our Families, which we receiv'd from our Parents? I have here only touch'd at

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ſome of the *private* Benefits of a Marry'd Life, which however are nothing in compariſon of thoſe, the Public derives from it; to which all good Men are accuſtom'd to Sacrifice both their Intereſts and Inclinations. For what can be of greater uſe, or more neceſſary, than to have the Publick ſo abound with People, as amply to ſuffice either for manuring the Ground, managing of Trade, exerciſing, as well, as Improving of Arts and Sciences in Peace; and furniſhing ſupplies to the Wars in the room of thoſe, that fall either for the Defence, or Glory of their Country? To this, therefore, O *Men!* (for none but the Marry'd can deſerve that Name) and *Fathers* (which I Stile you, that I may with Juſtice and Pleaſure ſhare my Publick Title with you) you owe the Applauſe, the Honours, Dignities and Rewards I have decreed you, and whence you may derive no ſmall Profit, and Advantage both for your Selves and your Children. But on the contrary the Batchelours (to whom I ſhall next deſcend) as they fondly deviate from the Footſteps of their Anceſtors and yours, ſo ſhall they find a much different Fate at my Hands, both in Words and Deeds, and this to convince you of the real Preference I ſhall always give you. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

The ſame to the Roman *Batchelours: Recommending Marriage, and decrying Cœlibacy.*

WRiting to you I am not only at a Loſs what Title to give you, but alſo find in my ſelf different Sentiments from thoſe I uſually have when I ſpeak to *Romans*. As to the Firſt of theſe, I cannot think it proper to call you *Men*, ſince you give no Proofs of your *Manhood*, neither can I ſtile you Citizens, inaſmuch as all your endeavours are directly levell'd at the Deſtruction of the City: Nor can I name you *Romans*, who aim at the aboliſhing that very Name. And for the Second, whereas till now it has always been my Deſire to ſpeak to full Aſſemblies of *Romans*, it extreamly grieves me to think that at preſent I'm writing to ſo many, who without Regard either to the Providence of the Gods, or Gratitude to the generous Care, their Parents had in beſtowing Life on them, have admitted a Thought ſo pernicious, as that of extinguiſhing a Poſterity committed to their Charge by the very Breath they receiv'd from their Progenitors; and ſo meanly ſubjecting their Race to Death after a manner ſo fatal, as muſt immediately ſink, ev'n the whole *Roman Name* and Glory. For conſider, I beſeech you, ſhould your Example paſs into a Mode, with the reſt of Men, what would become of the whole Progeny of Mankind? And reflect that by being the Source of this Wickedneſs, you will

will assuredly be thought guilty of *universal Murther*: This is the most you can hope from the Success of your Folly, for you have Reason to fear, if none should (as no reasonable Man will) think you worthy of Imitation, the inevitable Censure and Detestation of *all* Men; and surely that must be an unaccountable Principle, that if it pleases destroys *all*, and if not provokes the contempt and Hatred of *all the World*. 'Tis Punishment not Pardon we give to *Robbers*, Spoilers of Temples, Murtherers, and such like hainous Offenders, and this for the Singularity of their Practice, against the universal Consent and Approbation of the Generality of Mankind. And yet Robbery, Sacrilege, Murther, and the rest of the horrid Scroll of monstrous Crimes, when compar'd with yours, lose more, than half their Blackness. You are guilty of a kind of Parricide, in refusing that Being to your Children, for which the Laws of Nature and Generation call loudly on you. You are guilty of Impiety towards your Forefathers, in conspiring the Abolition of their Honours, and their Name. You are guilty of Sacrilege by robbing the Immortal Gods (in suppressing the Manifestation of their Power in your Race) of their Victim, most noble in it self, and most agreeable to them, HUMANE NATURE; and by that one Deed o're-throw all their Temples, and all their Altars, and utterly dissolve their Cities, which are compos'd of Men, and not of empty and desolate Buildings. I wou'd have you to reflect, O Batchelors! (if you ever give your selves leave to think) whether our great and holy Founder *Romulus* will not have abundant Cause of Indignation against you, when he shall put your Reso-

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lutions of Cœlibacy in balance with his Nativity? And what will his Companions in eſtabliſhing this City, think you, report of you above, while the Native Virgins of *Rome* are neglected by You, They compell'd thoſe of a Foreign Nation to afford them that Poſterity, they ow'd to Heav'n, and themſelves? What they bravely fought to obtain, you poorly refuſe, tho' peaceably offer'd you by *Rome*. With what Aſſurance can you ever think of the Noble *Curtius*, who devoted his Life to preſerve the Wives of the *Roman People*? How can you reflect on *Herſilia* without ſhame, who following her Daughter to *Rome*, here inſtituted the ſacred Rites and Duties of Marriage? Remember, that as we made War upon the *Sabines* for our Wives, ſo it was thoſe very Wives and their *Sabine* Mothers, that thruſt themſelves betwixt the two contending Nations, calm'd their Rage, and kindly compell'd them to ſheath their Swords, uniting and fixing them by ſolemn Oaths into one Confederate People. All theſe holy Tyes, all theſe ſacred Contracts are what you endeavour to confound and diſſolve: But under what ſpecious Pretext, and for what mighty end I would fain know? Why only to live like the Veſtal Virgins. But liſten a while, I beſeech you, If you chooſe thoſe Virgins for the Patterns of your Cœlibacy, you ought likewiſe to have their Puniſhment on the breach of your Chaſtity. This I'm perſuaded, you'll cenſure as too ſevere a Judgment; but you are at the ſame time to remember that in deſperate Caſes like this of ours, the Surgeon doubts not to apply his Cauſtics, when neceſſary to the Cure of his Patient, and further that it is much againſt my Will, that I write to you after this manner,

where

where the very motive of my Diſcourſe is the Crime I object againſt you. If what I ſay offends you, continue not in that Practice, which provokes me to deliver my ſelf in terms ſo diſagreeable, and be aſſur'd that if what I now write gives you any Pain, your Actions muſt of Neceſſity give me and all true *Romans* no leſs. But if you are really touch'd with what I ſay, repent and rather be the Objects of my Praiſe, than of my Reproach, whoſe eaſie and gentle Nature you have long been acquainted with, and to you I appeal if I have ever omitted any thing that a juſt Lawgiver ought to have remember'd. Nor am I the firſt that has taken care, that Marriage and Procreation of Children ſhould not grow into neglect, and diſuſe; the *Roman* Laws were extreamly cautious of that at the firſt Inſtitution of our Common-wealth; and I ſhould be too tedious and impertinent to ſum up all the ſeveral Laws, that have been ſince made by the Senate for the ſame end. I have indeed augmented the Penalty to the diſobedient, and encreas'd the Reward to thoſe who comply'd with the Laws, to that degree, that no Virtue beſides has ſuch beneficial motives to engage you to the Propagation of your Kind, if all others ſhou'd fail. But you, unmov'd either by Puniſhment or Rewards, preſume ſtill to purſue the falſe Track of Life, you have long continued in, and live as if you were no part of the Common-wealth. It is not, that you are enclin'd to renounce all Commerce with Woman kind, but you aſſume the ſpecious Name of Cœlibacy, the more freely to indulge and follow the dictates of your Luſts; for 'tis not Copulation but the Legality of it, that offends you, who prefer the lawleſs and deceitful Embraces of

a Harlot to the ſincere Careſſes of a modeſt and Virtuous Wife. I have endeavour'd to obviate all difficulties from what Age and Degree ſoever, by allowing Virgins in their Bloom to your Embraces, and marrying the Daughters of Freed-Men to all but the *Patrician* Order, that if Love or any other Proſpect ſhou'd make ſuch Matches neceſſary they might be juſtify'd by Law. You that derive your Selves from the old Roman Stock, and number among your Anceſtors, the *Valerij*, *Quinctij* and *Julij*, will you leave the City to the Poſſeſſion of the *Greeks* and Barbarians, or ſhall I ſet free the Slaves, and call in our Allies to ſupply us with People, and with that Poſterity you refuſe to beget? I am aſham'd, I am aſham'd to think of, and much more to be oblig'd to write what I do. Put therefore, put an end at length to this deſtructive Madneſs, which muſt of Neceſſity ruin this City, while it damns up all thoſe Sources of People, that ſhould ſupply the Places of thoſe, whom both the Wars and Diſeaſes daily carry off. I wou'd not have any of you to think, that I am not ſenſible, that Marriage and Children have their Difficulties and Inconveniencies attending them, but then I wou'd have you likewiſe to reflect, that there is no *Good*, that we covet, but has its mixture of Diſquiet, and that the moſt and greateſt of *Benefits* are nearly ally'd to the moſt ſenſible and afflicting of Griefs, which there is no way of eſcaping but by purſuing no *Good* at all, ſince we can arrive at no ſincere Virtue or Pleaſure without a great deal of Pain, and Fatigue both in the Purſuit, the Attainment, or Preſervation of them. There is no neceſſity of giving you the *detail* of this; which wou'd force me on a Prolixity I wou'd avoid;

Grant-

Granting therefore that Marriage and Children bring ſome uneaſineſſes along with them, yet if you balance them with the Advantages they afford, you will find them much more conſiderable both in Number and Neceſſity: for beſides the Benefits that ariſe from the Thing it ſelf, the Rewards I have propos'd by the Laws (for a very ſmall part of which many a Man wou'd venture his Life) methinks ſhould encline you to be won over to an Obedience to them; For it wou'd carry the Face of a peculiar Stupidity, not to be gain'd to the Propagation of your Kind, by a Motive for the ſake of which others wou'd not ſcruple to embrace the greateſt Hazards, ev'n of their Lives. I thought my ſelf oblig'd, my Fellow-Citizens (for by this time I'm confident I have perſuaded you to retain and preſerve the Name of Citizens, of Men, of Romans, and the Surname of Fathers) I thought my ſelf oblig'd, I ſay, to expoſtulate with you on this Point, and that being prevail'd on more by Neceſſity, than Choice imagin'd you would look on me as an Enemy guided by Hatred to your Perſons, but rather as your Friend, whoſe unſatisfy'd Love will not be content till you ſhall give it living Copies of your Selves in your Off-ſpring, that we may together with our Wives and Children, approach the Gods from our lawful Dwellings repleniſh'd with a numerous Progeny, and all converſe together beſtowing equal Benefits on the Public, and receiving equal Advantages from it. How can I with Juſtice, diſcharge that Truſt committed to me in my Government, if I perpetually ſuffer your Numbers to be diminiſh'd? How can I own the Name of *Father*, if I permit you to neglect giving Children to the Public? Where-

fore if you wou'd have me to believe that you do really love me, as you have often pretended; and that the Title of *Father* which you have beſtow'd on me, was confer'd more out of Reſpect than Flattery, apply your ſelves in earneſt to become *Husbands* and *Fathers*, that you may partake of that Name with me, and I bear it with Juſtice, and without Bluſhes. Be adviſed, and Farewel.

LETTER V.

Seneca *to* Lucilius, *diſſuading him from Travelling.*

RAmble not from Place to Place; for firſt, 'tis an Argument of Levity to do ſo; nor can you ever want Employment, 'till you find no more Errors in your Life, or ceaſe to conſider, that the way to fix your Mind is firſt to fix your Body; and ſecondly, nothing ſo effectually makes a Cure of any Diſtemper, as continuing the old Medicines. You ſhou'd not break your Reſt or Retirement, nor renew the Remembrance of your Life paſt. Suffer your Eyes to forget the Multiplicity of Objects, that have entertain'd them; ſuffer your Ears to be acquainted with Words more ſound and wholeſom. You can never Travel, but you will meet with ſome Object or other that will a-new ſtir up your Deſires and Paſſions. As he who has a mind to cure himſelf of the Paſſion of Love, ſhou'd avoid all the Allurements and Counſels of his

his Miſtreſs, for Love of all things rekindles with the moſt eaſe; ſo ſhou'd he that has a mind to extinguiſh thoſe Deſires which once enflam'd him, turn his Eyes and Ears abſolutely away from things he pretends to forſake. Let him look which way he pleaſes, he will ſtill find ſome preſent Reward of what he employs himſelf about. There is no *Evil* that does not offer its Followers ſome Wages, as a Recompence for the Iniquity. *Avarice* propoſes Wealth, *Luxury* many and various Pleaſures, *Ambition* Purple Robes and Applauſe; and from them, Power, with all that Power can effect. Vice ſolicits you with Bribes, while Virtue offers nothing but it ſelf. 'Tis the Work of an Age, to ſubdue and reduce Vices, confirm'd and grown ſtubborn by a long Indulgence: Nor will that ſuffice, if we give them any Reſt and Intervals; all our daily Watchings and Application being ſcarce able to bring any one thing to Perfection. If you will take my Advice, conſider, and enure your Mind to ſuch Thoughts, that you may welcome Death when-ever it comes; or haſten it, if the Neceſſity or Convenience of Affairs ſo require: For there is no material Difference whether Death comes to us, or we go to it. Reject that vulgar Proverb of every Fool, that *'tis beſt to dye one's own Death.* You may reflect, That no Man can dye before his Time; of which, what you leave, is no more yours, but anothers. Farewel.

LETTER VI.

The ſame, to the ſame; inveighing againſt the Multiplicity of Books, and the Sophiſtry of ſome Philoſophers.

YOU complain, my *Lucilius*, that where you are, there is a mighty Scarcity of Books. But you ſhou'd conſider, that it is not the Multiplicity, but Goodneſs of that Commodity, which you ought to regard. Peruſing abundance of Books, 'tis true, gives Pleaſure; but 'tis a fixt and certain Reading, that affords Benefit: For whoever reſolves to arrive at any particular Place, purſues his Journey thro' one, not various Roads; for that wou'd be not to travel, but to wander. You'll ſay perhaps, you had rather I ſhou'd ſend you Books, than Advice. I am ready to ſend all I have, and likewiſe convey my Self with them to you; and had I not thought your Buſineſs wou'd be ſoon finiſh'd, I had e'er now impos'd this Progreſs on my Old Age; nor ſhou'd *Scylla* or *Carybdis*, or any other Fabulous Gulph or Rock have had any Terrors capable to hinder my Voyage. I had ſwum to you, if need had requir'd, without the help of Shipping; and ſhou'd have thought my Toil ſufficiently recompenc'd, cou'd I but have embrac'd you at my Landing, and have been a preſent Judge of the Improvement of your Mind. But as for your Requeſt, that I wou'd ſend you Books; it will no more perſuade me that you are Eloquent, than your ſending for my Picture wou'd make me think

think my ſelf Handſom. I look on thoſe Deſires, as the Effect of your Friendſhip, not Judgment; or at moſt, of your Judgment influenc'd and impos'd on by your Friendſhip. But leaving others to their Merit in Reading, pray reflect, That I am an Enquirer after Truth, and but an Enquirer, not Maſter of it; yet one that with Obſtinacy will perſue it. For I have not ſlaviſhly follow'd any one Man, nor diſtinguiſh'd my ſelf by wearing the Badge of any particular Title. I pay a mighty Deference to the Judgment of all Great Men that have wrote; yet however, muſt be excus'd, if I ſtill allow ſomewhat to my own: For even they have made no abſolute Diſcoveries, but left us room enough for Enquiries; tho' perhaps their Diſcoveries had been of things more neceſſary, if they had not vainly amus'd themſelves with the Purſuit of what was ſuperfluous. They trifled away abundance of Time in cavilling about Words, and curious Diſquiſitions, that might exerciſe the vain Subtilty of their Wit. Firſt, we embaraſs Words with Difficulties, and ambiguous Meanings; and then ſpend our Time to explain them. We ought to employ all our Caution, that we be not deceiv'd and impos'd upon by *Things*, not *Words*. Why d'ye amuſe me with your Diſtinctions of Words, which no body ever miſtook, but in the Schools? Things themſelves are apt to lead us into Error, thoſe therefore we ought throughly to examine. We embrace Evil for Good. Our preſent Wiſhes contradict our paſt; our Deſigns, our Counſels, and our Deſires are at War with each other. How great a Likeneſs bears Flattery to Friendſhip? It does not only imitate, but exceed and ſurmount it; we

hearken to it with both our Ears, and ſwallow it with delight, nay it ſinks down into our very inmoſt Soul; pleaſing by the very wound it gives. Inform me how I ſhall be able to diſtinguiſh juſtly betwixt this fair Copy and that bright Original. I receive a plauſible Enemy as a Friend: And Vices ſteal upon us under the Name of Virtues. Raſhneſs aſſumes the Title of Fortitude; Sloth hides it ſelf beneath the ſpecious Veil of Moderation and Temperance; and Fear skulks behind the name of Caution. And yet if we err in any of theſe, we err at the expence of a great deal of Danger. Set a certain and diſtinguiſhing Stamp on all theſe, that we may evidently know the Counterfeit from the Real. But there is no Man ſo very a Fool, but knows he has not Horns, without feeling his Forehead, tho you ſhou'd with all the ſubtilty of your Sophiſtry endeavour to perſuade him he had. Theſe things pleaſe like the Balls and Cups of a Juggler, in which the very deceit affords the delight. The ſame may be ſaid of thoſe Tricks of *Leger-de-main*, for I can find out no more proper Name to expreſs your *Sophiſms*, the Ignorance of which hurts no Man, more than their Knowledge benefits. But if you wou'd truly diſtinguiſh betwixt and avoid all Ambiguity in Words, teach us this Leſſon, that he is not happy whom the Vulgar call ſo, who abounds in Wealth, but he whoſe happineſs is plac'd in his Mind, lofty and great, trampling on thoſe things the fooliſh World admires; who ſees no Man with whom he wou'd exchange his condition, who values Man only for that by which he is a Man; who has no other Miſtreſs, or Teacher, than Nature; who conducts himſelf, and his Life according to her Laws; whom no

force

force can rob of his Treaſure; he that can turn Evil into Good; of Judgment firm, unſhaken, and intrepid; whom Violence may move, but never diſturb; whom the moſt ſharp and deadly Bolts of Fortune may ſometimes touch, and that but ſeldom, yet never can wound: But from whom the leſſer Shafts that beat down the reſt of Mankind, drop like Hail from the Houſe-tops, diſſolving without Damage to thoſe that dwell within. But why do I dwell ſo long on this Point, which you your ſelf call falſe Reaſoning and Sophiſtry, of which ſo many Volumes have already been compos'd? When our whole Life deceives us, reform that, reduce that to Truth, if you are a Man of Penetration. It eſteems a great many things *neceſſary*, great part of which are ſuperfluous, and that which is not ſo, is of no conſequence, not at all conducive to Happineſs. For the *Neceſſity* of any thing confers not immediately on it the Quality of *Goodneſs*; for we ſhou'd proſtitute the Name, ſhou'd we give it to Bread and other Food, that are *neceſſary* to the Support of Life. 'Tis true, what is *good*, is *neceſſary*; but it does not therefore follow, that what is *neceſſary*, is *good*; they are not convertible Terms, becauſe ſome of the moſt vile things in Nature are neceſſary: But no Man can be ſo very ignorant of the Dignity of *Good*, as to think any thing periſhable, and whoſe Uſe endures but a Day, can merit that Title. What then wou'd you have me do? Is it not better to transfer your Care and Endeavours to make it appear to all Men, that they purſue ſuperfluous things at the Expence of abundance of Time; and that a great part of Mankind paſs away their whole Lives, only in providing, and

heaping up the Neceſſaries and Supports of Life. Make a Review of Particulars, and conſider the Whole. There is no Man's Life which is not employ'd on *to Morrow*. If you demand the Evil of that, I muſt tell you that the Evil is infinite, for they never live at preſent, their Life is in *Poſſe* not *Eſſe*, and the future takes up their whole Care for what they will never find a preſent time to Enjoy, deferring all things to the time to come. Life in ſpight of all our Attention and Care makes haſte before us; but now we lagg in the care of Things of no kin to us, it flies ſwiftly by us, and the laſt Day coming cloſes the Scene, and all our mighty Deſigns periſh and come to nothing. But not to exceed the bounds of a Letter, I ſhall defer this diſpute, and the ſubtilty of the *Dialectics* to another opportunity. Farewel.

LETTER VII.

The ſame to the ſame, Inſinuating, that all Ages are alike Wicked; with the natural Puniſhment of Vice.

YOU are, my *Lucilius*, under a great Miſtake if you take Luxury, Immorality, and the other Vices, which are uſually by Men of every Age objected to the Times they live in, to be the Product only of our Days. Thoſe are the defects of Men, not Times. Nor has there been any Age without its Vices; and if we take the Liberty

berty of cenſuring the Licentiouſneſs of any Age, I am aſham'd to tell you that Vice was never more barefac'd and without diſguiſe, than in the Time of *Cato*. Some may perhaps imagine, that Money had a great hand in the Deciſion of that Cauſe where *Clodius* was accus'd of a ſecret Adultery with the Wife of *Cæſar*, violating thoſe Sacrifices which they pretend to offer for the Safety of the People, ſo remov'd from all Mankind that the very Pictures of the Men had a Veil drawn over them. Money was given the Judges, 'tis true, but that was leſs infamous than their exacting, as a further Bribe, or Salary for their Injuſtice, the proſtitution of Matrons, and of the young Noblemen of *Rome*. And here the Crime was a leſs Guilt than acquitting the Offender. And he that was guilty of Adultery diſtributed Adulteries among his Judges; for till he had render'd them as criminal as himſelf, he cou'd have no ſecurity of his Life. Thus was this cauſe manag'd, which if for nothing elſe, was at leaſt conſiderable for *Cato*'s giving Evidence in it. I will give you the Words of *Cicero*, becauſe the Matter of Fact ſeems to tranſgreſs the Bounds of Credibility. 'He ſent 'for them to him, he negotiated, promis'd and 'brib'd. But now! ye gracious Gods! What ex-'ceſs of Profligate Wickedneſs! When ſome of 'the Judges were bought off by the Proſtitution 'of ſeveral Matrons, and young Noblemen of '*Rome*. I have not leiſure to complain of the pecuniary Bribes. The additional Rewards were far more abominable. Wou'd you have the Wife of that ſevere and rigid Fellow? I will procure her for you. Or wou'd you have the Wife of that Wealthy Citizen? I will ſecure you the Enjoyment of her; and when you have once been

guilty

guilty of Adultery, condemn it. That beautiful Girl you doat on ſhall melt in your Arms; I promiſe you the happy Night with her without Delay, you ſhall find me exactly punctual to the Minute I appoint. 'Tis worſe to diſtribute and procure Adulteries, than to be guilty of 'em but once; this is to expoſe, that to abuſe Mens Wives. Theſe Judges of *Clodius* had demanded and obtain'd of the Senate, an Act of Indemnity to bear them harmleſs, which is only neceſſary where they deſign to condemn. Which gave occaſion to *Catullus* ſo wittily to ſay, *Why was this Indemnity demanded of us? What that your Money and Bribes ſhou'd not be taken from you?* But for all theſe Jeſts, the Adulterer had already evaded Puniſhment and Bawding ev'n in the Court, and eſcap'd his Condemnation with more Wickedneſs and Infamy than he had deſerv'd it. Can you imagine that there can be any thing more corrupt and abandon'd than theſe, whom neither Religion, nor Law cou'd reſtrain? Who in that very Court of Judicature, which was conven'd out of the Ordinary courſe by an Act or Decree of the Senate, committed a more heinous Crime, than that for which they were thus ſummon'd to a Tryal of. The Cauſe and End of the Tryal was to decide whether any Man might be ſafe after he had been guilty of Adultery? And by the Tryal it appear'd that he cou'd not be ſafe but by Adultery. And this Infamy acted in the very midſt of *Pompey* and *Cæſar*, of *Cicero* and *Cato*; of *Cato* who had ſuch an awe on the People, that they wou'd not ſuffer themſelves before him to demand the Rites of *Flora*, perform'd by naked Whores! Do you believe the Eyes of the People of that Age were more chaſte and ſevere, than their Judiciary Sentences?

Sentences? Theſe things have been done and will be done again: For the Licentiouſneſs of a City may ſometimes by the ſeverity of Diſcipline, and Fear be reſtrain'd, but never of its own accord. You have therefore no Reaſon to think that new Luſt has a greater dominion, than Law. Our Youth are much more modeſt than theirs, for the Guilty deny'd his Adultery to the Judges, while the Judges confeſs'd theirs to the Accus'd. When Adulteries were the price of Abſolving the Adulterer, when *Clodius* is favour'd for the ſake of thoſe very Crimes, which made him an Offender, and to ingratiate himſelf with the Judges, acts them ev'n while his Cauſe is pleading before them. Cou'd any Man believe, that he who ſhou'd have been condemn'd for one Crime could be acquitted by multiplying the Offence. All Ages can furniſh us with *Clodij*, but few with *Cato*'s. We eaſily ſlide down to Vice corrupted by Company and Example, nay Vice inſinuates it ſelf even in Solitude, without either Company or Example; for we go to it not only down-Hill, but down a Precipice. And that which makes moſt Men incorrigible is, that tho' the Errors of all Arts and Faculties give the Artiſts a ſhame and trouble, yet the Errors of Life produce a pleaſure to the Sinner. The Pilot finds no Joy in the Wreck of his Ship, nor does the Phyſician rejoice at the Death of his Patient, nor the Lawyer in the loſs of his Clients Cauſe. But on the other hand, all the guilty find a pleaſure in offending. This Man is pleas'd with Adultery, and the difficulties he meets with in accompliſhing his deſires whets, nay gives life to his endeavours. Another is pleas'd with Theft and Circumventing, nor is he diſſatisfy'd with the Crime, till the

Fate,

Fate that attends it alarms him. This 'tis true is the effect of an ill Cuſtom and Habit. But to ſhew you there is a ſenſe of Good in Mens Minds tho' never ſo deprav'd, and that that *Good* is not ſo unknown as neglected, is prov'd by all Mens diſguiſing and diſſembling their Vices; for tho' they have met with a lucky Event, yet they make uſe of the Benefit of the Sin, and conceal the Crime. But a good Conſcience loves the Light, and covets to ſtand the Scrutiny of Mens Enquiries while Wickedneſs is affraid ev'n in its Refuge, Obſcurity. The very Shades that hide it give it a fear of Diſcovery. *Epicurus* therefore has well obſerv'd, that the Guilty may happen to conceal their Crimes, but can never have a confidence ev'n in that Concealment. Or if you will render it better, thus; The Criminals have no Advantage from the Concealment of their Offences, becauſe if they have the means to conceal them, they have no truſt in thoſe Means: Which is, that the Wicked may be ſafe, but can never think themſelves ſecure. I can't believe this has any Oppoſition to our Sect; becauſe the firſt and greateſt puniſhment of the Offender is to have been guilty; nor is there any Sin, however deck'd, adorn'd and defended by the Gift of Fortune that eſcapes its Puniſhment, becauſe Wickedneſs finds that even in it ſelf. And yet theſe are perſu'd with a Second Puniſhment, and that is always fearing, to be apprehenſive and miſtruſtful of their Security. I diſagree with *Epicurus* where he ſays, that there is nothing Juſt by Nature, and that we are to avoid Crimes, becauſe we cannot avoid Fear. But

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in this we agree, that evil Deeds are perpetually ſcourg'd by the Conſcience, and that its greateſt Torment is that continual Fear and Solicitude, that haunts, preſſes on and laſhes it, that cannot confide in the Sureties of it, Security. And this is the Argument of *Epicurus*, that we have by Nature an Abhorrence of Sin, becauſe no Man ev'n in the higheſt Safety is void of Fear; Fortune delivers many from Puniſhment, but None from Fear. The reaſon is, becauſe we have fix'd in us an Averſion to what Nature Condemns; and hence it proceeds that the Guilty can have no Confidence in their Concealment ev'n while they are Conceal'd, becauſe Conſcience accuſes and expoſes them to themſelves. Timidity is proper to the Guilty; for we were in but an ill condition, from thoſe Criminals that eſcape the Eye of the Judge, the Edge of the Law, and the Puniſhments eſtabliſh'd, if Nature had not fix'd a weighty and preſent Revenge, and that Fear ſought not the Seat of Execution. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

The ſame, to the ſame; exclaiming againſt a Fondneſs of Life.

THere's not a Day, my *Lucilius*, nor even an Hour, but demonſtrates to us what *Nothings* we are; and by ſome freſh Argument admoniſhes thoſe that have forgot their own Frailty, when it obliges them to turn their Eyes towards *Death*, who wou'd ſtretch their Thoughts forward to Eternity. Perhaps you'll ask, what I aim at by this ſolemn Beginning. You were acquainted with *Senecio Cornelius*, a *Roman* Knight, magnificent and friendly. He had from ſmall Beginnings, advanc'd himſelf to a Figure in the World, and having gain'd that Point, had an eaſy greenſword Way to whatever elſe he had a mind to perſue; for Dignity admits an eaſier Encreaſe, than Beginning: Money too, when a Man is juſt creeping out of Poverty, makes but ſlow Advances. But *Senecio*, even in Obſcurity, was Maſter of no ſmall Wealth, which he rais'd by two very efficacious Means, that is, the Arts of Getting and Saving; either of which is ſufficient to make any Man Rich. This frugal parſimonious Gentleman, who was not leſs careful of his Body than Eſtate, coming, as he us'd to do, to ſee me in the Morning; and after he had the whole Day, and part of the Night ſat with his Sick Friend, whoſe Life was almoſt deſpair'd of, and juſt made a hearty Supper, was ſuddenly ſnatch'd away by haſty and unforeſeen Death.

He

He, whoſe Induſtry had omitted no kind of Gain that Sea and Land cou'd ſupply, was ſnatch'd away, even in the midſt of his Proſperity, and in a full Tide of his flowing Money.

Now plant your Trees, and range your ſpringing Vines.

How fond and ſilly a thing is it then to burthen our ſelves with ſupererogatory Care and Diſpoſition of our coming Life; which never may be ours, while we have not the Command of to Morrow! Oh! How great a Madneſs is it, to buſy our ſelves with diſtant Hopes? I'll buy, I'll build, I'll put out my Money, I'll exact, I'll arrive at Honours and Dignities; and then in a full and good Old Age, ſit me down and enjoy them. Believe me, even the Fortunate have nothing certain, for Happineſs it ſelf ſtands on a very ſlippery Bottom. No Man in Reaſon ought to promiſe himſelf any thing that is to come; for even what we hold, ſlips through our Graſp like Water; and this Margin, this Brink of the World we ſtand on, Chance often undermines, and ſends us headlong to the dark Regions of Death. Time rolls about by a certain, but obſcure Law; and what Advantage have I, that what is to me uncertain, is ſure and fixt to Nature? We propoſe to our ſelves long Sea-Voyages, and after much Travel to different and foreign Coaſts, a late Return to our own Country; we propoſe the ſlow and remote Glories and Rewards of War, the future Advantages of Governments, and the Returns of our Good Offices hereafter, when Death all the while ſtands cloſe by our ſide; which becauſe we give not our ſelves time to reflect on, we forget

forget as ſoon as the firſt Surprize is over, the Examples we meet with of the Mortality of others. But what can be more fooliſh, than to be ſurpriz'd at an Event of one Day, which may happen every Day. Every Man has his ſtated and fixt End of Life, but no Man knows how near he is to it. We ought therefore ſo to conduct our ſelves, and regulate our Minds, as if that Laſt Hour were now at hand. Let us avoid all manner of Delays, and every Day even our Accounts with Life. One of the greateſt Defects of Life is, that 'tis never compleat, but ſome part of it is ſtill behind. Whoever ſhall ſuppoſe the preſent always the laſt Day of his Life, will never find his Time lye on his hands, or ſtand in need of more than that Day affords: For out of this Want of Time ſprings Fear, and that Avarice of the Future, that gnaws and devours the Mind. No Condition is more unhappy, than a Doubt of what is to come, and whither it tends. And the Mind, in its Conſiderations of how much of Life remains, and what kind of Face that Remnant will bear, is toſs'd and rack'd with an inexpreſſible Concern and Apprehenſion. The way to avoid this Toſſing, theſe tumbling tumultuous Waves; is to collect Life into it ſelf, and to pare away all that ſwells it above the Compaſs of a Day; for he is ever in Suſpenſe about the future, who is unſucceſsful at the preſent. But when a Man conſiders he has already receiv'd all that is his Due; and when the Mind is confirm'd in it ſelf, it knows that there is no Difference betwixt a Day, and an Age; but looks down on all Things and Days that are to come, and reflects on their *Series* and Courſe of Time, with no ſmall Laughter: For how

how can the Variety, and fickle Viciſſitudes of Chance give you any Trouble, if you are ſtedfaſt in the midſt of Uncertainty? Make haſte therefore, my *Lucilius*, make haſte to live; and imagine, that every Day is a New Life. That Man muſt reſt in a happy and wiſe Security, who thus brings himſelf to believe, that he ev'ry Day enjoys his whole Life. Whoever lives on Hopes, loſes his preſent Time; while Avarice, and the moſt wretched Source of all Evil, the Fear of Death, ſucceeds. Hence ſprang that baſe and unmanly Wiſh of *Mecænas*, who refus'd not the Decrepidneſs of extream Old Age, Deformity, nor ſharpeſt Racks themſelves; ſo that he might in the midſt of theſe be ſuffer'd to prolong his Life.

Give me trembling Hands and Feet,
Knees at diſtance, Toes that meet;
Build a Mountain on my Back,
Give me ratling Teeth that ake;
Give what Malice elſe can give,
All is well, if I but live:
Give but Life, I nothing loſe;
Ev'n on a Croſs, I Life wou'd chooſe.

He wiſh'd for things, that muſt have made him moſt miſerable if he had obtain'd them; and begg'd Life, ev'n by prolonging his Puniſhment. He muſt be a moſt contemptible Wretch ſure, that cou'd deſire to live upon the Gallows. "But, ſays he, take, take away my Strength, "my Force, my Vigour, provided you let me "*breath*, tho' in a broken and uſeleſs Body. "Miſhape me, if you pleaſe, into any Mon- "ſtrous Form, let but this Monſter have more "Time added to his Infamy: Pierce my Hands,

" and fix me on a Croſs, ſenſible of all Pain;
" provided Life but continue. Is it ſo valuable a thing then, to bear upon his Wounds, to ſupport he Weight of his extended Body, if he can but delay, and put farther off, that which of all Evils is certainly infinitely the beſt, the *End* of Puniſhment? Is the meer having Life and Motion, a thing of that ineſtimable Value, as to outweigh all theſe Inconveniences, all theſe Miſeries? What cou'd any Man wiſh to a Wretch in theſe miſerable Circumſtances, but propitious Gods, and a ſpeedy Paſſage? What can that Infamy of thoſe Effeminate Verſes mean? What thoſe wretched Conditions of Agreement of a Mad-Man's Fear? What ſo baſe and mean a Begging for Life? Wou'd any Man believe this Perſon had been acquainted with, much leſs read *Virgil*;

Is then to dye, an Evil thought ſo great?

He begs the utmoſt of Miſeries, and deſires Life to be continu'd, and ſupported by thoſe very things, which it is the laſt, and moſt inſupportable Shock to undergo. But for what Benefit, what Advantage? Only to live longer in the Perfection of Wretchedneſs. But what is the Life he ſeeks, but to be long a dying. Cou'd one imagine any Man cou'd be found, that ſhou'd prefer a long, a lingring and piecemeal Death to a ſpeedy one, a Death all at once? Yes, there is One, who amidſt ſo many Cauſes to deſire Death, wou'd prolong his Life, ev'n on the Gibbet, oppreſs'd with ſo many Torments. Deny now that Death is a Benefit of Nature; for there are thoſe who wou'd make yet a more infamous Bargain for Life; they wou'd betray their Friends, proſtitute their Wives,

Wives, their Children, or commit any other moſt abominable Crime, to lengthen their Lives under all this Guilt. You muſt diveſt your ſelf of all Fondneſs of Life, and learn, that there is no Difference in the Time of Suffering, what you muſt once undergo. Deſire rather to live well, than long. Farewel.

LETTER IX.

The ſame, to the ſame; deſcribing the Villa *of* Scipio Africanus; *together with a Compariſon between the Luxury of* Nero's *Time, and the Manners of* Scipio's.

I Write to you now from the *Villa* of *Scipio Africanus*, where I at preſent am, and have worſhip'd his *Manes*, and his Altar; both which I reſpect as the Monuments of ſo great a Man. I am perſuaded his Soul is return'd to Heaven, whence firſt it came: Not becauſe he was Leader of great Armies, (for the mad *Cambyſes* was the ſame, and even ſucceſsful in all his Raſhneſs) but for his vaſt Moderation, his Temperance, his Piety; more conſpicuous and admirable in his leaving, than defending his Country. There was a Neceſſity, that either Liberty or *Scipio* ſhou'd quit *Rome*. "I will not (ſays he) "derogate from the Laws and Conſtitution of "my Country; let the Laws and Rights of *Rome* "be open and free to all her Citizens: And

" then, O my Country! Enjoy thou the Benefit " I have brought thee, without me: As I have " given thee Liberty, ſo will I be the Example " and Proof of thy having it. If I am grown " too Great for thy Safety, for thy Service I de- " part from thee. How can I but admire ſuch a Grandeur of Mind? To eaſe *Rome* of her Fears, and remove her Dangers, he went into a voluntary Exile. Affairs were then in that Poſture, that either *Scipio* muſt injure *Liberty*, or *Liberty Scipio*; neither of which being fitting and juſt, he gave way to the Laws, and retir'd to *Liternum*; thinking his Baniſhment as neceſſary to the Commonwealth, as that of *Hannibal*. I ſurvey'd this *Villa*, built with ſquare Stone, and ſurrounded with a Wall; I view'd the Groves and Towers, planted and erected on each ſide; a capacious Ciſtern and Baſin for Water, was below the Houſe and Gardens, large enough to ſupply a whole Army; next a ſmall Bath, and that ſome thing dusky; for our Anceſtors thought a Bath cou'd never be warm and light. It was a very ſenſible Pleaſure, to conſider the Manners of *Scipio* with ours. In this little Hole, this Corner, did that Terror of *Carthage*, he to whom alone *Rome* ow'd her not being taken a ſecond time, waſh and refreſh himſelf, after he had been tir'd with his Country-Toils; for he us'd the Country-Exerciſes, and Plough'd his Ground himſelf, as the Antients were wont to do. Beneath this humble Roof he ſtood, and this plain unartful Floor ſupported him. Who now in our Days, wou'd endure ſo mean a Bath? Every Man now thinks himſelf poor, if the Walls of his Bath ſhine not with large Orbs of Precious Stones; unleſs the

Alexan-

Alexandrian Marble be emboſs'd, cruſted o'er, and vary'd with *Numidian* Borderings; unleſs they are cover'd all over with *Moſaic* Work; if the vaulted Roof be not all beſet with Looking-Glaſs; unleſs the *Thuſian* Stone, formerly ſo rare, and only to be found in ſome particular Temple, or Public Building, line the Ciſtern, into which he deſcends after his Sweating, without Soul or Life, if the Water pours not on him from Silver-Conduits. I ſpeak only now of the Pipes and Baths of the Vulgar; but what ſhall I ſay, when I come to thoſe of the *Freed-Men?* How many Statues are there? How many Rows of Pillars ſupporting no Weight, but plac'd there meerly for the ſake of the Expence and Ornament? How many Caſcades of Water, that tumble with broken Murmurs down ſeveral Steps or Falls. We are arriv'd to that Degree of Luxury, that we diſdain to tread on any thing, but Gemms and Precious Stones. The obſcure Light enters theſe Baths of *Scipio*, by little Chinks rather than Windows, made in the Stone-Wall, ſo as not to weaken the Building: But now they call thoſe Baths Beetles-Neſts, that are not built ſo open, as on all ſides to admit the Sun in its Meridian-altitudes, at Windows ſpacious as magnificent; unleſs from their Seats they can ſurvey the Fields and Seas. The New Inventions of Luxury, throw the Old into the Number of things antiquated and out of faſhion. Formerly there were but a few Baths, and thoſe plain, and without Ornament. For why ſhou'd thoſe things affect Ornament which were invented for common Uſe, and not for Pleaſure? The

Antients had no Water pour'd on them, nor freſh running Streams, as if they roſe from hot Springs. Nor did they think it of any Conſequence, in what Water they made themſelves clean. But, you cannot imagin with what Pleaſure I enter'd theſe obſcure Baths, ceil'd over with a vulgar Plaiſtring; and which you muſt know, was temper'd by the Hands of *Cato*, *Fabius Maximus*, or one of the *Cornelii*, in their *Ædilſhips*: For formerly, the *Ædils* of the greateſt Quality perform'd that Office, by entring thoſe Places of Public Reception of the People; and examining the Water, that it was of a uſeful and wholeſom Temperature; not ſo hot as this Modern Invention makes it, where there is no difference between the Heat of the Baths, and that of a boiling Furnace. And now it wou'd, to a reaſonable Man ſeem a Puniſhment, to waſh a condemn'd Criminal in. How rude and unpoliſh'd will ſome of our Times think *Scipio*, that he let not the Day into his Sweating-Room by large Windows; that he was not boil'd in the Eye of the Sun, and had not a Proſpect round him, while he ſate ſweating in his Bath? Alas! poor Soul, he knew not how to live! He was not waſh'd in puriſi'd Water; nay when it rain'd, perhaps in what was muddy. Nor indeed had he much reaſon to be concern'd how he was waſh'd; ſince he came thither to cleanſe himſelf after his Toils, and rinſe off the Sweat, not Ointments. I envy not *Scipio*, wou'd ſome of us ſay; he was truly an Exile, who was bath'd after ſo wretched a manner; but much more wou'd they ſay, if they knew that he bath'd not every Day: For if we believe thoſe that have tranſ-

tranſmitted down to us the Cuſtoms and Manners of our Anceſtors, they waſh'd only their Legs and Arms every Day, which by Labour had contracted Dirt, but their whole Bodies only every Ninth or Market-Day. Here perhaps ſome may reflect, that they were extream naſty, and without the help of Perfumes, Ointments, and Sweet-Waters, muſt needs ſmell rank of the Camp, the Field, or the meer Man. But after theſe neat beautify'd Baths were invented, Men had more ingrateful, as well as unnatural Scents about them; which *Horace*, deſcribing a Fop and Effeminate Fellow, hints at, when he ſays,

Paſtillos Rufillus olet, Gorgonius Hircum.

Of Goats *Gorgonius* ſtinks, *Rufillus* of Perfumes.

If I have renew'd too many Melancholy Thoughts in you, by what I have ſaid concerning the degenerate Luxury of our Age, you muſt attribute it to the *Villa* of *Scipio*, where now I am. Farewel.

LETTER X.

The ſame to the ſame, concerning his Journey from Baiæ *to* Naples, *with its conſequences.*

RETurning from *Baiæ* to *Naples*, I eaſily to avoid the Sea, beliv'd that the Seaſon and Storms forbid our Voyage, and yet the Roads were ſo dirty all the Way, that I might very well be ſaid to have gone by Water. All that Day I was oblig'd to undergo the Wreſtlers Fate, firſt to be anointed with the Dirt, and then be ſprinkl'd with Duſt in the *Neopolitan* hollow Way; than which Priſon nothing ſure can be longer or more dark; but were there any Avenues for the Light, certainly the very Duſt wou'd deprive the Traveller of it, which being troubleſome enough in an open Road, what think you muſt it be there, where it has no way of driving with the Wind, but rolls round in Circles on thoſe who raiſe it? We the ſame Day and in the ſame Road, underwent contrary Misfortunes, that is both the Dirt and the Duſt. Yet this very Darkneſs offer'd me ſome Matter of Thought. I found my Mind ſhook in a particular manner, and a Change within me without any mixture of Fear, proceeding from the Novelty and Filthineſs of the Place. What I ſay now I ſpeak not of my ſelf, who am ſo far from Perfection, that I approach not near that of a Man of moderate Excellence, but of One over whom Fortune can claim no Sovereignty; for ſuch a Man ſhall change his Colour, and have

have his Mind affected with an involuntary Concern. For there are ſome things, my *Lucilius*, that no Virtue can avoid; Nature puts him in Mind of its Mortality. You may find Grief in his Countenance, Fright at ſuddain and unexpected Accidents and Paleneſs if he caſt but his Eyes down a Precipice of vaſt profundity. Nor is this Fear but a Natural effect, that cannot be vanquiſh'd by Reaſon. By the ſame Rule there are ſome of the higheſt Bravery, who are ready and forward to let out their own Blood, that cannot ſee that of another. Some faint at the handling a freſh Wound, and ſome at the digeſted Matter of one which is old. Some can receive a Sword in them with more eaſe than behold it. I found therefore, as I was ſaying, a Change not Concern within my ſelf in the midſt of this dark and diſmal Paſſage, as well as an unbidden and ſuddain Alacrity at the return of the Light; which led me to the reflection of the Vanity of fearing one thing more than another, when the ſame is the End of all things. For what ſignifies it to the Sentinel, whether he be cruſh'd to Pieces by the fall of a Mountain or that of a Tower? Nothing at all. Yet are there many Men that have a dread of one, and not the leaſt of the other, tho' equally Mortal. So that Fear regards more the Efficient, than the Effect. Now perhaps you'll think I mean the *Stoics*, who fancy that the Soul of a Man that is cruſh'd to death by a great Weight, can't paſs out together, but is diſſipated into ſeveral Particles for want of a free *Exit*. Thoſe who are of this Opinion ſeem to me in an Error: For as the Flame cannot be oppreſs'd and cruſh'd, for it flies round the Weight that preſſes it, as the Air is not hurt nor

cut

cut in two by the Blow, but rolls round the thing again that drives it, thus the Mind compos'd of the fineſt and moſt ſubtil Particles, cannot be taken hold of, or ſqueez'd in the Body, but by the benefit of its Subtilty breaks through thoſe very things that preſs on it. As the Light when ſtretcht and ſhining fartheſt can retire thro the leaſt creviſe, ſo the Soul, that is much more thin and refin'd than Fire, can paſs away through all parts of the Body. Therefore our Enquiry ought to be, Whether this ſubtil Being be immortal or not? This you may hold for a certainty, that if it ſurvive the Body, it can in no wiſe for that Reaſon periſh, by what it then did not; becauſe there is no Conditional Immortality, nor is there any thing hurtful Eternally. Farewel.

LETTER XI.

The ſame to the ſame, giving Directions about the Choice of, and Duty to our Friends.

YOU tell me you have writ to me by your *Friend*, and preſently caution me not to ſpeak freely of all your Affairs to him, becauſe you your ſelf never do: So that in the very ſame Letter you have call'd him and deny'd him to be your Friend. Therefore I find you gave him the Appellation firſt as a Word of courſe, a uſual Civility; as we call our Jury-Men good Men and true,

true, and ſalute every Man whoſe Name and Quality we know not, with *Sir*. But no more of this. If you have a Friend that you are upon your Guard with, or have more Reſerves for, than for your ſelf, you are guilty of the greateſt Error in the World, nor are you acquainted with the Nature of true Friendſhip. A Man of Buſineſs, who is wholly taken up, and beſieg'd with his own Affairs, can have no greater misfortune than to think, any Man his Friend, for whom he has no Friendſhip: But let me adviſe you to communicate all things to your Friend. But firſt of him. After you have contracted a Friendſhip you ſhou'd not confide, before you ſhou'd judge. For that is a very prepoſterous and ridiculous method, when Men contrary to the Precepts of *Theophraſtus*, never conſult their Friends Judgment before his Intimacy, and when after it he has recourſe to it he repents. Weigh well with your ſelf, and conſider long and throughly the Merits and Qualities of the Man before you make him your Friend; but when you have found him Worthy, throw off all Reſerves, admit him wholly into your Boſom, and be as free with him as with your ſelf. Live ſo that you may have nothing to confide to your Friend, but what you might with ſafety truſt to your Enemy. But ſince every Man has ſome Affairs, which cuſtom makes Secrets, ſhare all your Cares, all your Thoughts with your Friend. Not to miſtruſt him is to have no cauſe of Miſtruſt, for Confidence produces Fidelity; for many Men by their fear of being deceiv'd have taught the ſuſpected to be falſe, and given them by ſuſpicion a Right to deceive. Why ſhou'd we therefore, ſet a guard on our Tongues in the preſence of our Friend? Or

why

why ſhou'd I not believe my ſelf alone and only by my ſelf when none is by but my Friend? There are a ſort of Men, who tell every one they meet what only their Friend ſhou'd know, and unload themſelves of every thing that troubles them to any one that will give them the hearing; others on the contrary are ſo tenacious of what they eſteem a Secret, that they will not entruſt any Man with it tho never ſo intimate and dear to them; nay as I may ſay, if they cou'd poſſibly avoid it, wou'd not confide it even to themſelves. But neither of theſe are worthy Imitation: For the fault is as great to truſt none as to truſt all: Tho this I think the more generous Error, that the more ſafe. Thus thoſe who are never at reſt and thoſe who are never in Action are equally reprehenſible, for that love of Tumult and Hurry is not Induſtry, but the buſie action or roving of a diſtemper'd Mind; nor is that Reſt or Sedateneſs which thinks all Motion Pain, but a nerveleſs Diſſolution and a languid Sloth. Fix therefore in your Mind this Sentence of *Pomponius*, "Some have ſo entirely withdrawn themſelves "into Shades and Retirement, that they think "every thing the Light beholds tumultuous; "but Action and Reſt are to be mingled to-"gether; and Action muſt ſucceed Reſt, and "Reſt Action. Conſult Nature, and you'll find ſhe has taught you by pointing to the Day, and the Night, which diverſity ſhe has made for thy Example. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

The ſame to the ſame; of Life, and the true Value and Menſuration of it.

I Found not that Juſtice and Equity in your Letter about the Death of *Metronaites* the Philoſopher, which us'd to abound in You, to all Perſons, and in all Things, except in this, where indeed all Men fail. I have known many juſt to Men, none to the Gods. We daily chide our Fate, complaining that this Man is ſnatch'd away, before he has run half his Courſe; that another is ſuffer'd to live too long; that Old Age, that is burthenſom to it ſelf and others, ſhou'd be of ſo long a Duration, *&c.* Which, think you, is moſt requiſite and juſt, that you ſhou'd obey Nature, or Nature you? What ſignifies it to you, how ſoon you go that Journey, which you muſt once go? We are not to be ſolicitous of long Life, but that we may live while we live. The Duration of Life we owe to Fate, the Uſe of it to our own *Minds.* Life is long, if it be compleat; and it is compleat, when the *Mind* is Maſter of it ſelf, and renders its own Good to it. What Advantage has Fourſcore Years been to him, who has thrown them away in a ſlothful Stupidity! He can't be ſaid to have liv'd, but to have loiter'd, or ſaunter'd about in Life; nor that his Death was late, but long. He liv'd, you ſay, Fourſcore Years; and yet there's not a Day of thoſe Years, from whence you may not begin to reckon his Death. Here's another who is taken away in an early and unripe

unripe Age; but has perform'd the Duty of a good Citizen, a good Friend, and a good Son. He was active in all Particulars, deficient in none; ſo that tho' he was not old, his Life was perfect and compleat. The other you ſay lived Fourſcore Years; that is, he had a Being Fourſcore Years; which is more properly phras'd; unleſs you wou'd ſay, he liv'd as Trees do. I beg you, my *Lucilius*, to meaſure your Life by Action, not Years. Shall I ſhew you the Difference betwixt this Drone, over whoſe Head ſo many uſeleſs Years have paſs'd; and the vigorous robuſt Contemner of Fortune, that has paſs'd thro' all the Stages, and perform'd all the Duties of Life? This laſt ſurvives his Death, the former dies even before it. That Man therefore is worthy our Praiſe and Imitation, who makes a juſt Uſe of thoſe Days, be they never ſo few, which Nature and Fortune have lent him. For he ſaw things in a true Light; he was not one of the Vulgar, and truly lived with Vigour; ſometimes in the Sun-ſhine of Proſperity, ſometimes under the Clouds of Malicious Fortune. To what purpoſe ſhou'd you ask how many Years he liv'd, ſince he liv'd to Poſterity, he leap'd over the oblivious Gulph of Death, and deliver'd himſelf to a perpetual Memory. Conclude not from hence, that I wou'd refuſe the Acceſſion of more Years to my Life: I only urge, That if they are cut ſhorter, there has been no Time wanting to a Happy Life: For I conduct not my ſelf by a View of the utmoſt Day which avaricious Hope wou'd promiſe me; but I have always look'd on the preſent Hour to be my laſt. To what Purpoſe do you ask me when I was Born? I can't be reckon'd among the Young, I have had

had my Time already. As a little Man may be perfect as a larger, ſo may a ſhort Life be compleat as a longer. Age is what depends on things without me; for how long I live, depends on ſomething foreign; but how long I am a Good Man, depends on my ſelf alone. I wou'd not paſs my Days in an inglorious and vulgar Obſcurity: I wou'd be active in Life, walk through its Path and Mazes, not be carry'd. You ask me, What is the greateſt Extent of the Life of Man? I anſwer, To live to arrive at Wiſdom; and whoever reaches that, has attain'd the greateſt, if not longeſt Point of Life. He may with Aſſurance boaſt, and give the Gods Thanks; and attribute his Being in ſome meaſure to himſelf, and Nature, as well as them. This he may juſtly do, becauſe he has improv'd that Life they gave him, and return'd it better than he receiv'd it; having left behind him an Example of a Good Man, and given ſufficient Proofs of his good Qualities and Excellence: In ſo much, that if Fate had thought fit to have added any more Years to his Life, they had aſſuredly been of a Piece with the former. While we live, we enjoy our Thoughts and Contemplations on all things. We know from whence the principal, and ſupreme Nature raiſes it ſelf; how he diſpoſes the Oeconomy of the World, by what Viciſſitudes and Changes renews the Year, how he has ſhut up all Things that ever had a Being, and made Himſelf his own End and Aim. We know the Stars move by their own proper Impulſe, that nothing but the Earth is fix'd and motionleſs, and that all things elſe run round with a continu'd Velocity. We know how the Sun preſſes the Moon, and why the ſlower

Motion

Motion leaves behind it the more nimble; as likewiſe how it receives and loſes its Light: What Cauſe brings Night upon us, and afterwards reſtores the Day. Thither we muſt go, where we can have a much nearer View of all theſe things. Nor does this Hope, ſays this Wiſe-Man, give me greater Courage to depart this Life, becauſe I think Death opens the Road to come to my Gods: I deſire to be admitted, and I am already among them; for I have ſent my Soul and Mind to them, as they have done theirs to me. But ſuppoſe that after Life nothing at all remains of Man, that his Soul dies with his Body; I have the ſame Courage and undaunted Spirit, even if Death were to put an entire End to my whole Being. He liv'd not ſo long as he might by the Courſe of Nature, yet was his Life like a ſhort but curious Poem, full of Matter and Inſtruction; while ſome Mens long Lives are like the voluminous Annals of *Tamuſius*, tedious and contemptible; abounding with Words, but defective of Matter. Do you think him that dies on the laſt Day of his Office, more happy than him that is cut off in the middle of it? The Space of our going before our Fellows, is but ſhort; for Death drives his Triumphant Chariot over all; and he that dies to day, follows but him that dy'd yeſterday. 'Tis but a Trifle we make all this ado about: For what ſignifies it, how long you avoid that, which you cannot always avoid? Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

The ſame, to the ſame; about Ingratitude, the Duty of Obliging Men, the Nature and Duty of Gratitude, and Returns for Benefits.

YOU complain, you have met with an ungrateful Man; if this be the firſt time, you are exceedingly oblig'd either to Fortune, your own Care, or Caution. Yet Diligence and Warineſs in things of this Nature avail nothing, unleſs it be to pervert your Virtue, and advance your Avarice: For to avoid this Danger, you muſt do no Service to any body, and ſo, that your Benefits may not periſh in another's, you let them do ſo in your own Hands. 'Tis better they ſhou'd have no grateful Returns, than be not at all beſtow'd. Tho' the Harveſt be bad, the Huſbandman ſows again; and oftentimes the Fertility of one Year, pays him for the Loſſes of many. To find out one Grateful Man, is worth the trying of many ungrateful. No Man is ſo ſure and infallible in diſtributing his Favours, but that he will be often deceiv'd: We wander, that we may at laſt find a Place to fix on. We venture to Sea again, tho' we have already been ſhipwreck'd; nor does the Uſurer leave off putting out his Money, for one Broken Debtor. Life wou'd ſoon degenerate into Sloth, if we ſhou'd avoid every thing that does not pleaſe us. And 'tis my Opinion, that this Diſappointment ſhou'd heighten our Bounty: For we ought to make

many Experiments, whose Events are uncertain, for one successful Enquiry. But of this, I have treated at large, in my Book of *BENEFITS*. I think I ought rather to inquire here, what is not [illegible] sufficiently discuss'd; and that is, Whether or no a Man who injures us afterwards, cancels our Obligations for former Favours; nay make it, that the Injury he has done extremely exceeds the Benefits he bestow'd. If you require the just Sentence of a severe Judge, he will acquit one for the sake of the other; and will tell you, that tho' the Injury be the greater, yet must it yield to the Benefit: What the Injury exceeds in, is to be laid to the Priority of the Benefit. But then again, we must inquire, how willingly he oblig'd, and how much against his Will he injur'd you; because Benefits and Obligations, as well as Injuries, are more to be weigh'd by the Intention, than Effect. Perhaps the Favour was granted unwillingly, either out of Shame, Hope, or the Importunity of the Suitor. The Returns of Benefits, are in the same Degree as they were bestow'd; and they are not measur'd by their Quantity, but the Quality of the Intention that bestow'd them. But removing all this Uncertainty; that was a real Benefit, and all of this that exceeds the Benefit, is an Injury: But a Good Man will circumscribe himself in these Matters, nor take in all the Latitude that perhaps Justice will allow; he will add to the Benefit, and lessen the Injury. But were I a more moderate Judge, as I wou'd be, I shou'd remember the Benefit, and forget the Injury. This at least is agreeable to Justice, to give every one his due Thanks to the Benefit, and a like Injury to the Injury; or at least, Ill-will; But

this

this will only hold, when the Benefit is done by one, and the Injury by another; for the Injury of a Benefactor, is to be loſt in the Benefit: For whomſoever we ought to forgive without any previous Merit, we certainly ought by a much ſtronger Tye, more than barely to pardon for an Injury. But I give not each its due Value: I have a far greater Regard to a Benefit, than an Injury. All Men do not know how to return an Obligation; That only belongs to the Wiſe: For tho' a Fool may, while yet the Benefit is freſh, aim at ſome ſort of Return; yet will he be out, either in the Proportion, Time, or Place. A Wiſe Man will examin all things with himſelf; the Magnitude of the Benefit, the Perſon that beſtow'd it, the Time, the Place, the Manner. We deny therefore that any but a Wiſe Man, can either make a juſt Return to, or beſtow a Benefit; for he is more pleas'd with what he gives, than another with what he receives. This, to ſome, may ſeem a *Paradox*; and they may ask me, *Whether or no any knows how to be grateful, but a Wiſe Man?* That is as much as to ſay, Whether none elſe knows how to anſwer a Debt to his Creditor, or pay for what he buys. To avoid the Reflexion, I affirm no more than what *Epicurus* has done before me: And *Metrodorus* expreſly has it, *That a Wiſe Man only knows how to be grateful*: The ſame Surprize and Wonder may follow the Aſſertion, *That none but a Wiſe Man can love, or be a Friend.* But Gratitude, and paying Mutual Benefits, is a part of Love and Friendſhip; nay the Duty of Gratitude reaches more than either Love or true Friendſhip. Thus too will they wonder to hear, That Faith and Truſt are to be

put in none but a Wise Man: For can he have any Faith or Fidelity, who is ignorant in the very Laws of Gratitude? Let them therefore no more accuse us of boasting things beyond Credibility, and know, that the Vulgar have only the Images and Shadows of Honour, while Wise Men alone possess its Substance. Tho' none but a Wise Man knows the Laws of Gratitude, yet let the Ignorant, to the best of their Knowledge, be grateful; and let them rather want the Knowledge, than the Will; for the latter cannot be either acquir'd or learn'd. The Wise Man will compare all things with each other; for the same Benefit is improv'd or lessen'd, in reference to its Time, Cause and Place. It may happen, that Twenty Pounds given opportunely, may be more beneficial than as many Hundreds at another time: For there is a great deal in it, whether you have given as a Present, or supply'd your Friend in time of Trouble and Necessity. The Consequences of a Gift, are often vastly more considerable than the Gift it self. But to avoid being thrown on what we have already sufficiently examin'd; in this Decision, betwixt an Injury and a Benefit, a Good Man will consider the Equity of the Cause, and yet will incline more to the Benefit than the Injury. The Person also, in things of this Nature, is of no small Consequence; for perhaps you have oblig'd me in my Servant, but injur'd me in my Father; you have preserv'd my Son, yet depriv'd me of a Parent. After this manner he will pursue all the just Means and Heads of Distinction in this Affair; and if the Difference be not great, he will sink it; nay where the Injury exceeds, if it can be remitted without offend-

offending either Faith, Religion, or Piety, he will do it. The Sum of the Matter is, he'll be eaſy in balancing the Account, and ſtill adjudge the hardeſt Part to himſelf; likewiſe be extremely unwilling to acquit himſelf of a Benefit, by oppoſing it to an Injury. To this he'll incline ſo far, as to wiſh that Gratitude was due, and accordingly deſire to ſhew it: For that Man is in a great Error, who is more pleas'd to receive, than return a Favour. By how much more joyfully we pay than borrow, with ſo much greater Pleaſure ſhou'd we diſcharge the Debt of a Benefit, than receive a greater Obligation. In this alſo are the Ungrateful deceiv'd, who think they ſhou'd pay Extorſion to their Creditors, but no Intereſt to their Benefactors. Yet the Delay of the Repayment, increaſes the Debt; and the longer it be before you pay, the greater will be the Sum you muſt pay. He is Ungrateful, that returns a Favour without Uſury; which ought to fall into the Conſideration, when we compare our Receipts and Expences. We ſhou'd do all things, that cou'd prove and advance our Gratitude. This is our own proper Good; not like Juſtice reaching to others, according to the Vulgar Opinion, for the greateſt part of it returns to it ſelf. No Man ever did Service to another, but he therein ſerv'd himſelf. I mean not here, that his Benefit begets another to himſelf, by Example; but becauſe all Virtue has a Reward in it ſelf; for Virtue is not mercenary, and practis'd for Gain. The Reward of a Good Action, is the doing it. I am grateful, not to provoke Benefits from others, by their being Witneſſes of my Gratitude for paſt Favours; but that I may have the Pleaſure of

doing a noble and delightful Action. I am grateful, not becauſe 'tis advantageous, but pleaſing. And to know the Truth of this, I wou'd with Satisfaction paſs through Infamy to Honour, if I cou'd not be grateful to my Benefactor without being in ſome ſort injurious to another Perſon. I think no Man can give a greater Proof of his Love to Virtue; none is more its Devoto, than he, that rather than offend his Conſcience, will forego the Character of an Honeſt Man. For this Reaſon, I ſay, you are grateful more for your own ſake, than another's. To receive what you have beſtow'd is a vulgar, and every-day's Advantage; but *to be grateful*, brings you a great and uncommon Happineſs, proceeding from a moſt Divine State of Mind: For if Malice and Vice make a Man miſerable, Virtue muſt needs render him happy. *To be grateful*, is a Virtue; and you have by a common Means purchas'd the Satisfaction of conſcious Gratitude; which finds only Place in a Fortunate and Divine Soul: On the contrary, whoever is Ungrateful, is miſerable; I ſay not he will be ſo, but is effectually: Let us therefore for no body's ſake but our own, avoid being Ungrateful. Very little of our Vices reaches others, the greateſt and moſt noxious Part goes along with us; and as *Attalus* us'd to ſay, Vice and Malice pour the greateſt Part of their Poiſon on themſelves. The Poiſon Serpents produce, remains innoxious to themſelves, and is not like this, which moſt afflicts them that breed it. The Ungrateful Man tortures and racks himſelf, he hates and extenuates the Benefits beſtow'd on him, becauſe they muſt be return'd; but heightens and magnifies his Injuries. And what can be more miſerable, than one who forgets his Obli-

Obligations, and always remembers the Wrongs done him? Wisdom, on the contrary, beautifies adorns and raises every Benefit it receives, it recommends it to it self, and delights daily in the Remembrance of it. An ill Man has but one and that a short Pleasure, which is the Moment only wherein he is oblig'd. while the Wise Man extracts from Benefits a long and permanent Delight for his Satisfaction consists not in receiving a Favour, but that he has receiv'd one; which is renew'd every Day, and never dies. He contemns those that Injure him, and not thro' Remissness but voluntarily forgets them. He makes not things worse than they are, nor hunts out particulars to lay Accidents to their Charge, but chuses rather to lay the errors of Mankind on Fortune. He gives no detracting Interpretations either to Words or Countenances, ever construing all Accidents the most favourable way he can; he lessens, he renders them less obnoxious, nor has he a better Memory for Injuries, than Benefits: he holds remembrance fast as to that which is best, nor is he apt to change and alienate his Mind towards those who deserve well at his hands, unless many ill turns are repeated, and at the same time that he dissembles it, he plainly sees the Disproportion and Difference; and then it is that tho' the Injury be greater, than the Benefit, yet it leaves him on the same Bottom with the Benefactor, as he was before he had receiv'd the Benefit: For when the Injury is but equal to the Benefit, there still are some Remains of Good Will in his Mind. As the Guilty is acquitted when the Votes are even, and as Humanity gives the most favourable Construction to any thing that bears a doubtful Face; so a Wise Man when

the Good deeds are equall'd by the Ill, ceaſes indeed to owe any thing to the Benefactor, but does not do ſo to deſire, that he may yet be indebted to him. But no body can be grateful, that does not contemn all thoſe things, whence the vulgar derive their Madneſs. The Duties of Gratitude are not ſo eaſie, as ſome may imagine for thoſe ſubject you to Exile, Death, Poverty, nay the Extinction of your good Name, by ſubjecting it to the malice of evil Fame. Men are too apt to think nothing ſo dear as a Benefit till receiv'd, and nothing ſo light and trivial when once obtain'd. The Avarice of new Favours, deſtroys the Remembrance of thoſe that are paſt. Men are diverted from Truth, by Wealth, Honors, Power, and thoſe other things, which tho' vile enough in their own Natures, are yet eſteem'd valuable by common Opinion. We know not how to judge of things, we ſhou'd weigh by the Nature of them, and not by Vulgar Reputation. There is nothing in theſe Magnificent and Great enough to attract our Minds and Affections, only we are accuſtom'd to admire them, for we give them our Praiſe, not becauſe they are worthy Objects of our Deſires, but we deſire them becauſe they are generally extoll'd, and as the Public Error is made up out of the Error of Particulars, ſo reciprocally are particulars led aſtray by the Public Miſtakes. But if in that let us alſo in this believe the common Vogue, that there is nothing more Honourable and Noble than a grateful Man. In this all Nations, all Cities, even the Barbarians agree; in this both Good and Evil are of the ſame Mind. Tho' Men are of ſuch different Tempers, that one prefers Pleaſure, another Labour, ſome think Pain an evil, others think it none, ſome eſteem

Riches

Riches their ſupream Good, and others declaim againſt them as the Bane of Humane Life; in the midſt of this oppoſition, they are all unanimous that a grateful Return ought to be made for a Favour receiv'd, and all this diſagreeing Multitude in this are of the ſame Mind, at the ſame time, that we ſo commonly return Injuries for Obligations. 'Tis ſometimes a motive of Ingratitude when the Benefit is above a Return. And the Madneſs is come to that extravagance, that 'tis extreamly dangerous to do a Man any conſiderable Service: For becauſe 'tis baſe not to return a Favour, he will not ſuppoſe any one to whom a Return is due. Keep what you have receiv'd; I require no Return. Suffer a Man to do good with ſafety. There is no Hate ſo pernicious, as to be aſham'd of having violated a Benefit. Farewel.

LETTER XIV.

Symachus *to* Auſonius; *a Complemental Letter.*

YOur Letter that found me at *Capua*, gave me in your Eloquence a Joy ſincere; it had a pleaſing Gayety ſweeten'd with the Honey of *Cicero*; and was not ſo much a true, as a friendly commendation of my Diſcourſe and Language. I am therefore in ſuſpence which to admire moſt, the Ornaments of your Tongue, or thoſe of your Mind; for you ſo far exceed all in Eloquence, that no Man preſumes to write without fear, and concern: However your Approbation of what I do com-

compels me to break Silence. Shou'd I say more I shou'd seem to conspire with you, to claw one another, and rather to imitate than approve what you have said. Since you do nothing ostentatiously, I ought to be cautious lest I praise those things as acquir'd, which are indeed the genuine advantages of your Mind. But I desire you to believe a certain Truth, that there is no Man alive whom I prefer or love above you, you have so bound me by an honourable Friendship. Your condemning me as the Betrayer of your Book, seems to make you guilty of a Modesty too great, and almost criminal; for a Man may with more ease hold burning Coals in his Mouth, than keep a Book of Beauty and Value a Secret, yet when once you have let it pass from your Hands, you have licens'd it to launch out into the Public. You can be under no Apprehension that the poison of an emulous Reader shou'd infect and consume your Book. You alone have ow'd nothing to the Favour of your Reader, or lost any Praise by his Envy; both the Good and Bad join in your Praises. Banish therefore your needless Apprehension, and indulge your Pen that it may often be in my power thus to betray you. Inscribe my Name to some doctrinal or learn'd Piece of instructive Poetry, and try if I can keep the Secret; which tho I wish I may, I dare not promise to do. I am well enough acquainted with the itching desire a Man has to communicate and publish what he approves himself; for he that can deliver another Man's Words with Beauty and Grace, has a sort of Avarice for a Partner in his Praise. Thus the Poets in our Comedies have the first, and supream Praise, but *Roscius*, *Ambicius*, and the other Players are not without Applause. I beg you there-

therefore to ſacrifice your leiſure Hours to ſome ſuch undertaking, and ſupport my Faſting and hungry Appetite with more of your Compoſitions. But if ſecure from all Boaſts your ſelf, you fear my Garrulity, be ſure you keep my Counſel throughly, that I may ſafely pretend what you write to be mine. Farewel.

LETTER XV.

Auſonius's *Anſwer*, *being no leſs Complemental.*

I Have now experience of the ſweetneſs, and agreeableneſs of Diſcourſe, and how ſoothing and perſuaſive Eloquence can be; for you have almoſt perſuaded me that my Letters which found you at *Capua* were not abſolutely rough, and unpoliſh'd. But that held no longer than while I read your Letter, the Witchery of whoſe Charms lead me where they pleaſe, and make me to fancy wonders in what I write in ſpight of my own hoodwink'd Judgment to the contrary: But I no ſooner lay aſide your Letter and ask my ſelf the Queſtion, but I find the Cup fill'd with Aloes, whoſe Brim was rub'd only with Honey. This I often do by taking up and laying aſide your Epiſtle. This affords me a Delight not unlike a Painted Cloud, that is ſo no longer, than I ſee it, and like the *Camelion* I change my Colour with the next Object that comes in View. My Judgment is one way influenc'd by what you write, and another by the conſciouſneſs of my own

own Defects. Have you assurance enough to honour me with those Praises, which none but the most Eloquent can challenge? Will you who have arriv'd at Perfection beyond all Correction and Improvement, thus take notice of my poor Abilities? There is scarce one to be found Master of any Perfections, which compar'd with yours are not vile and mean. You who have made such Approaches to the Politeness and Beauty of *Æsop*, the wise Conclusions of *Socrates*, the Arguments of *Demosthenes*, the Abundance of *Tully* and the Propriety of *Virgil*? Who has affected any of these with that Grace and Perfection as you, who comprehend and are Master of them all; for what are you Sir but a perfect and absolute Collection of the Excellence, and knowledge of all generous Arts? As extravagant as these Encomiums look, I have no Apprehensions, my Son and Lord *Symachus*, that they should seem said of you with greater Kindness than Truth. You have had experience of my Judgment of you by permitting the disparity of my Age to be no Obstacle to our Conversation, in which you have shew'd your self an old Soldier, in your very Apprenticeship, as I may call it; and I in my old Age have return'd to my Noviceship. When I was with you, you always found me speak Truth concerning you, therefore I hope you will not believe I wou'd feed you in my Absence with a fabulous *Encomium*, whom you have found when we were together in Conversation, which exposes the Face, and hides the Mind, love more than a Father or a Friend or any thing that has yet a dearer Name. But to pass from this to what follows; how cou'd you with so much Affectation desire me to send you some doctrinal and instructive piece of Poetry?

Shall

Shall I pretend to teach and inſtruct you, who if I were young enough ought to learn my ſelf? Or ſhall I pretend to affect and move you, that are ſo Sprightly and Spirituous? By a parity of Reaſon I might exhort the Muſes to ſing, the Seas to flow, the Air to refreſh, the Fire to warm; and ſo be a ſuperfluous Prompter to any thing elſe that Nature of its own accord produces. 'Tis enough for me that one of my Books being publiſh'd, to my ſorrow, is fal'n at leaſt into the Hands of my Friend: For if it had not, you wou'd not have been able to perſuade me that I cou'd pleaſe. Thus far I anſwer your's, and for what remains I ſhall be brief, my Letter being already too long. If you have a mind to enquire about me, I ſend *Julianus* a familiar Friend of our Family to you, and at the ſame time deſire you when you have heard the Cauſe of his coming, you wou'd aſſiſt him in what you have already favour'd him. Farewel.

LETTER XVI.

Phalaris *the Tyrant of* Agrigentum *to* Demoteles, *a Scholar that had deſired him to ceaſe from his Tyranny.*

THere is not any thing ſo wide as the Senſe of a Man in buſineſs, and of one in a Cloyſter; 'tis upon this account, *Demoteles*, your Letters are ſo diverting to me, and that I allow of their Freedom. It pleaſes me to read your refin'd Notions and honeſt Miſtakes: But your laſt ſurpris'd me

a little, and gave me a melancholly Delight; for you that never was a Tyrant adviſe one that is ſo, to lay down his Tyranny, without conſidering that to give up ſuch a Power is infinitely more dangerous than to get it. We ſhou'd think of Tyranny as we wou'd of our Being; and as no one, if it were poſſible for him to foreſee the troubles and calamities that attend Life, wou'd deſire to be born; neither wou'd an Ambitious private Man, if he knew the miſeries of Tyranny, deſire to be a Tyrant. Thus, *Demoteles*, 'tis my Opinion, that not to be born is better than to be born and live all ones Life a private Man, rather than a Tyrant. If therefore you had given me your Sence of theſe Evils before I was ingag'd in 'em, you had eaſily extinguiſh'd my Impatience for ruling; but now I am a Tyrant, and from the neceſſity of my Affairs am become obnoxious to many Dangers, to forſake my ſelf now, neither a Man nor a God ſhou'd perſuade me. I am too well acquainted with the Temper of my People, and know, as ſoon as I ſhou'd ſtrip my ſelf of my Defences, how miſerably I ſhou'd paſs my time. I have no Friends but what I hire, and thoſe I dare not lay aſide; for Souldiers (the ſupport of Tyrants) will either be for us, or againſt us. You ſee, *Demoteles*, how unfortunate I am! Luſt, Rapine, Violence (the life of Armies) are the only Preſervers of my quiet! 'Tis not every Body that Providence will puniſh in ſo extraordinary a Manner, as to make him a Tyrant. A ſickly Prince of the *Leontines* has aim'd at it theſe Twelve Years; the People too ſeem fitted for Slaves, and moſt of the Chief Miniſters are in the Conſpiracy, yet Heaven has preſerv'd him from a Miſery ſo great, and he is like

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to die much happier than he wiſhes himſelf. Farewel.

LETTER XVII.

Phalaris *to the Poetaſter* Ariſtolochus, *concerning his comparing himſelf with the famous Poet* Steſichorus, *and ſetting up for Wit and Courage.*

IF my pardoning *Steſichorus* has mov'd you to write Tragedies againſt me, as if I wou'd be kind to all Poets, you are extreamly miſtaken, for I am not fond of every Poet indifferently but of good ones; nor of all Enemies but of generous ones: But you, *Ariſtolochus*, that are a bad Poet and a Coward, have yet the Vanity for Bravery and Wit, to ſet your ſelf on the level with *Steſichorus!* You ſhall know in a very ſhort time, I promiſe you, what difference there is between you and him; not becauſe you write againſt me, *Ariſtolochus!* I were the pooreſt ſpirited of Men if your Writings cou'd diſturb me; but being, as you are, ſuch a Poet and ſuch an Adverſary, you ſhou'd think you merited the ſame Reward with *Steſichorus.* I hear you act too in your own Plays, and always chuſe for your ſelf a Conquering Part, to have a ſafe opportunity of ſhewing your Courage as well as your Wit; and that you avoid being of the Part that is to be beaten, as much as if your Enemy were not fictitious, and are affraid that Infamy will follow even the Imitation of Cowardice. Thus one wou'd think he

he cou'd never want Sence nor Bravery that pass'd his whole Life in writing and fighting! Yet is this Paradox very clear; that *Aristolochus* wou'd not write if he had any Wit, nor fight if he had any Courage. Farewel.

LETTER XVIII.

Phalaris *to* Adamantus, *another Poetaster, jocularly deriding a Difference he had with his Patron.*

I Am told a Dispute has lately happen'd between you and your Patron, which was the greater Rogue. It began it seems about the Wit that is between you; which however slight an occasion, yet when once you were rob'd of that, neither of you cared a Rush for being honest. He began with calling your Muse a Prostitute, and you stung him with answering that She was not your Wife too: Which is the only piece of Wit he ever had from you without paying for. He added that you had been Caned by every one that knew you but him, and you kept to your Text and told him, that his Wife was not the only Prostitute in his Family, and tho' she had been common to Coachmen and Porters, yet all People agreed that the most infamous action of her Life was marrying him. Upon this, *Adamantus*, the Cause was given against you, but I am of Opinion you are wrong'd; and tho he may be a greater Rascal than all the rest of the World, yet am I fully persuaded, neither he nor any one else is comparable to you. Farewel.

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LETTER XIX.

Phalaris *to* Hegeſippus, *about the Baniſhment of* Cliſthenes; *with a Satyrical Character of the* Vulgar.

YOU and the reſt of the Relations of *Cliſthenes*, who are troubl'd at his Baniſhment, are now at laſt ſenſible of his ill Conduct in thoſe Affairs, which drove him from his Country, when no Remedy remains but Repentance. But I was more concern'd for him in the midſt of his vain Oſtentation in the Common-Wealth, and by my Letters forewarn'd him of the Event to no purpoſe; for tranſported with the Pleaſure of Honours, and negligent and forgetful of Fortune, he imagin'd what I writ either perfect Madneſs, or entire Ignorance of State-matters; or elſe ſuppos'd my Fondneſs of the Tyranny, made me unwilling to hear that any one beſides ſhou'd be juſt to a limited Adminiſtration; till being too much puff'd up by his own overweening Temper, he was the Author of his own Fall, and by a Proof dear enough to himſelf, has demonſtrated that *Phalaris* was not blinded in Policy by his Love of the Throne, but that *Cliſthenes* was entirely to ſeek in the Nature of the common People. For the Vulgar betray thoſe that follow and court them into certain Miſeries, and however fair their firſt Applauſe may ſeem, infallibly at laſt ſhew their Inconſtancy to the coſt of thoſe that truſt to them. For this Reaſon both I, and all that pretend to the leaſt portion of Sence,

chooſe rather the Hiſſes than Huzza's of the Rabble; for their Hate, is ev'n ſooner extinguiſh'd than provok'd, nor is it generally very fatal while it is yet in a flame. But an Opinion of their Love and good Will produces Exile, Death, Proſcriptions, or at leaſt Evils not a jot leſs intolerable. By the Greateſt *Jupiter*, *Hegeſippus*, I freely declare my Mind to you, the Rabble are always Raſh, Wild, Idle, Variable, Covetous of Novelties, Uncertain, Treacherous, Fraudulent, and in a Word of no Value or Uſe, eaſie to Applaud and Condemn, prompt to Anger, and ſwift to Praiſe: By this thoſe periſh who in the Adminiſtration of the Public endeavour to pleaſe the People. Yet ſome Men are ſo very Mad, and ſo born away with a blind Impetuoſity, as to hunt after theſe empty Honours and Applauſes deſtructive to the applauded, that the Miſer is not fonder of his Gold, the Father of his Son, the Bridegroom of his Bride, nor the Warrior of the *Olympic* Prizes. And indeed the People's Applauſe ought to be a Pain to our Friends, and a Satisfaction to our Enemies. To you therefore, the Relations of *Cliſthenes*, I recommend the Conſolation of his Sorrows, if they exceed, for the common Calamities of Life, and to diſſuade him from ever repeating the ſame Errors; if Fortune ſhou'd once again put it into his Power. Farewel.

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LETTER XX.

Phalaris *to the Poet* Steſichorus, *to deſire him to write an Elegy, on the deceas'd Wife of* Nicocles *of* Syracuſe.

YOU cannot certainly be ignorant that *Nicocles* of *Syracuſe* (whoſe Quality and Family *Steſichorus* muſt needs be acquainted with) is carry'd away with a moſt immoderate Grief, for the loſs of his Wife doubly endear'd to him, both as a Wife, and a Daughter of his Siſter by the Mother. This made him, when he underſtood the Correſpondence you and I held, to ſend his Brother *Cleonicus* to me to beg my Mediation with you, to celebrate her in your Verſes. Indeed, if we may credit the *Syracuſian* Accounts of this Lady, ſhe highly merits your Song, for her incredible Modeſty and Chaſtity, beſides her other Virtues. And tho' a Poet ought to be extreamly Cautious in praiſing any One of our Age, leſt it ſhou'd ſeem to make the ſacred Art low and venal, yet cannot I ſuffer here a denyal: For *Phalaris* when he asks a Favour of *Steſichorus* ought not to meet a Repulſe; not that I challenge it as due to any Obligation receiv'd from me, but as a Proof of that Kindneſs you have often profeſs'd to me: Beſtow therefore a Favour worthy your Wit, with ſuch a readineſs as may double it, which in my Friend I ſhall accept as done to my Self. I ſhall only add what is neceſſary for you to know about *Cleariſte*. She is by birth of *Syracuſe*, the Daughter of *Eclecratida*, Siſter of *Nicocles*, and his Wife. She marry'd at Sixteen,

and dy'd in her thirtieth year; leaving behind her two Sons. These are the heads of the Subject, on which those Goddesses, who are always with you, inspire you, and may the Kindred-Muse adorn your sacred and glorious Brow with Laurels, both in all your other Panegyrics, and in this on *Clearist*. Farewel.

LETTER XXI.

Phalaris *to the same Poet, expressing his Thanks for the Verses he had made at his Request in the former Epistle.*

I Want words to express the Thanks I must pay you for your Compliance with my Desire of Writing on *Clearist*, both in regard of the Promptness of the Grant and the wonderful Art of the Performance; which has met with a greater Applause, in its Publication, than ev'n what you before produc'd. I was not the only Man of *Agrigentum* who was transported at the reading of it (for what ever *Stesichorus* writes pleases me) but all that heard it, as what was not to stop at the Praise of one Age, but must carry your merit to distant Times yet unborn. I confess my self therefore infinitely in your Debt for these Verses, for to my Importunity both the present and succeeding Ages will be endebted for those heavenly Lays. As for what you hint in your Letter concerning me, I wou'd not have any Mention made of me in your Verses either in my Praise or Dispraise, and this I beg by the Hospita-

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ble *Jove*, and our common *Lares*; for Rumor and the Enmity of Fame has made my Name odious. *Phalaris* desires to be written in *Steſichorus* himſelf, let him be either better or worſe, than the vulgar Opinion conceives him. Farewel.

LETTER XXII.

Phalaris *to* Lycinus, *declaring his own Family and Virtues, and expoſing the Vices of* Lycinus, *&c.*

THe Queſtions you put me in the *Leontine* Conſult, as if I had been preſent to Anſwer you, were not fairly demanded, *viz.* Who I was? Whence I came? And who were my Forefathers? I anſwer I am *Phalaris*, Son of *Leodamas*, a Native of *Aſtypalea*, an Exile from my Country, and Tyrant of *Agrigentum*, who have gone thro' the Experience of many Affairs, with a Mind yet unbroken; nor am I leſs acquainted with *Lycinus*, to Boys a *Bardaſh*, ſalacious to young Men, an Adulterer to Women, Inſulter of the Laws, in Pleaſures Luxurious, Sloathful in Peace, and a Deſerter in War; whom I will puniſh not only for theſe Vices I have mention'd, but likewiſe for your fine Speeches againſt me, if not immediately yet as ſoon as the *Leontines*, weary of the fury of my Arms, ſhall deliver thee up.

LETTER XXIII.

Phalaris *to the* Leontines, *demanding* Lycinus *of them to ſave their City.*

IF you have any zeal, or deſire to put an end to this War, ſurrender *Lycinus* to me, that ſpending all my Rage and Indignation on him, your City may eſcape my Reſentment. For his Puniſhment ſhall not exceed what I'm inform'd moſt of you deſire he ſhou'd have. Farewel.

LETTER XXIV.

Phalaris *to* Zeuxippus; *a threatning Letter.*

I Pardon your Son in conſideration of his Youth, and you in Regard of your Age, tho' neither of ye have any pretence to Forgiveneſs; but if you perſiſt in your Raſhneſs, neither his Youth nor your Age ſhall deliver ye from Puniſhment; nay it ſhall be augmented in proportion to that motive that prevail'd on me to pardon you.

LETTER XXV.

Phalaris *to* Evenus, *concerning his ſaving his Son as a Puniſhment.*

ON the taking your Son I adjudg'd him to Death, for the Injuries he had done my Admirals,

Admirals, but finding that immediate Death wou'd be an eaſe to your Sorrows, I have chang'd his Sentence, and condemn'd him to Life.

LETTER XXVI.

To Lacritus *on the Death of his Son.*

THE Grief your Son's Death gives you, is truly worthy Compaſſion; ev'n I that am not much touch'd at Loſſes that cannot be help'd, yet pity you ſincerely; for I can ſee no Benefit ariſe to thoſe who give themſelves up to an immoderate ſorrow in Misfortunes. But you have many Motives of Alleviation in his Death: Firſt he fell defending his Country, next the Fates enobl'd his Death by Victory, then his Life was ſully'd with no Vices, and his Death concluded all his paſt Virtues with a greater. There is no ſmall doubt whether a good Man can exchange this Life for a worſe; for Fortune has certainly a greater ſhare in Human events, than either Will or Judgment. But he that dies without Reprehenſion, is fix't in the nobleſt and moſt happy Station of Glory. Reflect that you have receiv'd from him Returns anſwerable to your begetting and breeding him up, while he perſever'd in the Paths of Virtue even to his lateſt Hour. Do him this Juſtice, that ſo you may bear his Loſs with more Moderation. Farewel.

LETTER XXVII.

Phalaris *to* Aglaus, *Remembring him that Liberality to Friends is the beſt way of hoarding Treaſure.*

I Hoard up all the Treaſure the Gods beſtow on me, *Aglaus*, againſt the Changes of Fortune; yet not in the Bowels of the Earth as you adviſe, but with thoſe Friends who do not diſdain to accept my Gifts. Nor are you friendly in this Advice, for thereby you endeavour to deprive me of all Retreat, if it ſhou'd be my Misfortune to be depos'd. If you have hitherto refus'd my Donatives, you ſhall now receive them in truſt at leaſt for me, and by that means perform a Friend's Part: For how can we think any part of the Ground can be faithful to us if we ſhou'd not put greater Confidence in good and juſt Friends than in the Duſt. I ſhou'd be joyful in the midſt of Misfortunes to ſee your Proſperity, and to think, that I had contributed to it. Farewel.

LETTER XXVIII.

Phalaris *to* Herodicus, *about his generous Temper in Revenging.*

OTher Men when injur'd and affronted, keep him that has affronted them leſs on his Guard by expreſſing no Reſentment or Threats; but

but I am of opinion, 'tis unworthy a generous Temper to attack a Man unprepar'd, and unexpecting; wherefore I adviſe you, whenever you ſhall injure me, to expect a certain Revenge, that ſo you may firſt be tormented with the Expectation, and afterwards with the Puniſhment.

LETTER XXIX.

Phalaris *to* Steſichorus, *concerning his ill Policy in being his Enemy*, &c.

I Am inform'd your Reflections on my Power, and what you have done againſt me, encreaſe your Apprehenſions. But I am ſurpriz'd you had no thoughts of this in your firſt Attempts upon me, when you pretended to free *Himera* from an unjuſt Tyranny. You imagin'd, I ſuppoſe, that the Projects you laid down to the *Himerians* were feaſible. If therefore you like a wiſe Man contemn Death, whence comes now your Concern, when you may generouſly undergo that at preſent which at a diſtance you look'd ſo big on? But if you are a Coward and apprehenſive of the approaches of thoſe Dangers, and Puniſhments your Attempts demand, how fooliſh were your Declamations againſt me, and how weak were you to raiſe your ſelf ſuch an Enemy, by repeating your Verſes in the midſt of the People? But for the Gods ſake, what made you who are both a Poet and Muſician, forſake the Sedate and quiet Courſe of Life which thoſe Arts afford, to throw your ſelf into the tumultuous ſtate of a buſie Patriot, when you might have enjoy'd that pleaſing Eaſe,

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the Muſes delight in, unforc'd, to more troubleſome Buſineſs than a Poet deſires. But ſince your Ambition has tranſported you from a Poet to a Stateſman, you muſt expect not the Rewards either of a Poet or Muſician, but of a pretending Medler in Government, who aims at things above his Capacity. Farewel.

LETTER XXX.

Steſichorus *to* Phalaris, *in anſwer to the foregoing Letter, juſtifying ſome part of his Conduct, and accuſing* Copron, *a Scoundrel Poetaſter, of the reſt. Alſo proving a Poet to be the beſt Stateſman.*

AS wiſe a Prince, and as Jealous a Tyrant as Fame has reported you, your Intelligence concerning me has deceiv'd you in two particulars. Firſt as to my Fears at the approach of the event of my Counſels. That I adviſ'd my Countrymen to ſhake off the invidious and unnatural Load of a foreign Dominion I own, for I will never deny that I love my Country, and her eaſe and happineſs above all other Conſiderations; for whoſe ſake ſince I wou'd not ſpare my ſelf, you may be ſure I ſhou'd not you. The Event is not yet come, and Succeſs is as yet in the Hands of the Gods. Our Cauſe is Juſt, and our Wills united, and to be ſo very apprehenſive of a diſtant evil that ne'er may come, is to be more a Slave to Fear than I am at preſent. But were thoſe Puniſhments as certain, as your Threats imagine them, I ſhou'd not repent what I have done, to perſuade my

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Countrymen to be free if they can; for Death is a Debt I muſt pay, and your Cruelty can't invent any Torment but will have a ſpeedy end; and ſure you know a Poet little, that believe he wou'd value any tranſitory Evil in competition with ſo great a Glory as attempting the Deliverance of his Country. One thing I muſt add, that you can inflict no Puniſhment, providing I ſhou'd fall into your Hands, which I do not expect, and that the only way to diſappoint my expectations wou'd be to find you merciful. But I am not ſo fond of this intended ſervice to my Country to take thoſe Imputations on me, I do not merit. Whatever I declaim'd againſt you, reach'd not your Perſon; I oppos'd the Tyranny, not the Man. And thoſe other Perſonal Reflections, which you ſeem to hint at, were the Doggrel of *Copron*, a wretched Dabler in Metre, to me contemptible, as to you Odious; and if you get him, this City will be oblig'd to your Braſen Bull to deliver it from him. He is the very Spirit and Quinteſſence of Ill Nature, the Gods have ſtigmatiz'd his Outſide to give us a Caution of his Inſide. He is ſatisfy'd with no Government nor any Perſon, he rails at all, and hates all but himſelf; for there he's fond without a Rival. Shame has given him a Name that comprehends his Qualities. Envy, Avarice, Lying, Obſtinacy, Cowardice, Tricking, and all the known perfections of one truly abandon'd, are his Virtues: If he's civil to you, 'tis to pick your Pocket, or at leaſt to promote ſome Intereſt of his own; and then 'tis no longer, than you are preſent, for the Abſent fare alike; that is, are all rail'd at. Nature deſign'd him a Broaker, and his Friends prudently conſulting his *Genius* put him to a Trade, which he

he impiously forsook, to make him yet more intolerable, for Versifying; for what he writes is never to be term'd *Poetry*, the Muses being too generous to own him. As his Soul is low and groveling, so are his Verses dull and creeping; yet this does not rob him of a jot of Vanity. He is so blind, tho' no Body ever lik'd a Word he wrote, to think himself at the Top of *Parnassus*, and that 'tis ill Fortune, not want of Merit, that makes him despis'd. Sometimes to vent his Spleen, his Envy I mean, he will scribble a Lampoon, which nothing but Malice having occasion'd, the Mobb is pleas'd, and he beaten. He is so avaritious that he wou'd write an Elegy on a Cobler to save a Dinner by it, and to save Parchment would transcribe it on one of his old Shoes. Indeed he seems willing to punish his Body on the Score of the Vices of his Mind, for unless he get it free-cost, he fares harder than necessity compels the unhappiest of Men to do. No Kindness can oblige him, nor any Abuse provoke him, that is, to a Manly Resentment. Then for Truth, he's so very averse to it, that if telling it wou'd save him Money (which he loves exceedingly) he wou'd rather lose that, than the pleasure of a Lye. Some people tell Lies for Excuses, or to avoid some great Inconveniency, but he does it out of meer Wantonness. Then for his Honesty, he will trick his Benefactor ev'n in the very Benefit he receives. *Lycosthenes* newly arriv'd from *Marseilles*, tells me there is a custom in that City, that once a year some person must be singled out to be devoted to the *Dii Manes*, the People heaping on him all their Sins, by repetition of various Prayers and Curses. Were *Copron* there he wou'd truly represent the Vices of the whole People, nay he wou'd like-

likewiſe have them, and ſo might well be ſacrific'd for the Nation. In ſhort, *Phalaris*, the Scoundrel Lampoon on your perſonal Vices, was *Copron*'s, *Copron* wrote it, *Copron* rehears'd it to the People, and *Copron* is proud that he once has pleas'd them, tho' I hear he had no ſmall help from another hand, which he very naturally denies. He that uſed to rail at the puplic Applauſe is now vain of it, tho' it did but juſt bear his Verſes neither. I muſt needs ſay, I believe their hatred to Tyranny betray'd 'em to like any thing againſt the Tyrant, otherwiſe *Copron* had met his uſual Fate, of being laugh'd at, kick'd and deſpis'd. Believe me, *Phalaris*, I have no Malice to thy Perſon, nay I have a value for thy perſonal Qualifications, thy love of the Muſes, thy Underſtanding, Eſteem for Arts and Sciences, *&c.* but I mortally hate the Oppreſſions of thy Office, if Tyranny can be term'd ſo; and that Hand that endeavours to deſtroy this, ſhou'd be ſtretch'd out to ſave that. I ſpeak not this to mollify thy Reſentment if I ſhou'd fall into thy Hands, for I know attempts againſt his Power no Tyrant ever forgives. I wonder at your odd Notion, that becauſe I'm a Poet and Muſician, I ſhou'd not aim at State-Affairs; for do you think he that has Capacity to write as a Poet, ſhou'd find any difficulty in adminiſtring the Common-Wealth? The difficulty of that is not ſo great; 'tis only made ſo by Knaves of a private Spirit, to contrive and interweave their own Intereſt with that of the Government. For the Adminiſtration of Juſtice, the execution of the Laws, the puniſhing Vice, rewarding of Virtue, encouraging Arts, providing for public Security, diſciplining the People, ſecuring Trade and the like, are things perhaps none

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are so fit for as a Poet: For he is not byass'd by private Gain to Partiality; he regards his own Interest last, and knows, that while the Public's in Danger, nothing Private can be Secure. A Poet loves the Public Good and Public Liberty above any Private Advantage, for he can never enjoy that Sacred Ease you hint at, under a *Despotic* Power, where nothing is Secure the Tyrant dislikes, and no Words spoke that are not liable to be punish'd, and while liberty of Acting and Words are restrain'd, there can be no room for any generous Art. Farewel.

LETTER XXXI.

Phalaris *to the Citizens of* Himera, *Acquainting them that he had got* Stesichorus, Conon, Copron *and* Dropidas *into his Power.*

I Have taken your Ambassadors to *Corinth*, *Stesichorus*, *Conon*, and *Dropidas*, together with your new Favourite *Copron*. *Dropidas* I may perhaps discharge. *Conon* had his speedy Fate, and as for *Stesichorus* he is yet alive, of whose death I think a while to deliberate: For his demerits with me are held in balance by the excellence of his Poetry, and I know not if by his death I shou'd not rather punish my self than him. All *Greece* wou'd have cause to complain of my Resentment, and I shou'd be the first that shou'd repent of making away with him, by wanting the Noble Relief of his Poems, from the daily Fatigues of my Dignity. But this you may

may assure your selves, if I pardon him, I shall for the future think of Revenging my self on you rather than him, if he any more stirs you up to Mutiny. If you give him any Public Employ, you shall answer for all the Ill Consequences of it. As for *Copron* I wou'd study some new manner of Death for him, the Wheel, the Cross, the Ball, are too common for his particular desert: For he that sets up for a Poet without Genius, for Liberty without Honesty, for a Mutineer without Courage, shou'd have a particular Fate. If therefore you wou'd engage me not to resent your Insolence to the Ruin of your City, send me all the numerous Volumes of his Scribling, and particularly that which he wrote against me. That he shall be oblig'd to feed upon or starve, and after he has devour'd that, the rest of his Works shall devour him in the midst of their Flames, for 'tis but just he should perish by those very Things, which he has abus'd and teiz'd every body else with. Farewel.

LETTER XXXII.

Phalaris *to the* Messenians, *reproving them for accusing* Polycletus, *the Physician, for Curing him.*

I Have receiv'd Advice that you are not asham'd to avow your Prosecution of *Polycletus* the Physician, as a Betrayer of *Agrigentum*, for his curing me of a Distemper, in which he might have kill'd me: Thus under the face of Justice seeking to punish the Justice of *Polycletus*, in the execu-

execution of his Faculty. But I muſt aſſure you, Men of *Meſſina*, I admire his Art much, but his Principles yet more, that when he had me in a deſperate Diſtemper confided to his Skill, he thought not ſo much of deſtroying a Tyrant, as recovering a Patient. Your Calumnies cannot at all affect him, for by my Liberality he is equal in Wealth to any of the *Sicilians*. But I am ſenſible my Preſents to *Polycletus* have made you rather deſire to find Betrayers of *Agrigentum*, than Murderers of *Phalaris*, that is, the Wealth of this City tempts you more than the Reſtoring her Liberty. Farewel.

LETTER XXXIII.

Phalaris *to* Pythagoras, *inviting him to* Agrigentum *and his Court.*

THO' perhaps the Odium a *Deſpotic* Government lies under in *Greece*, may make the Court of *Phalaris* a place very diſagreeable to the Philoſophy of *Pythagoras*, yet I can ſee no Reaſon why a Name ſhou'd deter you from trying by experience what my Qualities are. Fame has aſſur'd me that you are a Man of unqueſtion'd Probity; as ſuch I hope you will not credit the falſe Reports which Malice ſpreads about me, nor by common Vogue cenſure a Man you do not know. Cou'd I, with ſafety come to you, your Wiſdom wou'd certainly oblige me; but the Name of Tyrant (for ſo here they term all arbitrary Princes) is ſo odious in *Greece*, that I can't without the greateſt Madneſs venture my ſelf out of my own Ter-

Territories. For ſhou'd I come without a Guard, they wou'd ſeize me; if with arm'd Squadrons, I ſhou'd move their Jealouſie. But in your Journey to me there are none of theſe difficulties; with ſafety you may come, ſecurely live here, and freely depart when you have try'd whether I deſerve the odium caſt upon me or not? If your expectations are to ſee the Pomp of a Tyrant, you'll be diſappointed by finding me more like a Subject than a King; but if you expect to find me perfectly a Private Perſon, you will ſee that Neceſſity has caſt in ſomething of the Tyrant. For a Power of this Nature is not to be preſerv'd without Cruelty; yet if there is a poſſibility of being at once a Prince and Merciful, I wou'd fain learn that Leſſon of you, as well as many others; for I wou'd willingly by the Inſtructions of *Pythagoras* purſue a milder ſort of Government, if at the ſame time, and by the ſame means I cou'd ſecure my Safety. Farewel.

LETTER XXXIV.

Phalaris *to* Georgius, *about the Fear and Certainty of Death, and fatal Neceſſity of enquiring into Futurity*, &c.

THO' I approve the reſt of your Letter, I cannot but tell you, your Exhortations concerning Futurity are extreamly ſuperfluous; for I am not affraid either of Death, or much ſollicitous about what kind of Death I am to die. This wou'd be a very fooliſh and whimſical Concern, ſince wiſe Fate is not to be govern'd and directed

by Man. I assure you I must always condemn those over-curious People, who ridiculously pry into what's to come, either out of hopes to foreknow their Fortune, or else to prevent it when foreknown. For if they cannot alter Destiny, and if what will be, will be; what avails all their stir and inquiry into what they cannot alter. But if they suppose this foresight will enable them to exchange a malevolent Influence of Fate for a better, I must confess I am far from their Opinion, for that is certainly the Work of a God, not of a Man: Let them call to mind the nominal Sons of *Jupiter*, *Æacus*, *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus*, and other Demi-Gods, and they will find they were not immortal, and that they all submitted to their several Fates in Death. That Man seems to me the wisest, who neither fears, nor repines at his Death. I wou'd therefore have you persuade your self, not to be concern'd with those Inquietudes, in the midst of doubtful Events, which will by no means affect me, for whom you entertain 'em. Farewel.

LETTER XXXV.

Phalaris *to* Nycias.

THE Motives of your Hatred to your Son, because he will not follow your Steps, make every one else love him; of which the Consequence is plain, that all that admire and love Him must hate You.

LETTER XXXVI.

Phalaris *to* Adiamantus.

I Hear you and your Brother have had a whimſical Diſpute, whether of you two was the worſt; but I will ſoon decide the Controverſy, by aſſuring you, that as he is worſe than all Men beſides you, ſo you excel him in a more profligate degree of Villany.

LETTER XXXVII.

Phalaris *to* Epiſtratus, *aſſuring him that he can by no means be ſtil'd Fortunate.*

THE Air of the Addreſs of your Letters, ſeems meant to a Fortunate and Happy Man; therefore to undeceive you, I will in a very few Words fairly lay my Condition before you. I have been an Orphan from my Infancy; from a Youth, by the iniquity of Fate, an Exile; I have loſt moſt part of my own Fortunes; I have had an unpoliſh'd Education, for the moſt part, in Barbarous Nations, been driven from all other Places by Injuſtice and Injuries, and perſecuted not only by my Enemies, but by ſuch who have receiv'd Benefits from me; and ev'n in this Poſt of Grandeur they ſtrike at the Tyrant with the Tyranny: If one thus ſurrounded with Evils can be ſtil'd Fortunate, I am truly ſo. Farewel.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Phalaris *to the* Himerians, *acquainting them that they ought not to be griev'd at the Death of* Steſichorus.

THere is nothing I wou'd not do for the ſake of *Steſichorus*, and I wiſh it in my Power to arm againſt Fate, to deliver the Body of that Divine Man, whom both you and others with Juſtice extol for his Poems, from *Catana*. For him the Muſes prefer to all other Poets, ſince he brought not a few Graces both to Muſick and Poetry. However, I wou'd have you to reflect, that where-ever *Steſichorus* is bury'd, he is yet a Native of *Himera*; and tho' his Virtue and Merit had made him free of all Cities, yet does he ſtill remain yours. Nor do you look on *Steſichorus* as dead, ſince he ſtill lives in his Poems, which he imparted to the whole World. You ought to comfort your ſelves, O ye Men of *Himera*, that he was born with you, educated among you, in your City wrote his admirable Verſes, and that he grew Old in *Himera*, tho' he ſurrender'd his Breath in *Catana*. Let an immortal Temple be erected to him in *Himera*; and a Monumental Sepulchre in *Catana*. But this I leave to your Conſultations. I wou'd not have you to doubt what Money and Force I can furniſh for this purpoſe; but I muſt give you one Caution, that as it will not be thought very glorious for you who are *Sicilians*, to take any *Sicilian* City, ſo it will not be ſafe for you not to do it. I wou'd not therefore have you to throw too many Tears away

away on the Death of *Steſichorus*, or be too much affected with his Fortune; for tho' his Body be dead, yet his Name will be preſerv'd perpetually alive in a glorious and happy Memory. I farther adviſe and deſire, that you wou'd oblige every one to have his Poems both at home and in the Temples; for then only will *Steſichorus* die when there are no Remains of him left. Send them alſo abroad to other Countries, aſſuring your ſelves, that the City that produc'd ſuch a Man, will be more honour'd than that which has given a thouſand Warriours. Farewel.

LETTER XXXIX.

Phalaris *to* Abaris, *commending his Travelling to* Greece *and other places to learn Wiſdom.*

IF I am truly inform'd, you have travell'd from the more Northernly Nations, even to our Region in purſuit of Wiſdom; and that you have converſed with and learn'd many things from *Pythagoras* the Philoſopher, *Steſichorus* the Poet, and ſome other *Greeks*. I am alſo inform'd that, unſatisfy'd with this, you are very deſirous to meet with others, that may inſtruct you in different Hiſtories and Things. If you have ſuffer'd the Calumnies of any Enemies to prevail over you, and have giv'n into their Abuſes, 'twill be no eaſie matter to undeceive you, and remove that prejudice. But if you are of Opinion that Truth is to be perſu'd by all, eſpecially by Philoſophers, follow the Example of other illuſtrious Men,

and come and ſtay with me. For Experiments, which beſt lead to true Knowledge, you ſhall be more capable of enjoying with me than elſewhere; for aſſure your ſelf, *Phalaris* is not diverted from the love of Knowledge by any Cares of a Crown; nor will you find me leſs humane or knowing, than the other *Grecians* you have convers'd with. Farewel.

LETTER XL.

Phalaris *to his Son* Paurolas, *adviſing him to apply himſelf to his Studies, and never to aſpire to Tyranny.*

WHen ſome neceſſary Buſineſs had brought me to *Himera*, I had the ſatisfaction of hearing the Daughters of *Steſichorus* ſing ſome Verſes and Poems, both of their Fathers and their own. The latter tho' leſs excellent than thoſe of their Father, yet infinitely excell'd all others. Which made me to eſteem both him who had taught them, and thoſe who by ſtudy had gone beyond the ordinary Bounds of Nature, in a Learning uncommon to their Sex. This, my *Paurolas*, has rais'd my deſire that you ſhou'd give your ſelf up to your Studies. And pray tell me what Reaſons you move by, when you exerciſe your Body with Arms, Hunting, and other Labors, and at the ſame time leave your Mind uncultivated with any of the *Grecian* Arts and Sciences; which ought to be your firſt aim to learn? For we ought to take care of our Bodies only for the advancement of Health and Strength; but

but he who wou'd make any juſt Figure in the State, muſt make the improvement of the Mind his chiefeſt endeavour; unleſs perhaps (as ſome accuſe you) you aſpire to Tyranny, as if you had a legal Right to it; and for that reaſon only exerciſe your Body, as the moſt neceſſary Qualification for obtaining that Dignity. But if you are Maſter of any true Wiſdom, you will take the Advice of him in that point, who repents that he ever attain'd it, tho' he aſſum'd it out of Neceſſity not Choice. Were he to chooſe again, he would prefer living under a Tyrant, to the being ſo; for this has only the Tyrant to fear, free from all other Apprehenſions; but a Tyrant fears not only thoſe who are perpetually conſpiring againſt him, but ev'n his Guards who are to defend him, for he lies under a Neceſſity of being jealous of them above any others. Take therefore, take, my Son, your Father's Counſel, and ſtrive not to be above your Equals; for when ever you aim to make your ſelf ſingular, you baniſh all Repoſe, and enter into a perpetual War for ever, with all thoſe who either envy or hate your Dignity or Perſon; and thus tranſmitted from Father to Son, for the Children of your Enemies are bred up in hatred to you. But if led away by the Ardor of Youth, you look on this Supream Power as a glorious and happy State, and not as the height and perfection of Miſery, you are betray'd ſtill to a greater and more dangerous Error, by your very Ignorance of the Truth. But I deſire that your Prayers to the Gods may be, that you may never by experience find the certainty of what I have aſſur'd you, for 'tis both more prudent, and more happy to believe than prove Misfortunes. Farewel.

LETTER XLI.

Phalaris *to his Wife* Erythia, *who refus'd to ſend his Son to him, for fear of his Tyranny.*

IF the Tyranny I here exerciſe makes you fearful of ſending my Son *Paurolas* to *Agrigentum* to ſee me, I can eaſily forgive you both as a Woman, and a Mother too careful of her only Child. But if you think him only yours, without allowing me a ſhare in him, you are too partial a Judge of the Right of Parentage, for the moſt rigid Laws make him his Father's not Mother's Son, tho' Nature indeed divides the Care and Right betwixt both. If you imagine the ſending him to me will be a leſſening to your Right, what have I to urge, that have not yet ſhar'd with you in that agreeable Dominion? If you ſend him to me, his ſtay here ſhall not be too tedious, but he ſhall return with thoſe Preſents which are worthy the Son of *Erythia* and *Phalaris*; ſo that if I cannot have the Happineſs of living with you, you may at leaſt by me live in Plenty and Honour. For who is there that wou'd deſire Riches for the ſake of his Acquaintance, at the ſame time, that he neglects his Wife and his Son? For my Part I own that Love and Zeal for you which a Husband and Father ought to have, and as ſuch I have deſign'd to beſtow on you; whom I love moſt, not the leaſt ſhare of what I poſſeſs, and I am willing to make this Settlement with all imaginable ſpeed, on account of Old Age, which now comes on apace, as well as ſeveral other motives, among which

which the chief is a Diſtemper which I have lately got, whoſe violence remembers me that a Man ſhou'd think the preſent Day always the laſt. I wou'd have you aſſure your ſelf that your Fears are vain, and that under his Father's Protection he may ſail from *Crete* to *Agrigentum*, and thence return to you with more ſafety, than you apprehend. Farewel.

LETTER XLII.

Phalaris *to the* Meſſenians, *in Vindication of his Tyranny.*

HOW ſhou'd my Conduct ſurprize you, as if my Puniſhments of Traytors, Conſpirators and Aſſaſſins were greater than their Deſerts. Methinks that Terror ought to deter you from ſuch Practiſes. You deplore the Misfortunes of the Condemn'd, yet take no care to adviſe them not to be guilty, nor provoke me by Injuries I merited not at their Hands. For I had much rather never be compell'd to a Neceſſity of taking theſe ſevere Courſes to defend my ſelf againſt unjuſt Aſſaults; and you wou'd certainly be wiſer not always to ſacrifice to Raſhneſs. For if you do not forget your ſelves and what you have done againſt me, if I us'd not this ſeverity, what Conſultations, what Attempts ſhou'd I not expect from you? When in the midſt of your Fears and Terrors of that, you are Fool-hardy enough to expoſe your ſelves to them? If you therefore will leave off your Injuring me, I will ceaſe to be Cruel: if you think this Condition too hard condemn not what you provoke. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER XLIII.

Phalaris *to* Ariſtinetus, *about his Concern for him.*

I Am very eaſie under the Burthen of Age: And it is *Phalaris*, not the Face and Strength of Tyranny that is grown old. Yet I confeſs I am touch'd with your Grief, when I find your concern for me ſo great. For if your Grief and Cares for me were infinitely greater, Fate wou'd come on unmov'd by all your Inquietude. He that fears not a future Loſs, bears it with greater eaſe, than he that is under perpetual Apprehenſions of it; to bring a Poetical Inſtance to you, *Ariſtinetus*, who are ſo converſant with Poets. Farewel.

LETTER XLIV.

Phalaris *to* Polycletus *a Phyſician, admiring his Honour in Curing a Tyrant*, &c.

I Am at a ſtand, *Polycletus*, what I ought moſt to admire, your Skill or your Honour; your Skill gave you a Power over the Health and Safety of a Tyrant's Life, and your Honour vanquiſh'd the Rewards of the Murder; your Juſtice examining both theſe things at once, deliver'd *Phalaris* from two Dangers, the Force of an incurable Diſeaſe, and the Rewards of my Enemies. You only had it in your Power to have turn'd my Death to an Advantage, if I had fallen in my Diſtemper, by aſſuming the Merit of killing me; and if my Diſeaſe had fail'd, while I willingly made uſe

of

of what even you preſcrib'd for the reſtoring of my Health; with as much eaſe might you have given me my Bane; which wou'd have been of unſpeakable Advantage in reaping the Rewards of ſuch a Deed. But you could not be prevail'd on to prefer an unjuſt Reward, to a juſt Praiſe, for there was no juſt cauſe to conſpire my Death with my Diſtemper. But I am at a loſs how to proportion my Thanks to the Kindneſs to me, when I was in your Pow'r. I only can affirm, that your Skill in Phyſic is worthy that God who firſt invented that Art. But with my Praiſes of your Virtue in your Skill, I have ſent ſome Teſtimonies of my Love and Value for you; Four Phials of pure Gold, Two Silver Bowls of antique Work, Ten pair of Goblets, Twenty untouch'd Virgins, and Fifty Thouſand *Attic* Crowns. And I have order'd *Tucer*, that out of my Revenue he pay you the Salary of a Captain of my Galleys, of my Guard, and other Officers in my Army, a Return too mean for ſo great a Benefit; but let this Gratitude make ſome amends, ſince I am my ſelf too Poor to be able to pay, what the Obligation deſerves. Farewel.

LETTER XLV.

Polycletus *to* Phalaris, *in Anſwer to the foregoing Letter, being a Defence of Liberty againſt Tyranny, and remembring him that a Prince ought to have no Favourite: Likewiſe perſuading him to quit Tyranny.*

THE Gratitude of your Temper proves you not only worthy the Dignity you enjoy, but, like-

likewiſe the Benefit I beſtow'd, by my Art, in reſtoring you to your Health. Real Services to Princes, are what are moſt commonly leaſt regarded; while the officious Flatterer's Venom is receiv'd as Zeal, and the faithfulleſt Adviſer is ſure of Neglect. Elſe 'tis the Nature of Tyrants to love thoſe moſt who deſerve leaſt, as the leaſt dangerous Dependants. But, Sir, I confeſs I am as great a Lover of Liberty, as any of the *Meſſenians*, whom my Cure of you has made ſo loud againſt me, and wou'd do as much for the freeing *Sicily* from that invidious Dominion; but then I wou'd not deſtroy one of them to purchaſe the Name of Villain. I owe all things to my Country but my Honour; my Life I wou'd lay down to ſerve it, and venture as far as any Man in the public Cauſe, but I find no rational Obligation to betray my Truſt. I own 'tis my Opinion that the Power you poſſeſs, is againſt the Right of Mankind, for certainly Nature made all Men free, and tho' neceſſity brought them to chooſe ſome Forms of Government for their mutual Security, yet whatever it was, it was the effect of their Choice; ſo that the Magiſtrates they elected, had their Power from them, and were by Conſequence accountable to them. *Jupiter* and Fate, to whom all Mankind are equally dear, cou'd not make a Multitude for One, but rather One for a Multitude. The Good, Eaſe, Liberty and Safety of the Multitude therefore, ought to be the Magiſtrates chief Aim; and when he deviates from that to uſurp a falſe Grandeur, he becomes a Public Enemy, and liable to be ſo treated by all that have any Power to do themſelves Juſtice. The not obſerving thoſe Regards is what has made Monarchy ſo odious to all the *Greeks*, who are a

ſpi-

ſpirituous and wiſe People, not to be us'd as the barbarous Nations are by their Tyrants; and that Prince in any of the *Greek* Settlements, who ſhall be fond of Depoſtic Power, may exerciſe it a while, yet muſt not expect to eſcape always their Reſentments. His very Guards will in time do his Work, and deliver thoſe People by his Death, whom they oppreſs'd by his Command when Living. For that Power, which is with the Conſent of the People is more glorious and more laſting. For is it not more glorious to command over Men than Beaſts? And can any Government of Violence that ſets all Hands and Heads to work to pull it down, be ſo laſting and firm, as that which ev'ry one is concern'd to defend ev'n for their own ſakes. I know Tyrants are often excus'd for their Maleadminiſtration by throwing their ill Actions on their Favourites. But, O *Phalaris!* believe me, that Prince that will have any Favourite, will never be popular, nor ever attain the true end of Government; for he will lean to the Inſtigations of the Favourite, tho' to the Ruin of his People; the Favourite having always private Ends to drive on, too diſtinct from the Public Good: but a Prince ought to be the Common Father of his People; and he that is not ſo is anſwerable for the Tranſgreſſions of his Favourites, ſince he tranſgreſſes the End of his Government, by having any Favourite at all. Tho' this be my Principle, yet can I never do an ill thing to promote it; and to have murther'd you on your truſting me with your Life, might have pleas'd ſome, but muſt juſtly have gain'd me Infamy enough among the Wiſe and the Good. And again, what Advantage to *Agrigentum* ſhou'd I have done? By removing you made way for another,

who

who might have had leſs Moderation and Goodneſs. For *Agrigentum*, that cou'd ſuffer any Tyrant to Reign over her, will never be without one; and if ſhe muſt have one, 'tis happier for her to have *Phalaris*, than any other. Your Preſents are truly Royal; your *Thericlean* Goblets very uſeful, and the Antique Work of your Bowls worthy Admiration; your Twenty Virgins very beautiful; and your Salary exceeding magnificent; the *Attic* Crowns I have divided among the Virgins in Marriage; and the Salary I muſt not meddle with, leſt taking Pay from a Tyrant, I ſhou'd juſtly bring my Principles into queſtion; your Phials and Bowls are Monuments enough of your Gratitude, which when we ſacrifice to *Bacchus* will always bring you in our Minds. I wiſh I cou'd as well cure your Mind of the Diſtemper that debilitates it, as I did your Body of that which brought you ſo low. You have a Soul, you have Wiſdom, you have Reaſon, and how can all theſe be ſatisfy'd with oppreſſing Mankind, and living in perpetual Apprehenſions of the Aſſaſſinator's Stab? Is it not more noble, more worthy a great Soul, to be a Benefactor, than an Oppreſſor of Men? The Gods that made us, prove this; is there or can there be any thing more excellent, more wonderful, or more wiſe than *Jupiter*? and yet he it is that has made all the Delights and Benefits of the Univerſe for the happineſs of Man. He chooſes to be our Benefactor, and Rules not us without regard to the Rules of Reaſon. Imitate the Gods, conſult your Wiſdom, follow your Reaſon, ſet *Agrigentum* free, and doubt not your own Safety; for ſhou'd you die, you had better die belov'd by Men than hated by them, doing rather good than ill; and in a word delivering your

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Country rather than oppreſſing it. Your Country, I ſay, for tho' you are no Native of *Agrigentum*, yet while you govern it, it is peculiarly yours. You praiſe my Honour in not betraying my Truſt; imitate what you praiſe; you are intruſted with the Liberty and Happineſs of *Agrigentum*, deſtroy her not, for the Rewards of Tyranny, the fooliſh Witchery of a *Deſpotic* Command; betray not the Public Truſt for a Private Gain, for had I betray'd a Private Truſt for a Public Gain, *Phalaris* had been now forgot. But this is a Diſtemper no Herbs can cure, the Gods alone can heal a diſtemper'd Mind, which in Return for your Preſents I wiſh they may. Farewel.

LETTER XLVI.

Phalaris *to* Nicippus, *thanking him for receiving his Preſents, and acquainting him what he deſign'd on his refuſal of them.*

YOU have extreamly oblig'd me in accepting my Preſents: And now I muſt tell you what I deſign'd on your refuſing them. Whereas you ſaid, you were apprehenſive that the *Syracuſians* might take fatal Cognizance of your taking Preſents of me, I reſolv'd if you refus'd them to accuſe you, as having accepted them, and ſo your Refuſal had been as dangerous as your Acceptance, or rather the Refuſal had been greater; for my denying the Preſenting them if receiv'd, had brought you off, but my declaring your Acceptance, if refus'd had certainly condemn'd you. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER XLVII.

Phalaris *to the People of* Aſtypalæa *his Native City, expreſſing his ſatisfaction for their applying themſelves to him to ſerve his Country.*

YOU, my fellow Citizens, have been the Cauſe of the greateſt Grief to me, tho' I have had many and ſudden Events, and of the greateſt Joy of all my Life, for I wou'd not be thought inſenſible of Pleaſure. The Grief you gave me when you Baniſh'd me unjuſtly from my Country, which is almoſt inſupportable, ev'n to them who by Crimes have deſerv'd it. The Joy was when you publickly remembring me, and the Injuſtice of my Baniſhment, in the Puniſhment of the Authors of it, apply'd your ſelves to me as a Man who lov'd my Country, and wou'd do any thing to ſerve it, tho' I had ſuffer'd by it; for no Man wou'd ſeek a Favour of him he thinks his Enemy, nor accept a Benefit from the Perſon he hates. I will not now complain that you never made uſe of me before, but thank you for doing it now. So that you ſeem to beſtow the Favours you demand upon me; ſo great a value I have for the Addreſs you have made me; for I ſhou'd not receive a Benefit from my Country with half the Satisfaction I beſtow one on it. What can be more deſirable to a Lover of his Country? What more glorious than to ſerve his Countrymen? You muſt accuſe the Winter Seaſon of the Year, not me, nor your Ambaſſadors, that the Preſents I ſent you, came later than they ſhou'd have done; for

for neither of us wanted zeal enough to haſten the Diſpatch, but the uncommon Tempeſts that diſturb'd the Sea, deter'd all the Seamen from venturing their Ships out of the Harbours. But if what we ſend you reach your hands you are indebted to Fortune. What we have elſe to ſay your Ambaſſadours will inform you. *Eubulus*, to whom I have given Letters for you, accompanies them, and will give you a Liſt of what I ſend, and particular Orders about ſome of them: As to the reſt I leave them to your Direction. The Money I wou'd have employ'd in the Reſtoration and Ornament of our City; nor wou'd I have you to do this in Complaiſance to my Advice, but thro' your own conſents and zeal for the Public, for no Man ever yet was good out of Complement to another. But ſhou'd you divert theſe Subſidies from their Public uſe, which I can never believe you wou'd be guilty of, aſſure your ſelves, the Givers Praiſe wou'd not be leſs, than the Abuſers Shame and Infamy. Perhaps it may ſeem abſurd for an Exile to be ſo ſolicitous for the Good of his Country, as to part with his own Money to ſtop its fall, yet is it really ſo, for thoſe who live in it neglect its Decay, and do not ſtrive to reſtore it by a foreign Expence. But if you think my Preſents worthy that Honour, believe I ſend them to Poſterity, to my Country, and to my Countries Gods: And thus you will reap a greater Praiſe than by beſtowing your private Treaſures. The Giver has his Praiſe from his Gifts, the Receiver from a right uſe of them. I had rather have you receive a Proof of my Virtue, than Liberality; for one is an Argument only of a large Fortune, the other of a large Soul. Farewel.

LETTER XLVIII.

The People of Astypalea, *to* Phalaris *Tyrant of* Agrigentum, *inviting him home, as Lord of their Country.*

YOUR Presents shew'd at once the Magnificence of your Mind, and your Love to your native Country, your Banishment from whence has since been punish'd in its Authors; tho' indeed the Public was oblig'd to their Guilt, and you have the Benefit of their Injustice, for without it you cou'd never have been a Benefactor to your Country. The propitious Gods drove you from us to preserve us; for while your Virtue was with you, you cou'd not be unhappy, and your native Wisdom must needs make you Great wherever you shou'd settle. Fair *Agrigentum* was the Place that Fate had destin'd for your Glory and our Happiness, for while you were her Lord, she had Wealth and Power enough to save your falling Country from Perdition. The Gods that preserv'd you, convey'd your Presents safe, and we have dispos'd them according to your Order, assuring our selves, that no better use cou'd be made of them than our common Preservation and Dignity. The City of *Astypalea*, confesses her Restorer, and almost Founder, and as dear as Liberty has always been to her, thinks she cannot lose it by entrusting it in his Hands, whose zeal for her, ev'n in Exile, has given her that Youth and Vigour, without which she must have expir'd. She envys those of *Agrigentum*, that must possess the

the Hero, that ſhou'd make her Glorious, while the *Leontines*, *Himerians*, and other Rival Cities of *Sicily*, contribute to the Proweſs of *Agrigentum*, under the Conduct of *Phalaris*. What Trophies might not this City hope from ſuch a Conduct, Valour and wonted Succeſs? This, O *Phalaris!* is the common Voice: If a Party baniſh'd you, the whole City invites you home, and on thoſe advantageous Terms that may make amends for her paſt Error, while ſhe commits her Liberty into your Hands. Farewel.

LETTER XLIX.

Phalaris *to his Countrymen of* Aſtypalea, *blaming them for courting him to the Tyranny of his own Country: with a deſcription of Tyranny.*

YOU amaze me, O ye Men of *Aſtypalea!* and make me almoſt to repent of the Preſents I ſent you, and that I have preſerv'd my falling Country, which you have thus a mind to deſtroy. What wou'd you make me a ſacrilegeous Purchaſer of the Liberty of my Country? And did I only reſcue her from Ruin, to deſtroy her my Self? No, no, my Countrymen; whatever Neceſſity has thrown me on this Tyranny over *Agrigentum*, believe not that any ſhall make me oppreſs my own Native City. Luſt of Power has not yet ſo much infected me, as to bury all other Conſiderations; I am not inſenſible of the *Odium* I have drawn upon me by being a Tyrant over a foreign People, how muſt that encreaſe, if I ſhou'd repeat

it over the Place of my Nativity. Neceſſity, not Choice gave me this Throne, wherein I have only this Pleaſure, that thereby I have preſerv'd my Country. Parricide, nor all the Cruelties I'm accus'd of wou'd be ſufficient to harden me enough for ſo impious an Undertaking. If theſe are my ſentiments of my ſelf on ſo vile an Enterprize, how great is your Guilt, who wou'd betray your ſelves to Thraldom? Sure you are the Firſt that of a Free People ever courted Slavery. You have not ſure conſider'd enough what Tyranny is, take from me then the Picture of it. 'Tis to have no more Power o'er your Words and Actions, over your Wife and Family, your Goods and Eſtate, your Sons and Daughters, for all is the Tyrant's; your Property all devolves to him and his Creatures, and is ſeiz'd with your Lives when once you begin to murmur or be uneaſie. There is no Law but his Will, nor any Redreſs for the Injuries he does you, but the Power that does it, which will never be againſt its own Exiſtence. A Tyrant cannot be Juſt if he wou'd; he is ſurrounded by Guards and Courtiers, who defend him at once from the Aſſaults of the People, and of Truth, for all he hears is by others Ears, and what he ſees by others Eyes, nor can he diſtinguiſh betwixt the true and falſe Repreſentation of Things, becauſe the Repreſenters have not only an intereſt in Falſhood, but likewiſe an Art to make it paſs for Truth, whereby both the Prince is impos'd on and the People abus'd. Nor is there any Remedy but free acceſs for the People, but that is Popular, and contrary to the Jealouſie of a Tyrant; ſo near an approach of promiſcuous People, wou'd too often alarm his Fears. So that in a Tyranny, the happieſt State is to be miſe-

miſerable and content; for if you ſtir you die, and with you deſtroy your Family, for to put the Father to death and leave the Children, is to leave Ten Enemies for One you remove. If this be an inviting Proſpect, ſummon ſome other, not me, to ruin that Country I have ſav'd; but do it not till I die, for if the Force of *Agrigentum* will Revenge it, the *Leontines* and other vanquiſh'd Foes were happy to what you ſhall be! My Brazen Bulls ſhall be multiply'd, and Croſſes and Wheels ſurround the Walls of *Aſtypalea*: Think it enough that I ſacrifice you not to the People on this Account, and grow honeſt, and love your Country, that is your ſelves; for when the Public's unſafe, there can be no private Security even to the Richeſt, whoſe Wealth alone will make them an early Prey to Power. Farewel.

LETTER L.

Phalaris *to the* Athenians, *in Defence of his putting* Perilaus, *Maker of the Brazen Bull, firſt into it.*

YOUR Artiſt *Perilaus*, ye Men of *Athens*, brought me a Piece of wonderful Workmanſhip, the Art of which was ſo extraordinary that at the ſame time it procur'd my Wonder it gave him a welcome Reception, obliging me to make him Preſents worthy his Performance and Country. This encourag'd him, in a little time, to bring to *Agrigentum*, a Bull made of Braſs, much bigger than the Life. I confeſs I was not a little pleas'd at the Preſent of ſo artful a Figure of an

Animal ſo friendly to humane kind, and thought it indeed a Preſent worthy a King, for he had not yet diſcover'd to me the ſecret Tortures it contain'd: But opening its Side, he diſclos'd it full of Cruelty, and pregnant of the moſt infamous and terrible of Deaths. Then I thought, I ought to puniſh the ill Principles of *Perilaus*, as well as praiſe his Art; being of Opinion that the wicked Artiſt (ſince I cou'd find none more wicked) ſhou'd firſt make Tryal of his own ingenious Miſchief. Shutting him up therefore in the Body of his Brazen Bull, according to his own directions a Fire was lighted about it, and ſo he made a true experiment of his own Invention, as the Executioners inform me, for I did not care to ſee it as much a Tyrant as I am, his Groans and Lamentations making a ſolitary noiſe like to the Bellowing of a Bull. But ye Men of *Athens*, I am ſurpriz'd at your taking this Puniſhment amiſs, nor am I able yet to perſuade my ſelf that Report in this particular does you Juſtice. If your Reſentment proceed from an Opinion that this Puniſhment was not ſevere enough, I confeſs if I had known any greater he ſhou'd have had it; but if you think he deſerv'd none at all, you ſeem to contradict that Character of Humanity, which the World gives you, by defending and extolling the greateſt of Cruelties; for this muſt be the Sentiment of ſome particular Man, or of the whole City, which will be moſt eaſily diſcover'd by your Conduct towards me. If his Death was juſt, and there be no *Athenian* of his cruel Temper, then you blame me for a Benefit; but if you make his Death unjuſt, you at the ſame time make your ſelves as wicked as *Perilaus* was. I muſt confeſs, I cannot yet repent of what I have

have done, and as long as I cannot convict my ſelf of any Injuſtice, I ſhall not much concern my ſelf at the falſe Cenſure of others. But I own if I have dealt unjuſtly by *Perilaus*, I have robb'd my ſelf of my Caution, and the greateſt defence of my Royalty; yet I am fully perſuaded neither you nor any of the *Grecians*, will think my Puniſhment of him contrary to the ſevereſt Rules of Juſtice, in making him undergo that Death he had invented for others. I conſider'd not only the Reputation of *Greece* in general, but my own in particular in what I did: By making me ſuch a Preſent, he in ſome meaſure inſinuated, that I my ſelf deſerv'd the like Fate. And tho' he by this invented a moſt cruel Torment for Traytors and Conſpirators againſt my Perſon and Dignity, which might ſeem a ſort of Obligation to me; yet I overlook'd all thoſe Benefits, to give way for Caution and Royal Jealouſie, which he wou'd have brib'd; which make my Juſtice and Sentence the more excellent and perſpicuous, in letting no private Conſiderations corrupt the Dictates of Juſtice, or mingle in its Deciſions. Nor was I ignorant, that the pardoning of greater Criminals cou'd be no Injury to my Intereſt. I knew that an Opinion of my Mildneſs, wou'd but encourage Conſpiracies; and I was ſenſible that this Puniſhment of *Perilaus*, wou'd be conſtru'd by all as an Averſion to Cruelty, and I ſaw perhaps that I had better make uſe of his Genius for the Terror of Conſpirators; but notwithſtanding all theſe Reflections, being under no neceſſity of hunting after Praiſe, I thought it an Impiety to let ſuch a Man eſcape, whoſe miſchievous Brain was employ'd in Inventions of ſo cruel and fatal a Conſequence to Mankind. This prevail'd on me to

deliver him over to that Torment he had found out for others, who had never design'd him any Wrong. Some perhaps among ye, O *Athenians!* may devote me to the Furies, and think that no one Man can be able to undergo all those Punishments I deserve, and imagine, that I condemn'd him to what I merited my self. But if you wou'd lay Prejudice aside a little, and consult not your Hatred and the *Odium* you have to my Dignity, I dare believe, on a just Deliberation, you wou'd find, that whatever I do, that has the face of Cruelty, is not out of my own Desire, or Inclination, but meerly the effect of Necessity; and I ought not to have the Commands of Fortune, which cannot be disobey'd, imputed to me as a Crime, which must always be voluntary. The necessity of being cruel, which Tyranny brings along with it, takes not away my Knowledge of the Evil, which is yet heightned, by being incapable of Amendment; for sure no Man desires to be Cruel if it cou'd be avoided: And I wish with an earnestness not to be express'd, that I was not compell'd to those Actions I cannot shun, for setting those aside, I may pretend to a Virtue above the Common Level. I put it to your selves, *Athenians!* Whether on a discovery of a Conspiracy against you, you wou'd not punish the Guilty to the utmost extremity? I am very sensible, how little Advantage I reap from this Conduct, yet comfort my self, that what I do, is not what I desire. I wish those I punish, had the same excuse for, their Conspiracies, for Most wise *Athenians*, I imitate your Manners in this Execution on *Perilaus*, and he has only experienc'd a Tyrant's force according to his own *Idea* of it, not according to my Temper. I wou'd have you throughly

convinc'd

convinc'd, that had I been a Private Man I had not been *Perilaus*, nor wou'd he have been *Phalaris* had he been a Tyrant; for he, that in his private Capacity cou'd have no motive of Cruelty, and yet cou'd invent ſuch barbarous Torments, had he been a Tyrant, muſt have depopulated his Kingdom; and I who puniſh'd a Cruelty of this Nature, ſhew, that what I do is out of Neceſſity, and a greater pain to me, than to the Sufferer. Wherefore you wou'd bring the laſt Infamy on you, not only if you ſhou'd reſent the Death of *Perilaus*, but alſo if you ſhou'd ſuffer any of his Temper to Live. By his Invention he affronted and ſinn'd againſt Humane Nature it ſelf; but more immediately againſt you, by caſting the Barbarity of his own Temper on the City of his Nativity, as if it were a National not a Particular Offence. After what I have ſaid, I do not doubt but I ſhall have the Applauſe of all *Athens* for what I have done, for ſo juſt a Sentence is worthy ſo noble a People; and if there be any who are not pleas'd with this ſort of Death, let them conſider, it was not more agreeable to *Perilaus* himſelf. Farewel.

LETTER LI.

Phalaris *to* Ageſilaus, *inviting his Return from* Syracuſe *home to him, and his Wife* Theleſippe.

THE fair *Theleſippe*, ſeems to be very much concern'd, at your long and tedious ſtay at *Syracuſe*. She acts the Wife with that tenderneſs and

and modeſty, that ſhe preſſes me as if I had a particular Authority over you to haſten your Return, unable it ſeems to bear ſo anxious an Abſence. She preſſes alſo her Father, on the ſame account: I ſuppoſe you are not ignorant of what ſhe threatens to do, on your longer delay. She imagines I have power to oblige your Return, on the contrary, I tell her, ſhe has; for I can't believe you value *Phalaris*, equal to *Theleſippe*. Make haſte therefore back to thoſe who deſire your Company, whether ſhe, or I be the Motive; for tho' I am ſo much your Friend that Gratitude wou'd demand ſome power over you, yet has ſhe Charms and Merit which juſtly challenge your Obedience to ſo kind a Command; and who elſe wou'd not flie to Arms ſo agreeably beautiful and ſo chaſte? So whether Friendſhip or Love have moſt power in your Breaſt, *Agrigentum* will ſoon be happy in your Preſence. Farewel.

LETTER LII.

The Emperour Marcus Aurelius, *to the Ladies of* Rome, *that had made and play'd a Farce upon him; being a ſevere Satyr on the Fair Sex.*

WHilſt I continue at *Rhodes*, improving my ſelf in the Art of Oratory, you, I underſtand, have made and play'd a Farce upon me at *Rome*, on the Feaſt of the great Goddeſs *Berecinthia*. What you intended by this ſort of Proceeding I have alſo learn't, which was to expoſe my Life and trample upon my Fame. The Authors of

of this piece of Scandal I have likewiſe heard to be, *Avilina* for the Compoſition, *Lucia Fulvia* for the Tranſcribing, and you *Toringula* for the Singing Part. It ſeems you repreſented me after different Manners. You gave me a Book turn'd upſide down, to ſignifie I was an abſurd Philoſopher: You made me go with my Tongue lolling out, to ſhew I was a bold Speaker: You planted Horns upon my Forehead, to make me paſs for a common Cuckold: You put a trayling Pike into my Hand, to denote me a Cowardly Leader: You repreſented me with no Beard, as an effeminate Perſon: And laſtly bound an Handkerchief about my Eyes, to make me look as if I had been a condemn'd Criminal. Moreover not contented with all this, you at another time equipp'd me after a new Manner. You made me a Statue with Feet of Straw, Legs of Wood, Thighs of Braſs, Belly of Horn, Arms of Pitch, Hands of Paſte, Head of Plaiſter, Aſſes Ears, Serpents Eys, Cats Teeth, a Scorpions Tongue, Hair of Vine-Roots, and a Forehead of Lead, whereon were engraven the following Capitals, M. N. T. N. I. S. U. S. which ſignify'd, as I take it, *That this Statue of mine, was compos'd of no more different Materials, than I was of variety of Falſehoods.* Now after all theſe affronts put upon me, I cannot but wonder how you cou'd have the Aſſurance to ſend *Fulvius Fabritius*, to ask me a Queſtion in your Names? Yet to ſhew you, your harmleſs Satyr does not in the leaſt affect me, I will gratifie your Requeſt, tho' you have ſo little deſerv'd it of me. Your Queſtion is, *Whether I have found in all the courſe of my Reading, of what, by whom, where, when, what and how the firſt Woman was made?* To which I anſwer, that according to the great vari-

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ety of People that have been in this World, their Opinions have been likewiſe various. The *Ægyptians* held that by the Overflowing of the *Nile*, certain fat clots of Earth being thrown upon the Shore, and there left, upon the Reflux the Sun by its prolifick virtue impregnated them, and turn'd them to Worms, one of which afterwards became Woman. Now your Ladiſhips muſt know, that had not this River overflow'd, your Sex had never had a Being. All other Creatures have proceeded from their Mothers Bowels, except Woman only, who you ſee never had a Mother. And this ſeems to be true in all reſpects, for as Woman was at firſt irregular in her Birth, ſo has ſhe been ever ſince both in her Life and Death. Truly that Man has a great deal to ſuffer, many Wiles to find out, a long time to Think, much Aſſiſtance to require, many Years to wait, many Women to ſearch amongſt, before he ſhall meet with one that will be govern'd by Reaſon. Be the Lion never ſo wild, at length he may be brought to be led by his Keeper; be the Bull never ſo fierce, at laſt he may be taken by the Horns: The Horſe in time ſubmits to the Bit, and the young Colt to the Saddle; only Woman the moſt perverſe of all Animals, never loſes either her Imperiouſneſs or Diſobedience. The Gods have made Man wiſe, and endu'd Beaſts with natural Inſtinct, yet are neither of them able to defend themſelves againſt the Subtilties of Woman. Her Obſtinacy alſo is not leſs remarkable than her Cunning; for if ſhe has a mind to Stay, no Spur can make her go forward; and if on the contrary ſhe enclines to go, no Reins can hold her in. In a Word, no Law can bind her, Shame reſtrain her, Fear abaſh her, nor Puniſhment reform her. To

what

what a hard Fate is he expos'd that is oblig'd to take care of a Woman's Conduct? For where once ſhe entertains an Opinion, all the Arguments in the World ſhall not beat her out of it. If a Man give her warning of any Danger, ſhe will never believe him; if he gives her good Advice, ſhe will never take it; if he threatens her, ſhe preſently complains; if he flatters her, ſhe immediately grows Proud; if he bears with her, ſhe becomes Spiteful; and if he applauds her, Bold. In a Word, a Woman never pardons an Injury, nor acknowledges a Benefit. Now a days the moſt ſimple of the Sex, will pretend to Wit; and yet the wiſeſt of them ſwerves from Wiſdom. They know not how little they know, and how much they are ignorant. They will determine ſuddenly upon the moſt arduous Matters, as if they had ſtudy'd for it a Thouſand Years. Yet if you contradict them in their Opinions, they will take you for the very worſt of Enemies. Bold is that Woman who preſumes to give Advice to a Man, but much bolder he that thinks fit to take it. As he is a Fool that hearkens to it, ſo is he much more that asks it, and yet more that follows it. Let him that has not a mind to ſtumble among ſo many Stones, prick himſelf among ſo many Thorns, nor bliſter himſelf among ſo many Nettles, give Ear to the Advice I give: When he is to promiſe, let him not do it ſparingly; and when to perform, acquit himſelf niggardly; that is to ſay, let him do juſt nothing. I would fain have divers dead Heroes ask'd, how they far'd with Women while they liv'd? I'm ſure they were dealt ſo ill by, on their accounts, that they would never deſire to return to Life, for their ſakes. But if you do not think fit to give Credit

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to what theſe Men ſuffer'd, demand of me how I have far'd with that Sex? Oh Women, Women! The very remembrance I had my Being from ye, makes me abhor Life; and for fear of living any longer among ye, wiſh for Death; this being by much more eligible than your Converſation. I have often wonder'd how a Man can dote on a Woman ſo much, as to gaze on her all Day, tumble about with the Thoughts of her all Night, be continually enquiring after her when Abſent, and when preſent making her offers of Service; chuſe Darkneſs before Light, prefer Solitude to Company, torment himſelf inceſſantly, and all about ſuch a trifle as Love? In this Caſe he neither hearkens to the Counſel of his Friends, the Reflections of his Enemies, the Danger of his Life, the Hazard of his Honour, or the Loſs of his Eſtate; nor during this Enthuſiaſm, ever ſees with his Eyes, hears with his Ears, taſtes with his Mouth, or feels with his Hand. All his Senſes are ſurrender'd up to Love, and all his Reſolutions dedicated to Folly. I would fain have theſe Lovers know how this Love of theirs is occaſion'd. The Bowels wherein we were conceiv'd being of Fleſh, the Breaſts we have ſuck'd being of Fleſh, the Arms we were nouriſh'd in being of Fleſh, the Women we have always convers'd with being of Fleſh, our Affection muſt naturally encline towards the Fleſh. Yet, Ladies, I wou'd not have ye Vain, becauſe I have allow'd it natural to love ye, ſince I muſt at the ſame time affirm, that ye are looſe in your Thoughts, ſubtle in your Actions, and deſigning in your Words. Now let us come to the Second Opinion concerning the Making of Women, which was long ſince pronounc'd by the *Greeks* after this manner. They ſaid that

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the Sun diſplaying his Beams more in the Deſarts of *Arabia*, than in any other part of the World, at the beginning firſt appear'd there one Woman and one *Phœnix*, the one being the Production of Fire and the other of Water. Of the *Phœnix* I ſhall ſay nothing, but as for the Woman, they affirm'd her produc'd by the Influence of the Sun, on the Duſt that fell from a Worm-eaten Tree, which when fir'd burnt till it became Woman. Now tho' I am a *Roman* Philoſopher and no *Græcian*, yet do I not much diſlike this Opinion, ſince it is moſt certain that you amorous Ladies, have your Tongues of the Nature of Fire, and your Conditions not different from the Rottenneſs of a Worm-eaten Tree. According to the great variety of Animals, Nature has plac'd their Strength in different parts of their Bodies. The Eagle has hers in her Beak, the Unicorn his in his Horn, the Serpent in his Tail, the Bull in his Head, the Bear in his Paws, the Horſe in his Breaſt, the Dog in his Teeth, the Boar in his Tusks, the Wood-Dove in her Wings, and the Women in their Tongues. Truly, Ladies, the flight of the Wood-Dove is not ſo lofty as your fantaſtick Notions: The Bear does not wound more with his Paws, than you do ſome Mens Minds with your Importunities: The Boar does not more tire the Dog that aſſaults him, than ye do the poor unhappy Lover that Courts ye: He does not run ſo much riſque of his Life, that catches a Bull by the Horns, as he that falls into your unmerciful Clurches: In a Word, the Serpent carries not ſo much Poyſon in his Tail, as you Women do in your Hearts. Now tho' I have hitherto been ſo ſevere upon the Fair Sex in general, yet muſt I except all thoſe *Roman* Ladies, who have any

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to the Character of good, whereof there are many. My deſign is only to expoſe ſuch as are bad, than whoſe vicious Courſes no Poyſon is more pernicious to Man. But ſince the Gods have ordain'd and our Deſtinies do permit, that we ſhould not paſs our Lives without them, I adviſe all young Men, beſeech all that are old, rouze up the faculties of the Wiſe, and Inſtruct the Simple, to beware and flie from Women of an ill Fame, as they would do from a common Peſtilence. Reading the other day the Laws of *Plato*, I obſerv'd this Paſſage concerning ill Women: *We ordain*, ſaid that famous Law-giver, *That every Woman who has been publickly Infamous, ſhould be as publickly laſh'd out of the City, wherein ſhe has behav'd her ſelf ſo infamouſly; to the end that other Women beholding the Puniſhment that has been inflicted on her Crime, may avoid the like Vice, for fear of the like Fate.* Alſo, in another place of the ſame Law, he ſays, *We farther ordain, that the Woman who ſhall commit a fault only in her Perſon, ſhall be forgiven, providing there be any hopes of Amendment ſeen in her; but as for her that ſhall offend with her Tongue, let her never be pardon'd; inaſmuch as the former Crime proceeds from a natural frailty, when this is the Offſpring of a ſtudy'd Malice.* O moſt divine *Plato!* Mirror of Underſtanding and Prince of Philoſophers, if thou mad'ſt this Law in the time of the Golden Age, when there were ſo few ill Women in the World, and ſo many good in *Greece*, what wouldſt thou now have done in *Rome*, where we have ſo many bad and ſo few good? Women are to be modeſt in their Countenances, ſparing in their Speech, wiſe in their Underſtandings, ſober in their Gate, ſweet in their Diſpo-

Diſpoſitions, wary in their Words, and circumſpect in all their Actions. They are alſo to be true to their Promiſes, and conſtant in their Affections. Likewiſe ſhe that has a mind to be well eſteem'd by all, let her truſt to the Wiſdom of wiſe Men, and flie from the Flattery of Fools. Let a Virtuous Woman have always ſo great regard to her Reputation, as to ſuſpect him that makes extravagant Promiſes; ſince when the Flames of *Venus* are once kindled, and *Cupid* has deliver'd his Arrows, the rich Man offers all he has, and the Poor all he can; the wiſe Man ſwears he will ever be her Friend, and the Fool profeſſes himſelf her humble Servant; nay both proffer to lay down their Lives for her ſake: The old Dotard crys he will be a Friend to her Friends, and the young Bully vows he will be an Enemy to her Enemies. Some promiſe to pay her Debts, others to revenge her Injuries; but all this while ſhe ſuffers them to make their Brags, and takes to the Courſe ſhe pleaſes. I ſhall now ceaſe to ſay any more of the Virtuous Women, it being not my Intention to Counſel thoſe that have no occaſion for Advice, and proceed to ask you Amorous Ladies, if *Plato* was among ye, when ye play'd a Farce upon me, and dragg'd a Statue, repreſenting me, about the Streets of *Rome*? No certainly, for according to what I have ſeen, and what others have ſaid of ye, there are but few among ye, that his Laws would have excus'd from Puniſhment. One thing ye cannot deny me, and that is, that if I had been the very worſt of Men, ye would by this time have found the end of my Villanies, whereas the leaſt wicked among you, by far exceeds the moſt blameable Action that ever I was guilty of. Wiſe Women run no ſmall riſque in living near

the Fooliſh, Modeſt near the Shameleſs, Reſerv'd near the Talkative, Meek near the Bold, Chaſte near the Defil'd, nor Reputable near the Defam'd; for Women that are Infamous themſelves, either think all others ſo, deſire they ſhould be ſo, ſtrive to make them ſo, or procure to have them ſo, and then affirm they are ſo; all which they do, that they may conceal their own Infamy, by expoſing others to the like Character, tho' undeſervedly. O you Ladies, 'tis now a long time ſince I have known you, and you me, therefore if you are diſpos'd to ſpeak, I am diſpos'd to do ſo alſo, if you know any thing, I likewiſe know ſomething; if you are ſilent, I am ſo too; but if you think fit to divulge Secrets, I can do ſo too. You know well, *Avilina*, you that made the Farce on me, that *Eumedes* ſold Calves dearer at the Market, than you did innocent Virgins in your Houſe. You muſt needs remember, *Toringula*, that whilſt you were reckoning up your Lovers in my preſence, your Fingers being too few to do it, you requir'd a Buſhel of Peas for that purpoſe. You cannot forget, *Lucia Fulvia*, that when you were with you know who, you know where, your Husband intervening amidſt your Jollities, you told him plainly, that unleſs he would conſent you ſhould lie out once a Week, you would never bed with him more. You muſt needs own, *Rotoria*, that whilſt you continu'd two Years on board a *Sicilian Corſair*, you told him he need provide no other Miſtreſs, for all his Ships Crew. You, *Eugenia Curtia*, muſt of neceſſity recollect, that at ſuch time as the *Cenſor* viſited your Quarters, he found four Mens Gowns, which you wore a Nights, and but one Woman's Gown, which you went cloath'd with in the Day. You cannot deny,

ny, *Peſſilina Fabricia*, but that after *Alvinus Metellus* had eſpous'd you before the *Cenſor*, he demanded his ſhare of what you had got before Marriage by your Gallants. You muſt confeſs, *Camilla*, that not being contented with the Stallions of your own Nation, you entertain'd Strangers, and by that means came to the Knowledge of ſeveral Languages. Thus I have only perſecuted thoſe that firſt attack'd me, and only attack'd ſuch as firſt thought fit to perſecute me. As for others of your Sex, I have nothing to ſay to them, as not having ever been concern'd in any Scandal upon me. As I have begun my Letter by reſenting the Injuries done to my Perſon, and carried it on with ſome ſort of Revenge, ſo ſhall I conclude it with adviſing all Men not leſs to dread your Company, than that of a publick Peſtilence, for as all other Harms may be eſcap'd by abſtaining from them, Women alone can be avoided by flying them. This from *Marcus Aurelius* the *Rhodian*. Farewel.

LETTER LIII.

The ſame to his Miſtreſs Bohemia, *diſſuading her, from coming to the Wars to him.*

I *Marcus Aurelius*, Prætor of *Rome*, and Imperator in *Dacia*, ſend Health to thee, my Miſtreſs *Bohemia*, living in all the Luxuries of Life. Having eſcap'd from a late dangerous Battle, I met a Letter of thine here, which gave me no leſs Diſturbance, than all the Malice of my Enemies has hitherto been able to procure me Diſquiet.

When I had got my Body disengag'd from thy Embraces, I thought my Heart would, at the same time, be freed from the Venom of thy Love. When we had mutually consented to part, I believ'd a Divorce of Affections would have follow'd that of our Persons; but you Women are such cunning Purveyors, that tho' you banish our Bodies yet you entertain a Correspondence with our Minds. Your Love may easily be purg'd away, but your Lust can never be remov'd, with all the Rhubarb of *Alexandria*. You shew your Selves very backward in pardoning Enemies, and yet are continually changing of Friends. I have curiously observ'd your Conduct, all the while my Youth was subject to your Charms, and I could never yet find you kept any bounds either in your Love or your Hatred. Your present Levity quarrels with my past Youth, because you see I do not love you as formerly, nor proffer you Service as most now adays do; and certainly hearing your Accusation, and not my Justification, you as justly punish me with Impertinence as I do you with Forgetfulness. Yet would I not have you to think that I have forgot the Laws of *Venus*, which altogether require a Man to exercise his Heart in Love; also to take care that his Soul be vigorous, his Body robust, his Voice soft and whining, his Countenance sad and melancholly, his Eyes always gazing about, and his Heart ever ready to fly into the Air upon the slightest occasion. Truly, my Mistress *Bohemia*, he's but a foolish Lover that suffers his Will to be enslav'd while he has his Understanding at Liberty. This I say, that thou may'st know that however unfit my Age may be for the Exercise of Love, yet do I still retain the Art. You greatly complain of me, that I have given

given my ſelf up altogether to the neglect of you, which I confeſs I have, my reaſon being that it is neither conſiſtent with my Gravity nor your Years, to ſpend our time ſo idly as in Love. What may be overlook'd in Youth, in Age deſerves Correction. Our Vagaries while young proceed from Folly, but when old are the Effects of a diſtemper'd Brain. When I was a young Rattlehead, I ſtrutted about Streets, ſung Catches under Ladies Windows, ogled them while I were doing ſo, play'd upon Muſical Inſtruments, ſcal'd their Walls, broke their Windows, and do you think I knew what I did all the while? No certainly. But now that I find my ſelf wean'd from theſe Pleaſures, and have my Head cover'd with Snow, and my Body diverſified with Aches, I either believe I was not then or am not now. Not knowing the way I ſtray'd, not ſeeing the Stones I tripp'd, not minding the Snares I was entrapp'd, having no Guide I was ſuck'd in by the Whirlpool, and by my too great forwardneſs was loſt. But now that I am out of the Thorns, why ſhould'ſt thou deſire to have me in again? Tho' I have ſtood Centry all the Night, yet call'ſt thou me in the Morning to my Arms? By our former Amity I beſeech thee, and by the immortal Gods conjure thee, that ſince my Heart rebels againſt thy Deſires, thy Deſires may comply with my Heart; but that thou may'ſt not argue my grey Hairs guilty of Ingratitude, as I can prove thy fair Face wrinkled with Luſt, I beg that we may caſt up our Accounts, and ſee whether we have all this while loſt or got by our Amour. Tell me what has been the Event of all theſe Pleaſures, but Time ill-ſpent, a good Name ſully'd, a tolerable Eſtate waſted, Credit loſt, the Gods offended,

Virtue ſcandaliz'd, the Title of Brutes acquir'd, and the Surname of Infamous procur'd. Thou writeſt in thy Letter that thou wilt leave *Rome*, to come and viſit me in the Wars of *Dacia*. Reflecting upon thy Folly I laugh, and conſidering thy Hardineſs I believe thou wilt be as good as thy Word. Whilſt I am thinking thus, I take thy Letter again out of my Boſom doubting if it be thine, when my Pulſe immediately begins to beat low, and my Colour changes in my Face, imagining that either Immodeſty abounds in thee, or Gravity is wanting in me; for ſuch inconſiderate Proceedings can only be credited by thoſe that are likewiſe raſh and inconſiderate. I would fain know whither thou haſt a mind to go? Thou haſt already been gather'd for Verjuice, and yet would'ſt be ſold for Wine. I have eaten thee in the Bloſſom, and yet thou wouldſt needs paſs upon me for Fruit. The Kernels be very good, but the Shells hard: Thou haſt been ſoon ripe and ſoon rotten, therefore art now to be loath'd. Thou art not pleas'd that of Forty years that hang over thy head, twenty five ſhould have paſs'd away in taſting; as of Wine that was to be ſold, or Strawberries, that lay conceal'd, under corrupt and rotten Leaves. Tell me prythee, *Bohemia*, art not thou the Lady that has loſt moſt of her Teeth before, has hollow Eyes, white Hair, and a ſhriveled Face, with one Hand lame of the Gout, and two Ribs marr'd by Childbearing? Whither wouldſt thou go, *Bohemia?* Put thy ſelf into a Barrel, roul with it into a River, and ſee if thou doſt not come out Wet. We have already feaſted upon the freſh Fiſh, and now thou wouldſt put us off with the ſalt and muſty. O *Bohemia*, *Bohemia!* I am thoroughly ſatisfied, that there is no Truſt

Truſt to be put in Youth, nor any Hope in Age, ſince ſcorching Embers can lurk under cold Aſhes. Thou complain'ſt thou haſt nothing, which is an old Quarrel of the *Inamoratas* of *Rome*, who taking from All pretend ſo, for what they want in deſert, they make up with good Luck. But believe me, *Bohemia*, what is unjuſtly got, gives little Security to the Gainer, and leſs Fame. I can't imagine how thou coud'ſt be ſo ravenous as to worry me thus, for if thou pleightedſt thy Hair with one hand, thou wouldſt be ſure to handle my Purſe with the other; inſomuch that I had a harder Task to keep thee from my Coffers, than I have found to keep my Enemies out of my Dominions. I never had any thing of value but what thou wouldſt ask of me, and whatever thou didſt ask in thoſe days, I had not the Power to refuſe; but now being experienc'd by Years, I have diſcover'd the Follies I was guilty of while Young. Thou complain'ſt of Labour and Poverty, when 'tis I only that have occaſion for a Plaiſter for thoſe Sores. Doſt not thou remember, *Bohemia*, how to ſupply thy Neceſſities, I wou'd neglect my own? Nay thou hadſt ſuch an abſolute Controul over my Reaſon, as to make me go naked in Winter, and in Summer over-charg'd with Cloaths; to walk a Foot thro' the Mire, and ride in the fair Way; to Mourn where I ſhould Laugh, and Laugh when I ſhould Mourn; my Fear made me Bold, and my Boldneſs cowardly; the Night I ſpent in Sighs, and the Days in Patience; and in a Word, whenever thou hadſt occaſion for any thing which I wanted, I choſe rather to rob my Father of it, than not ſupply thy Neceſſity. Tell me, *Bohemia*, how could'ſt thou have nouriſh'd thy open Follies, but at the expence of my ſecret ill Conduct?

What do you think you amorous Ladies of *Rome* ſeem to me to be? I look upon ye at Court to be Eyeſores to the Old, Paſtime to the Young, Treaſurers to Fools, and Sepulcres to vicious People; and if in your Youth, every body preſented you, that you might be in a condition to preſent every Body; now, on the contrary, you preſent your ſelves to every body, that all may give themſelves to you. Thou ſayſt, *Bohemia*, thou haſt two Sons, and wanteſt wherewithal to ſupport them; upon which my Advice is, that thou be not a little thankful to the Gods, for the favour they have done thee; for whereas the Fifteen Sons of *Fabricius* have but one Father, they have given thy Sons Fifty; whereof if the Children were to be divided among their Parents, each Father would not have a Finger. As for our Daughter *Lucia*, thine in reality, and mine but in imagination, I would have thee to remember, I did more in Marrying her, than thou in Conceiving her, for as to her begetting thou calledſt in many, the Marriage of her thou lefteſt to me alone. I write to thee but little in regard of what I would willingly have written, for *Cornelius Butrius*, having harangu'd me largely on thy account, I deſign he ſhall do the like Office to thee on mine. Having long been acquainted with thee, and knowing thee to be thoroughly Malicious, I expect no Anſwer from thee, but what ſhall be ſtuff'd with all the ill Nature imaginable; yet I earneſtly entreat thee, nay conjure thee by all our paſt Kindneſſes, not to defame me openly, while I write to thee in ſecret, and that whatever thy Reſentments may be, thou wouldſt at leaſt remember, what occaſion thou haſt given me for mine. Altho' by this time we may be thought

to

to be no great Friends, yet will I ſtill continue to ſend thee Money, to the end I may have occaſion to reproach thee, not only with Infidelity but Ingratitude. The Gods amend thee and deliver me from this War. Farewel.

LETTER LIV.

Bohemia's *ungrateful and upbraiding Anſwer.*

Bohemia, thy *quondam* Miſtreſs, to thee *Marcus* of Mount *Celius*, her mortal Enemy, wiſheth all the ill Will imaginable. I receiv'd thy Letter, whereby I underſtand thy damnable Malice and cruel Reſolutions. Such ill Men as thou art have a Privilege to have private Lewdneſs born with, that they may not hurt us in publick; but for my part, *Marcus*, I defie thee, do thy worſt: If I am not in poſſeſſion of thy Treaſure, I am of thy ill Name, and where I cannot revenge my ſelf with my Perſon, I will be ſure to do it with my Tongue; for tho' we Women be weak, and our Bodies conſequently eaſie to be overcome, yet are our Hearts never conquer'd. You ſay, that eſcaping from a Battel you receiv'd my Letter, and therewith great diſturbance. I muſt confeſs it is a common thing, for worn-out Lechers to talk of Love, Fools of Books, and Cowards of War. I ſay this, becauſe in Anſwering a Woman's Letter as mine was, there was no neceſſity of telling her, whether it was done before an Engagement or after. I know well you eſcap'd, becauſe I could gueſs before hand, you would not be the firſt that ſhould engage, or the laſt that ſhould run away. When you went to the

the Wars in your Youth, I never doubted your Safety; for being convinc'd of your natural Timidity, I could never imagine you would ever bring your Life in danger. Now since I've told thee what thou didst in thy Youth, prythee *Marcus*, satisfie me what thou do'st now thou art old? Why I fancy thou carry'st a half Pike, not so much to offend thy Enemy, as to bear thee up under the Affliction of the Gout; and as for thy Helmet I believe thou wear'st that more for a conveniency to drink out of in a Tavern, than to ward thy head against a Back-Sword: Thy Gaunlets I'm sure have been often pawn'd for a Pot of Wine, and why should I think thou mak'st any better use of the rest of thy Armour? I never saw thee strike a Man with thy Sword, but I have known thee to fight a thousand Women with thy Tongue. O unhappy *Marcus!* if thou hadst been as valiant at thy Hands, as thou art malicious in thine Heart, the barbarous Nations would have as much fear'd thee, as the *Roman* Ladies now hate thee. Tell me what thou wilt, yet thou can'st not deny that thou hast always been, and still art, an impotent Lecher, a Hen-hearted Commander, an ungrateful Lover, an immoderate Miser, an Enemy to all Men, and a Friend to none; therefore we that have known thee while a young Coxcomb, do now condemn thee for an old Fool. Thou say'st thou thought'st to have rid thy self of the Venom of my Love with my Embraces, but I must tell thee, 'tis not so easie a matter for one Malignity to part with another. Thy Heart is the common receptacle of Poyson, and therefore like *Mithridates* 'twere a hard matter to do thee any harm with it. For my part I believe it impossible it should, for one Venom is always said to destroy the force

of

of another; and yours being by much the greater, muſt of conſequence prevail over the leſſer. O *Marcus!* if all the Women in *Rome* knew thee as well as the unhappy *Bohemia*, they would ſoon be convinc'd how different the Words of thy Mouth are from the Sentiments of thy Heart: Inſomuch that if by thy Writings thou haſt deſerv'd the name of a Philoſopher, by thy Actions thou haſt much more merited that of a Tyrant. Thou ſayſt thou never couldſt find any beginning in Womens Love, nor end in their Hatred. I am heartily glad that other Ladies beſides me have diſcover'd thy Worthleſneſs. Obſerve me, *Marcus*, for I intend to undeceive thee. As thou never haſt deſerv'd that any Woman ſhould begin to love thee, ſo wilt thou have the fate that none will ceaſe to hate thee. Doſt thou require a certainty in Love, who of thy ſelf art all Infidelity? Canſt thou expect we ſhould have a real Paſſion for thee, whereas thou haſt none but a feign'd one for us? Do'ſt thou think to have the Enjoyment of our Perſons without ſome Expence to thy Pocket? Canſt thou fancy there will be no Complaints of thee, altho' thou never ceaſeſt malicious Reflections? Thou know'ſt us Women but ill, for I would have thee to know that neither we are ſuch Novices as thou may'ſt imagine, nor you Men ſo wiſe as ye take your ſelves to be. Hitherto it has been obſervable, that more of your Sex have follow'd the Inclinations of ours, than ours thoſe of yours. Alſo where a cunning Woman is able to deal with a thouſand Coxcombs, one Coxcomb cannot make his part good againſt the weakeſt of our Sex. You ſay you are ſurpriz'd at my Folly in deſiring to leave *Rome*, to come ſeek you in the Wars. Great is the Love of our Country, ſince it oc-

occaſions many to quit their Riches abroad, to lead a Poor and Private Life at home. But much greater muſt my Love be conſtru'd towards you, ſince I purpos'd to leave the Delights of *Rome*, to go in queſt of you into a ſtrange Country, amidſt the Rage of War. Oh unkind *Marcus!* Oh ungrateful *Aurelius!* If I had an inclination to forſake *Rome*, it was to go in ſearch of my Heart, which remain'd with thee in the Wars; and when ever I have been ſo unhappy as to reflect on thy Abſence, I have always fell into a ſwoon. My Love is not like that of Beaſts, which has only regard to the Brutal part. My Affection was conſecrated to thy Soul and all its Faculties. I ſwear to thee, *Marcus*, by the Goddeſs *Veſta*, and her Mother *Berecinthia*, that thou art more endebted to me for one Day's Love, than for all the Services I have done thee for theſe two and twenty years. Conſider, ungrateful *Marcus*, to what a degree I have lov'd thee. When preſent I have always gaz'd on thee, when abſent doted on thee, when aſleep dreamt of thee, when at the Temple pray'd for thee, and when at a Feaſt remembred thee. Thy Troubles have ever caus'd me Tears, and thy Proſperity, Joy. My Wealth I have wiſh'd in thy Poſſeſſion, and taken thy Poverty to my ſelf. But I muſt tell thee one thing, *Marcus*, and that is, that I have never been ſo ſenſible of thy ill uſage towards me, as of the ill Returns thou haſt made me for all my Kindneſſes. It muſt needs be of great concern to the Covetous Man, to ſee his Goods loſt; but it will be much greater to the Lover, to have a Paſſion ill plac'd. That may well be call'd Grief that ſtill continues ſo, Pain that is always painful, Harm that never ceaſes, and Death that never ends. Oh! if you Men did but know

know to what excefs we Women love, when we once fet our Hearts upon ye, and to what extravagance we hate when we once begin to diflike ye, you certainly would either never encourage us to love, or provoke us to hate, inafmuch as immoderate Hatred generally proceeds from immoderate Love. But you, *Marcus*, may fet your Heart at reft, for never having been much belov'd, you need not fear being much hated. The forrowful *Bohemia*, has lov'd you two and twenty Years, and fhe can only hate you till the hour of her Death, which fhe hopes is not far off. You tell me I have been prefs'd for Verjuice, and yet would be fold for Wine: I muft confefs I have err'd in my Youth, but then as foon as I came to underftand I was out of the road, I halted and proceeded no farther. I err'd like an inconfiderate and weak Woman, but you have prefumptuoufly gone on in an Error, tho' you ought to have known better. I was mifled by native Ignorance, while you mifcarried thro' wilful Malice. I fail'd by not knowing better, but you all along knew what you did. I trufted to your Word as a Man of Honour, and you deceiv'd me as a Perfon that had none. Tell me, *Marcus*, didft thou not feek an occafion to get acquainted with my Mother *Getulia*, on purpofe to betray me? Did'ft thou not promife my Father to have me taught to read, and then thou thy felf read'ft to me *Ovid* of the Art of Love? Did'ft thou not Swear to be my Husband, and afterwards withdrew'ft thy Hand as a bafe and falfe Adulterer? Art thou not confcious that I never found Sincerity in thee, nor thou Treachery in me? At leaft thou can'ft not deny, that by thy ill Practifes thou ha'ft render'd thy felf odious to the Gods, infa-

mous

mous to Men, obnoxious to the *Romans*, ſcandalous to all that are good, an example to all bad, and in a Word, haſt prov'd treacherous to my Father, a Deceiver of my Mother, and an ungrateful Lover to me. Oh unkind *Marcus!* Haſt thou not cut me in Leaves, and offer'd thy ſelf to be a Protector of our Vineyard? But not a little overſeen are they that confide their Chickens to the Kite, their Lambs to the Wolves, or their Daughters to ſuch Hypocrites as thee. Neither a cluſter nor a ſingle Grape could eſcape being nibbled by thee. You eat me while I was green, and you have ever ſince ſet my Teeth on edge. I would fain know when you marry'd *Fauſtina* whether you found her Green or Ripe? But I know well, and ſo do you likewiſe, that another had the Tapping of the Veſſel, and you only drank the Lees; another gather'd the Grapes, and you only glean'd the Vine; another preſs'd out the Juice, and you gain'd the Pummice. Oh accurſed *Marcus!* Conſider how great have been thy Crimes, and thou can'ſt never wonder at the Severity of thy Puniſhments: Thou that neither deſerved'ſt a kind Miſtreſs while thou wert young, nor a faithful Wife now thou art old. I could not have wiſh'd my ſelf more effectually reveng'd, than by thy Marrying *Fauſtina*; and I dare promiſe, that hadſt thou but known the thouſandth part of what would have been ſaid of both of ye at *Rome*, thou wouldſt never have ceas'd to lament thy Knowledge of her, or thy Ignorance of me. O careful *Marcus!* tho' thy Learning occaſions thy Houſe to be fill'd with Philoſophers by Day, yet by Night thy Wife's Luſt fills it with more Ruffians and Stallions. A juſt Judgment this of the Gods upon thee; for ſince thy ſingle Malice was

ſufficient to ruin a thouſand good Womens Reputations, the wickedneſs of one Woman has ſuffic'd to deſtroy thine. One conſiderable difference there is betwixt my Caſe and that of your *Fauſtina*, for whereas my Diſrepute is only conjectural, hers is demonſtrable; mine is only ſuppos'd to have been acted in Secret, where hers was done in the Face of the World. If I deſerve Puniſhment for one imaginary Crime, what ought ſhe to ſuffer that has been convicted of ſo many real ones? My Diſhonour ends with my Fault, and vaniſhes with my Amendment; whereas hers and yours ſpring from your Inclinations, are continued by repeated ill Practices, and grow up equally with your Lives. In a word, your Infamy can never die, becauſe 'tis moſt certain ye can never be prevail'd upon to live well. O unthinking *Marcus!* With all thy Learning thou know'ſt not that a bad Name is acquir'd by loſing a good one, and a good by relinquiſhing a bad one. You maliciouſly affirm whatever you ſuſpect, and would you have me to conceal what I have ſeen with my Eyes? However one thing you may always be ſecure of, and that is, that neither you, nor your *Fauſtina*, are likely to ſuffer by falſe Witneſſes, ſince what is ſo evident as your Miſcarriages needs not a Lye to ſupport it. You ſay we *Roman* Ladies wanting all other good Qualities, are only honour'd for our Pride; to which I anſwer, that as there is nothing to be expected but Prickles from Thorns, and Venom from Serpents, ſo nothing proceeds from thy Mouth but Slander. Upon a frequent Obſervation I have remark'd, that as thou never ſpeak'ſt well of any Body, no Body ever yet ſpoke well of thee. I deſire no greater ſatisfaction for all the ill Offices

thou

thou haſt done me, than to be aſſur'd that all the Ladies of *Rome*, wiſh thee no better than I. The Life of that Man muſt be ſuperlatively bad which all bewail, and for whoſe Death every Body wiſhes. It is peculiar to ſuch ungrateful Wretches as thou art, to forget the Plenty they receive, and to grudge the Pittance they give; whilſt the generous Soul glories in his Bounty, and refuſes all Preſents, inaſmuch as by giving he makes himſelf a Prince, and by receiving a Slave. I would ask thee what thou ever gaveſt me, and what thou haſt not receiv'd from me? Have not I given thee poſſeſſion of my good Name, my Life, my Eſtate, and baniſh'd my ſelf from my Country for thy ſake, and what haſt thou done in return but to make me miſerable? Thou never gav'ſt me any thing with a good will, nor did I ever receive any thing from thee but unwillingly. All things of this kind gain a good Character not from their outward Appearance, but from the ſecret Intention with which they were given; and I think 'tis now pretty plain, that you did not preſent me for the ſake of enjoying my Perſon, but with deſign to make your ſelf Maſter of my Wealth; therefore inſtead of the Title of a generous Lover, which you affect, you ought to be branded with that of a Thief and a Robber, which you deſerve. The Ring I receiv'd from thee, I have already thrown into the River; and the Cloaths I had from thee, I have burnt; and as for my Body, if I thought it ever the better for the Meat and Drink I have had of thine, I would open my Veins, and ſluce out the contagious Nouriſhment. O prejudic'd *Marcus!* Thy black Malice would not ſuffer thee to underſtand my plain and eaſie Letter; for I did not deſire

Money

Money of thee out of any want I had of thy ſupport, but to ſatisfie my well inclin'd Heart, with an occaſion for due Acknowledgments. Such vain and covetous Wretches as thou art, are continually hankering after Preſents, whereas an Heart truly loving, as mine was, required only Love for Love. There is little truſt to be put in a Man that loves only to gratify his Luſt, or in a Woman that has meerly regard to her Intereſt; inaſmuch as the Paſſion of the former will end with the Beauty of the latter, and that of the latter with the Wealth of the former. If thy Love proceeds barely from the Charms in my Face, and mine from thoſe in thy Purſe, we cannot deſerve the name of Lovers, but rather that of Impoſtors. O *Marcus!* tho' thou all along pretendedſt thy ſelf a Slave to my Beauty, I never had any Paſſion for thy Purſe, yet as I did from my Heart love thee then, I as heartily hate thee now. Thou intimateſt that the Gods have done kindly by me in giving me but two Sons, and to thoſe two many Fathers. The worſt quality in a Woman is Shameleſſneſs, and the worſt in a Man Slandering and Lying. Now as we Women ought in ſome meaſure to be born with, on account of the frailty of our Natures, ſo a Man's Wiſdom ſhould never allow him to expoſe us. I ſay this, becauſe I never yet obſerv'd ſo much Diſcretion in thee as to conceal thy own Malice, or ſo much Temper as to excuſe our Weakneſſes. Thou ſayſt my Sons have many Fathers, and I ſay to thee that tho' thou ſhouldſt die, the Sons thou haſt had by *Fauſtina*, will not be Fatherleſs; and if as thou tell'ſt me, the Gods have been kind to my Sons, thou haſt been no leſs kind to thoſe of Strangers; for *Fauſtina* could never have put thee to any better uſe

than to cover her Frailties, and breed up her Baſtards. O ſtupid *Marcus!* thou may'ſt now well ſet thine Heart at reſt, and take no farther care for thy Children; for I dare aſſure thee, thoſe that are thy own, will never have occaſion to be married. One thing however we muſt all acknowledge our ſelves oblig'd to thee for, and that is for that admirable example of Patience given us, in bearing ſo daſtardly with the Freedom of *Fauſtina*; but as thou haſt tolerated ſo many publick Infamies in her, I can't think it Prudence to truſt thee with any more Secrets, ſo bid thee Farewel, deſiring an end of thy Life with this of my Letter. Farewel.

LETTER LV.

Marcus Aurelius, *to* Matrina *a* Roman *Lady, with whom he was fallen deſperately in Love by ſeeing her at a Window.*

Marcus, the moſt loving Emperor of *Rome*, to thee *Matrina*, his beſt belov'd Miſtreſs, ſendeth Health. I know not whether it was thro' my Fortune, or Misfortune, that ſeeing thee the other day at a Window I fell in Love with thee; however this I know for certain, that the Beginning of our Acquaintance was the End of my Liberty. From the flying of Buſineſs proceed ſeveral Evils to Man; for had I not been idle, I had not gone out of my Houſe; and had I not gone out of my Houſe, I had not paſs'd thro' the Streets; and had I not paſs'd thro' the Streets, I had not ſeen thee at the Window; and had I not ſeen thee

thee at the Window, I had not fallen in Love with thee; and had I not fallen in Love with thee, I had neither given thee this trouble, nor tormented my ſelf with the Thoughts of thee, and what is more, expos'd both of us to the common Tittle Tattle of *Rome*. Moſt certainly, *Matrina*, thou wert as blameable for giving occaſion for my Love, as I were for indulging it; and ſince thou expoſedſt the But of thy Beauty to view, how could I forbear ſhooting my Heart at it? Sprightly rouling Eyes, Carnation ruddy Cheeks, Alabaſter poliſh'd Teeth, golden Locks, pouting Lips, ſwelling Breaſts, with all the advantages of Art to back them, are more than ſufficient to ruin a Man of my Complexion. How then ſhould I be able to reſiſt ſo many Charms, when ſo fairly ſet to Sale in a Window? I am apt to fancy ſince thou hadſt the Goodneſs to ſhew thy Body ſo publickly, thou wert willing I ſhould dive into thy Mind, which I flatter my ſelf to be in my favour. And if ſo, *Matrina*, as I dare promiſe it was, why ſhouldſt thou not deſire one that deſires thee; countenance one that admires thee; and underſtand one that I'm ſure underſtands thee? As I were going thro' the Street *Salaria*, to ſee ſome Thieves executed, what Object ſhould my Eyes firſt meet but you, whereby my Heart was immediately put on the Rack? You made a more ſevere Example of me, than I could do of the Malefactors; for whereas I could only make them undergo one Death, you made me to ſuffer a thouſand. The Gibbet could not be ſo unjuſt to them that never did any good, as thou art to me that never did thee any harm. One moment took away their Lives, but I have been dying ever ſince I ſaw thee. I am puniſh'd wrongfully, they de-

ſervedly; they openly, I ſecretly. What ſhall I ſay more? They wept Tears becauſe they were to die, and I weep drops of Blood, becauſe I am to live. This difference there will be moreover betwixt us, and that is, that their Torments were extended all over their Bodies, and mine are concentred in my Heart. O cruel *Matrina!* what Juſtice can that be that puniſhes Robbers of Goods with Death, and yet permits Purloyners of Hearts to eſcape? If they are to be hang'd that cut Purſes, why ſhould thoſe be forgiven that wound our very Entrails? I beſeech thee by thy noble Birth, *Matrina*, or conjure thee by the Goddeſs *Venus*, either to reſtore me my Heart, or grant a Satisfaction to my Longings. I had rather thou ſhould'ſt be convinc'd of the Sincerity of my Affections, than acquainted with the Scribbling of my Pen. If my Fortune were ſo favourable, and thy Condeſcention ſo great as to grant me an Interview, I might then hope to gain that by my Preſence, which I deſpair to obtain by my Letters. The Reaſon is, that what I write, thou wilt barely read, whereas my Tears, might probably work a better Effect. Would to the Gods, *Matrina*, my Mouth were able to expreſs the Torments my Heart feels. I ſhould not then doubt but the Exceſs of my Afflictions would ſuffice to awaken thy extravagant Indifference, for as thy Beauty and my Affection have already made me thine, I then ſhould have reaſon to hope thy knowledge of my Paſſion would make thee mine. Certainly the day my Heart was captivated by ſeeing thee at the Window, I had leſs force to reſiſt than thou Power to conſtrain me; and it was more in thy inclination to leave me, than in my Ability to quit thee. Now, *Matrina*, what wouldſt

wouldſt thou have me to ſay more to thee? Thou art ſo much Miſtreſs of me, and I ſo little Maſter of my ſelf, that whether I will or not, I am oblig'd to reſign up my Liberty, yet wilt thou not ſo much as inſinuate thy ſelf to be mine. But ſince of neceſſity I muſt approve my ſelf thy Slave, do thou be as ſecure of my Fidelity, as I am doubtful of thy Amity. Thus much ſhall ſuffice at preſent; I only deſire thee to make as much account of my Death, as I do of thy Life. I have ſent thee Ten ſmall Gold Rings, with as many *Alexandrian* Stones in them, which as often as thou ſhalt put on thy Fingers, I conjure thee to admit me into thy Thoughts. This *Marcus*, the Amorous Emperour, writes to thee, *Matrina*, with his own hand. Farewel.

LETTER LVI.

The ſame to the ſame, acquainting her how his Paſſion encreas'd for her daily.

Marcus, now a Neighbour to *Rome*, writes once more to thee, *Matrina*, his delicious Enemy. I call thee delicious, becauſe thou art the delight of Mankind; I call thee Enemy, becauſe thou refuſeſt to contribute to the preſervation of my Life. I know not how it happens, but ſure I am that ſince the Feaſt of *Janus*, I have written thee three Letters; in Anſwer to which I ſhould have been over-joy'd to have receiv'd but one. If I proffer thee Service, thou refuſeſt it; if I offer to look on thee, thou turneſt away thy Head; if I ſpeak to thee, thou wilt not vouch-

ſafe an Anſwer; if I write, I hear nothing in return; if I preſume to viſit thee, thou wilt not ſee me; and what is yet worſe than all theſe, if any one inform thee of my Afflictions on thy account, thou turn'ſt them all into Ridicule. Oh! if I had as much Knowledge how to deal with thee, as thou haſt Power to plague me, my Wiſdom would be no leſs admir'd among wiſe Men, than thy Beauty is among Fools. I beg thee not to regard the Confuſion of my Reaſoning, ſince my Tears alone diſcover the Sincerity of my Soul. I cannot imagine what Benefit thou can'ſt propoſe to thy ſelf from my Ruin? What Security from my Danger? or Pleaſure from my Uneaſineſs? The Meſſenger I ſent with my laſt Letter, brought me word that without reading the leaſt part of it, thou in a fury tor'ſt it to pieces. I know not, *Matrina*, what could encline thee to do this, but ſure I am, I had much rather be torn into Mammocks my ſelf, than thou ſhoud'ſt do the like to what I now ſend, becauſe I would not have thee ignorant of what I am about to ſay. You Ladies are ſo extravagant in your Reſentments, that for the fault of one Man, you could willingly wiſh all the Sex deſtroy'd. You are alſo always in extremes, for the that at one time ſhall profeſs Love to all Mankind, ſhall at another join with an hundred others, to procure the Ruin of one Man. You will pardon all in Publick and in private plot their Deſtruction. For my part, *Matrina*, I don't much value what you did to my Letter, but I took moſt unkindly what you bid my Neighbour *Valerius* tell me. I would have you remember one thing, and by no means forget it, and that is, that whereas I have ſo little Liberty left, and am become altogether yours, by the great

great Power you have over me, you ſhould look upon all Injuries done me, as done to your ſelf. I would not have you to proceed in this cruel Courſe you have begun, ſince you ſee you may thereby endanger the Lives of us both. Pardon me, *Matrina*, if I ſay any malicious Thing of you, but conſidering you ſtill perſevere to deſerve it, I cannot ſometimes help it. You were wont to be better condition'd, or at leaſt you had the Reputation of being ſo, but now you extinguiſh your former good Name, by your preſent bad one. You muſt needs know that nothing can be more blameable in any one than Ingratitude, for you cannot have an entire claim to Virtue, without the contrary neceſſary Quality. Ingratitude never ſhews it ſelf more than in Love, for tho' I viſit you often, and you never return my Viſits, that's nothing; if I ſpeak to you, and you vouchſafe me no Anſwer, that's nothing; if I take notice of you, and you won't know me, that's nothing; if I weep and you laugh, that's nothing; if I ask a favour, and you deny it me, that's nothing; if you owe me Money, and don't pay me, that's nothing; but if I love you, and you don't return my Love, that's a great matter; and which neither your Looks can diſſemble, nor my Heart forgive. All Crimes may be excus'd in us Mortals, by reaſon of our natural frailty, except Womens Unkindneſs and Mens Ingratitude only, both which are the Product of Malice. For all the Services I have hitherto done thee, *Matrina*, as alſo for many more that I am ſtill diſpos'd to do, I ask only one Thing, which I hope thou wilt no more ſcruple to grant, than I do to run the hazard of requeſting it. If thou ſay'ſt thy Husband *Patroclus* has the ſole Propriety of thee, admit me

to thy Embraces and I will ſoon vindicate a Right to thee; when the Vain-glory of being thine will quickly extinguiſh the Thoughts of thy not being legally mine. I have often wonder'd how for the ſake of refuſing one poor pittance of Pleaſure, thou couldſt expoſe thy ſelf to the Plague of ſo much Importunity? 'Tis certain we often grant that to an importunate Perſon to get rid of him, which we would have denied him, if he had been modeſt. If you are ambitious of the Title of Conqueror, I own my ſelf conquer'd; if of a Deſtroyer, I am ruin'd; and if of a Murtherer, I am dead. My frantick Behaviour before your Window, and my melancholy Carriage at home, are evident Tokens of my being in a fair way to become your Martyr. If you would have me eſcape this Fate, deny me not the means that may enable me to do it: And I dare affirm it will be much more commendable in you to expoſe your Virtue by ſaving my Life, than by deſtroying it. I can't think what I ſhall do to make you my Debtor; for then I might reaſonably hope for a Recompence: But alas! having no Merit, I muſt pretend to no Debt in Love. By the Meſſenger you ſent me, I ſend you this Letter, and tho' you were pleas'd to expoſe your Meſſage, I have thought fit to conceal mine. I ſend you likewiſe a Jewel of Pearls, and a Pendant of Gold, and praying the immortal Gods that thou may'ſt receive this my Letter, with the ſame Affection and good Will with which I wrote it, I bid thee Farewel.

LETTER LVII.

The ſame, to his Friend Pyramon, *concerning the Duties of Friendſhip.*

Marcus the Orator, native of Mount *Celius*, to thee, *Pyramon*, of *Lyons*, his particular Friend, wiſhes all manner of Proſperity and Refuge againſt ill Fortune. On the third of the *Callends* of *January*, I receiv'd a Letter of thine here in *Rome*, by which I learn thou haſt had another of mine. Tho' I make no great account of thy Words, yet do I greatly value the Meaning of them; which gives me to underſtand that both thou and thine are in Health. But to come to the purpoſe; thou know'ſt well, my Friend *Pyramon*, how nearly we are allied by Blood, how antient we are in our Friendſhip, confirm'd in our Love, united in our Hearts, and unanimous in our Wills. Thou muſt needs remember how when we liv'd at *Rhodes* together, we lodg'd in the ſame Bed, and eat at the ſame Table. Whatever thou had'ſt once determin'd, I immediately put in Execution; and whenever I had advanc'd any Opinion, thou wert never known to contradict me in it. Certainly we both inform the ſame Body; and tho' we may ſeem to be two in appearance, yet are we but one in reality. But what's the meaning, my dear *Pyramon*, that thou writ'ſt me word thou art melancholy, and yet doſt not tell me why? That thou complain'ſt of Deſigns againſt thy Life, and yet doſt not acquaint me who it is that has laid them? If thou wilt not communicate thy Misfortunes to me, being thy Friend,

Friend, I muſt tell thee, I have a Right to demand the Knowledge of them. The piteous Gods have long ſince decreed, that all Content and Satisfaction ſhould leave my Houſe, and that from thence forward I ſhould become the Prince of Tribulation; ſo that thou wilt find it a hard matter, *Pyramon*, to keep out of the bounds of my Territories. But Raillery apart: Tell me prethee, when didſt thou ever ſee me fed whilſt thou wert hungry, when ſleep and thou watch, when play and thou work? Certainly, tho' Eſtates have Proprietors, Misfortunes have none, but come to all in common. One thing, Friend *Pyramon*, I muſt needs beg of thee, in caſe thou haſt a mind to continue our Friendſhip; and that is, that thou wouldſt take to thy ſelf my Delights, and in exchange give me thy Perplexities; ſince I know well thou wert born for Pleaſure, whereas I were deſign'd for nothing but Trouble. The greateſt Inſtance of this, thou might'ſt have perceiv'd at the Death of thy Siſter *Famaria*; for while I lamented thy Loſs, thou laughedſt at thy own Affliction. Having this Example of my Fidelity, how can'ſt thou ſcruple truſting me with the Cauſe of thy Grief? Yet as often as I have ask'd it of thee, thou haſt always found ſome frivolous excuſe to avoid ſatisfying me: Nevertheleſs continue to require it of thee, and conjure thee by the Immortal Gods to let my Heart be acquainted with thy Sorrows; for whatever thou art diſpos'd to do, I will do the ſame; if thou walk'ſt, I will walk; if thou ſtand'ſt ſtill, I will do ſo likewiſe; if thou art weary'd, I am tyr'd; if thou work'ſt, I will do the like; and if thou leav'ſt off, I will do ſo too; in fine, if thou dieſt, thou know'ſt it is out of my power to live; therefore

fore chooſe, Friend *Pyramon*, whatever Condition thou wilt, and be aſſur'd that both our Afflictions ſhall torment one Heart. If thou art diſpleas'd, nothing pleaſes me; if thou doſt weep, I ſwear never to laugh; if thou ſeek'ſt to lay down thy burthen, I preſently reſolve to take it up; if thou art enclin'd to love Solitude, I immediately hate Company; and if to love Company, I ſoon hate Solitude. In a word, whatever thy Inclination is, I am determin'd the ſame ſhall be mine. Thou complain'ſt that in all the Troubles of thy Life, thou never yet could'ſt find Relation to aſſiſt thee, nor Friend to Adviſe thee; whereupon I muſt tell thee, my *Pyramon*, that the like diſappointment has all along befallen me, Aſſiſtance ever favouring Riches, and Conſolation Wiſdom, neither of which Qualities I can pretend to; for ſo my unlucky Stars would have it, that Negligence ſhould ever deprive me of Knowledge, and Fortune of Wealth. Thus all I can do is to lament thy Diſaſter, for thou may'ſt hereby perceive I am no ways able to remedy it. You ſay in your Letter, your Neighbours and Friends have promis'd you many things which they never perform'd. This I am apt to believe, inaſmuch as a wiſe Hand is not oblig'd to give whatever a fooliſh Tongue ſhall promiſe. Certainly if our Feet ſhould always dance, and our Hands work to the Muſick of the Tongue, in few days we ſhould neither have Life nor Reputation left; however it is the cuſtom of the World, for the Tongue to ride Poſt and the Hands to go but a Foot pace. But coming more particularly to your Caſe, I muſt tell you, you ought not to be concern'd, that you have been able to find but in few, what many have found plentifully in you; for 'tis the Cuſtom to receive

receive briskly and quickly, and to give ſlowly and with an ill Will. Thoſe that be preſumptuous do the one, and thoſe that are ſlothful the other. The *Greeks* are wont to ſay, that he is a good Friend that does but Promiſe, tho' he be long in fulfilling; whereas we *Romans*, on the contrary affirm, that it is better to deny preſently, to the end the Perſon that asks, may be as quickly undeceiv'd in his Expectations. Hereupon I ſay, that he that has it in his power to give, and does it not, is an open Enemy; whereas he that immediately promiſes and performs ſlowly is a doubtful Friend. What occaſion is there for Words to our Friends, when we can aſſiſt them with our Works? It is not reaſonable that he that gives me his Heart, which is the beſt part of the Body, ſhould have nothing in return but my Tongue which is the worſt. Certainly, it is neither agreeable to the Laws of the Gods, nor Friendſhip, that when I ask a favour of a Friend in haſte, he ſhould think fit to grant it me at leiſure. *Plato*, in his Laws has this Article, *We ordain* (ſays he) *that in our Commonwealth, the Proſperous have Counſel given them, that they may not fall; and the Unfortunate Aſſiſtance, that they may not deſpair.* Under theſe Words is compriz'd much matter, for thou know'ſt well, my *Pyramon*, that an afflicted Heart receives but little comfort from bare Words; and that thoſe that have had the Benefit of our good wiſhes in Proſperity, ought to have likewiſe that of our good Works in Adverſity. Yet I would ask thee one thing: Why art thou ſo preſumptuous in Reſenting, and nevertheleſs refuſeſt another the like liberty in Denying? Undoubtedly as there is a Shame in immoderate Deſiring, ſo is there ſometimes a neceſſity for a Denial; for an impor-

importunate Man deſerves not even the leaſt favour to be done him. I would have thee to know, my *Pyramon*, if thou hitherto art ignorant of it, that to obtain all is demanded, belongs only to the Gods. In caſes of Men, to give all is the ſign of Slavery, and to deny ſomething, that of Freedom. To be concern'd at what is refus'd becomes Tyrants, and to be unthankful for what is given is the cuſtom of Barbarians: But to ſupport with Reſolution the Thoughts of what is with-held, is only the Condition of the *Romans*. One of the Things wherein *Julius Cæſar*, ſhew'd his Courage moſt, was, in rejoicing after he had had any great Diſappointment in the Senate; for he was wont to ſay, that *Rome* could not oblige him more, than when ſhe ſaw him moſt eager in asking, to be as forward in denying; ſince ſhe thereby gave him an Opportunity to obtain by Force, what ſhe was not able to keep from him. Methinks it were better to have recourſe to the Gods, with peaceable Virtues, than to offend them by Quarrels. For the quiet of thy Conſcience when thou ſhalt find thy Petition rejected, either by the Gods or Men, conſider the great deal they have before granted thee, and the little they have refus'd. O! How ungrateful are we both to the Gods and one another! inaſmuch as we are accuſtom'd to leſſen what we receive, and magnifie what we have deny'd us. If I am not miſtaken, my *Pyramon*, thou art now Fifty years of Age, during all which time thou haſt been continually oblig'd by ſome Body or other, and yet wert never known to have done any Body the leaſt Service; ſo that thou haſt no reaſon to complain of only eight unlucky Days, which Fortune has allotted thee ſince thou haſt been unthankful to her, for ſo many

many years Kindneſſes. You tell me in your Letter, you extremely wonder at your Neighbours envying you; and I muſt tell you, that all wonder proceeds from Ignorance, and want of Experience; for the World is now come to that perfection, that whatever we ſuffer we imediately find a Remedy for. If we are hungry we eat, if a cold warm our ſelves, if weary reſt our ſelves, if ſick cure our ſelves, and if melancholy divert our ſelves, in a manner that all the troubles of our Lives, are alleviated by ſome Diverſion or other, except thoſe of Envy only, from which no Fortreſs can ſecure us, Cave conceal us, Mountain remove us, nor Money redeem us. Envy is a Serpent whoſe Venom extends ſo univerſally, that never any Mortal could hitherto eſcape it. The more any one is elevated by Fortune, my *Pyramon*, the more he is expos'd to this Infection. Envy always reaches thoſe ſooneſt that are remov'd fartheſt from her, and ever prepares her rankeſt Darts for the moſt proſperous Condition. Of all the Books I have perus'd in ſeveral Languages, and of all the Men I have convers'd with in divers Faculties, I could never yet learn what Security there was to be made uſe of againſt an Envious Man; unleſs it were to renounce Proſperity and ſit down contentedly with adverſe Fortune. Oh! How unhappy then are all thoſe that covet either Wealth or Grandeur? Since they cannot pretend to eſcape the Danger of *Scylla*, without falling into *Carybdis*; nor get clear of one Plague without incurring a worſe; I mean the malignity of Envy will not ſuffer them to avoid Death, nor the Remedy we apply ſuffice to ſecure their Lives. I dare not offer to determine which is beſt, or to ſay better which is worſt, extream Miſery free from

from the risques of Fortune, or extream Prosperity expos'd to all the accidents of Life, for as one endangers our Lives, the other does our good Names. I may say to thee, my *Pyramon*, what wise *Cicero* said heretofore to those that persecuted him at *Rome*: *Look ye*, Romans, *I neither take you to be so good, nor my self so bad, that you should always speak Truth, and I Lye; for I am certain, you do not so much envy me, that I am not as you are, as that you cannot be what I am; in which Case, I had rather my Enemies should repine at my Prosperity, than my Friends at my Adversity.* Truly, my Friend *Pyramon*, I know not what Remedy to advise thee to against Envy, since the World so abounds with it. We must be sensible we are born with it, live with it, and die with it. The antient Sages counsel'd Rich Men never to have any Poor by them; and the Poor that they should not live near the Rich; and all this with good Reason, for the Envy of the Poor Man, always proceeds from the Wealth of the Rich; and whatever abounds in the latter, and is wanting in the former, occasions Discord in the Common-Wealth. I swear to thee, my Friend *Pyramon*, altho all ill Men would have me to swear falsely, that as many Rich Men as Covetousness can make, so many Slanderers are produc'd by Envy; but I must tell thee, 'tis not good Counsel to fly the contrary Virtue, that thou may'st avoid this Vice. *Homer*, acquaints us that in his time, there were two *Greeks*, equally Admirers of Extreams; whereof *Achilles*, was exceeding valiant, and envy'd by every Body; and, *Thyestes*, excessive malicious, and envy'd by no Body: Now were I to chuse, whether of these two I would be, I should rather wish to be

Achilles

Achilles with Envy, than *Thyeſtes* without it. Thou know'ſt well, my *Pyramon*, that we *Romans*, ſeek only for Repoſe during our Lives, and Honour after our Deaths; wherefore 'tis not probable, that we that have taken ſo great pains to be envy'd, ſhould eſcape it. Thou writeſt me word how all are chearful and healthy at *Lyons*, except thy ſelf, who art ſickly and melancholy. Now ſince they do not ſeem pleas'd at thy Uneaſineſs, do not thou ſeem diſpleas'd at their Happineſs; for a Day may come that the Scene may change, and then thou wilt be quits with them. There can be nothing worſe in an ill Man, or a greater Crime in a good, than to take Pleaſure in another Man's Misfortunes, or to envy another's Wealth; for as Envy is not a little prejudicial, yet is it ſtill more irkſom from a Friend, than an Enemy; becauſe I am aware of the latter, and conſequently take care to avoid him, whereas the former deceives me with his pretended Friendſhip, and makes me to neglect my ſelf. Of all Enemies none are worſe than thoſe, that from Friends become envious of our Happineſs. I conclude, my *Pyramon*, with this Advice, that thou rather chuſe to keep Company with thy Friends than Enemies. I know not what to write more to thee, except that I am exceedingly afflicted at the ſeveral late Misfortunes that have befallen thee. I ſuppoſe thou haſt already heard how my Niece *Bruſia* was ſlain lately with a Dagger, by her own Husband, whoſe Death I extreamly regret, and whoſe Fame I exceedingly rejoice in. Your Uncle *Flavius Priſcus* has been a new choſen *Conſul*; and the Law Suit between my Brother *Furnius* and *Brillus*, is at laſt happily ended by Arbitrators. I have finiſh'd my Book entitu-

entituled, *A Comforter for the Diſtreſs'd*, and have laid it up in the *Capitol*; but becauſe I wrote it in *Greek*, I have declin'd ſending it to you; however have ſent you a rich Sword, and a good Belt. My *Fauſtina* ſalutes you, and ſends your Lady two Female Slaves. The Gods be your Protectors, and comfort you in your preſent Troubles. This from *Marcus* the Fortunate, to *Pyramon* the Unhappy. Farewel.

LETTER LVIII.

The ſame, to Domitius *of* Capua, *comforting him under his Baniſhment.*

I *Marcus*, the *Roman* Orator, and Native of Mount *Celius*, to thee *Domitius*, of *Capua*, wiſh Health and Conſolation from the Comforting Gods. This rough Winter has produc'd a mighty Wind, which has occaſion'd great Floods, which have caus'd much Humidity, which has bred many Diſeaſes, and whereof for my ſhare, I have the Gout in my Hands, and a *Sciatica* in my Thigh. For this reaſon I am neither able to come to viſit thee, nor have ability to write to thee; eſpecially ſo much as thy ſad Hap requires and thy Merit deſerves. I have been inform'd that on account of an Horſe, thou haſt had a Difference with thy Neighbour the *Patrician*, which has occaſion'd thee to be baniſh'd from *Capua*, and him to be thrown into the Priſon *Mammertina*. They alſo tell me thy Goods have been confiſcated, thy Family beggar'd, thy Houſe demoliſh'd, and thy Nephew expell'd the Senate for

Ten years, all which has made thee to lament continually by Day, and grieve immoderately by Night. In Company I underſtand thou art uneaſy, and in Solitude deſponding, which I cannot however much wonder at, ſince ſorrowful and aking Hearts, as thine muſt needs be, can never be expected to have dry Eyes. I am exceedingly concern'd to hear all this, and the rather in that ſo trifling an Occaſion ſhould be the Cauſe of ſo much Ruine. Oh how variable is Fortune, and how ſoon may an ill Accident happen! Before our Eyes we have daily theſe Evils, yet ſee them not; we touch them, yet feel them not; we ſtumble on them, yet mind them not; they ſpeak to us, yet we hear them not; and cry to us, yet we underſtand them not; and all this is, becauſe we have no inclination to become acquainted with them. In a word we then and not before, begin to be ſenſible of our Misfortunes, when it is out of our Power to Remedy them. 'Tis certain a ſmall ſpark will fire a Houſe, a ſmall Stone founder a Horſe, and a ſmall Rock ſplit a Ship. I mean we often receive the greateſt damage from what we expect the leaſt danger. The Surgeon dreads that *Fiſtula* moſt which appears the leaſt: The Pilot is more apprehenſive of conceal'd Shelves and Sands, than the rougheſt Sea: The General is more affraid of a ſecret Ambuſcade than an open Force: All which implies, that a wiſe Man is not ſo much to ſtand in awe of his Enemies, as his Friends; of a cruel War, as an overſecure Peace; or of a publick Peril, as of a private Danger. Oh! how many have I known, that in the moſt diſaſtrous Caſes Fortune could not ſhake, yet a little Negligence has afterwards made them ſubject to her Power. I would fain

know

know of thee, what ſtability can a Man propoſe to himſelf in Proſperity, ſince ſo ſmall and inconſiderable a matter as this Crime of yours, could be able to alter his Condition. Being thus made wiſe by Obſervation, I will for the future neither ſtand in awe of the Storms of Fortune, nor put any Truſt in her *Halcyon* Weather. Her Thunder ſhall not fright me, nor her Sunſhine chear me. I will neither be thankful that ſhe remains with me, nor ſorrowful when ſhe leaves me. Her Flatteries ſhall not move me, nor her Treachery concern me. I will neither lament for her diſappointing me, nor rejoice at her complying with my Wiſhes; of all which if you would know the Reaſon, I will tell it you: Our Happineſs is ſo doubtful, and Fortune ſo wayward, that ſhe does not always ſtrike, where ſhe threatens, nor threaten when ſhe Strikes. The wiſe Man does not act ſo cautiouſly as to think at every ſtep to fall, nor ſo careleſly as to expect ſtumbling in a plain Way, for oftentimes falſe Fortune ſhakes her Weapons, and never wounds, whereas ſometimes ſhe wounds, and never gives any warning by brandiſhing her Weapon. Believe me, *Domitius*, a Man is then moſt expos'd to Danger, when he believes himſelf in the greateſt Security. Would'ſt thou be ſatisfied of this, thou muſt recollect the Caſe of *Hercules*, who after he had evaded many great Perils both by Land and Sea, died at laſt in his Miſtreſſes Arms: *Laomedon* alſo periſh'd not under the Walls of *Troy*, where he had frequently ſought Death, but was kill'd in his own Houſe: The famous Warriour, *Alexander* the *Great*, died not in his many Expeditions abroad, but was poyſon'd at home: *Julius Cæſar*, tho' he had eſcap'd the Fate of Two and Fifty

Battels, yet at length was ſlain in the Senate-Houſe: *Aſclepius*, Brother to *Pompey* the *Great*, after Ten years eſcaping the dangers of the Sea, was drown'd in a Well: And laſtly, good *Druſus*, having conquer'd the *Parthians*, and being about to receive his Triumph, as he was going into the *Sella Curulis*, a Tile fell on his Head, and daſh'd out his Brains. Wouldſt thou have any more examples, *Domitius*, of the Inconſtancy of Fortune? Thou muſt know then, that my Siſter, *Lucia*, holding a Needle in her Hand, and her Child betwixt her Arms, the innocent Infant playing with its Mother's Hand, happen'd to ſtrike the Needle into her Breaſt, whereof ſhe ſoon after died. Alſo *Cneius Rufinus*, who had been pitch'd upon by the Senate, to command in chief againſt the *Germans*, going one Day to comb his Head a little more haſtily than ordinary, one of the Teeth of the Comb chanc'd to peirce his Skin, whereof follow'd an Impoſtume, which quickly ended his Days. What think'ſt thou of theſe Accidents, *Domitius*? As I have related theſe few, I could, were I ſo minded, have brought infinite other Inſtances of this kind, wherein great Diſaſters have ſucceeded the greateſt Happineſſes; the loweſt Infamy, the higheſt Honour; and the vileſt Death, the moſt glorious Life. In my Opinion he that has a mind to acquit himſelf like a Man, ought to endeavour much to live well, and yet more to die ſo; for at the end of his Days, a bad Death may expoſe a good Life to riſque, as dying well may in ſome meaſure attone for living ill. I wrote you at the beginning of my Letter, that the Humidity of the Earth having brought the Gout upon me, I could not ſatisfie your Requeſt ſo largely as I intended; now to convince you of the

the Truth of this, I muſt acquaint you, that for theſe two Days paſt, the Love I bear you and the Grief I feel, have had a conſiderable Combat within me on your account. My Will would fain have written to you more copiouſly, but that my Fingers could not ſufficiently obey my Inclination. My *Fauſtina* ſalutes you, who by reaſon of my Illneſs, is at preſent ſomewhat indiſpos'd. Hearing of the Wound in your Face, ſhe has ſent you ſome Balſam to prevent a Scar. If you can get any green Almonds or new Nuts, ſhe deſires you to ſend them by the Bearer. I have but little Money, and therefore preſent you with a Gown, and your Lady with a Petticoat. I have no more to add, but that I pray the Gods to give thee what I deſire, and to bleſs thee with what thou deſerv'ſt; for tho' I write to thee only with my Hand, yet I withall preſent thee with my Heart. Farewel.

LETTER LIX.

The ſame, to his Friend Cincinnatus; *reproving him ſeverely, for that being a Gentleman born, he had turn'd Merchant.*

I *Marcus Cenſor-Ædile*, to thee *Cincinnatus* of *Capua*, wiſh Health to thy Perſon, and Courage to thy Mind, to enable thee to bear up againſt all bad Fortune. Since the Feaſt of *Berecinthia*, Mother of the Gods, I have neither ſeen any Servant of thine, nor receiv'd any Letter from thee; which makes me greatly to ſuſpect, that either thou art not well, or haſt diſpenc'd with

our antient Friendſhip. I would not have thee, my *Cincinnatus*, to practiſe this Unkindneſs towards me, inaſmuch as thy trouble cannot be half ſo great in writing to me, as my pleaſure is in reading thy Letters. I would not have thee to grudge me the labour of thy Hand, ſince I never yet refus'd thee that of my Heart. True Friends ſhew themſelves in that they reciprocally ſtudy to free each other from Diſquiet, and labour to give all the Satisfaction they can. Thou know'ſt well that as the ſmall diſtance betwixt *Capua* and Mount *Celius* was not the occaſion of our Friendſhip, ſo neither ought the large one between me and *Illyrium*, be any Cauſe of Enmity. As the moſt generous Wines become ſtronger the farther they are carry'd from their own Country, in like manner true Friends the greater diſtance their Perſons are remov'd from each other, ought to join the cloſer in their Wills. Tell me, I beſeech thee, *Cincinnatus*, ſince thou haſt always found me faithful in my Actions, why ſhould'ſt thou go about to queſtion my Inclinations? Green Leaves ſhew the Tree is not dead within; and apparent good Works argue conceal'd good Thoughts. Where there is no perfect Love, the Service done may well be imperfect; but where the Friendſhip is ſtrong as ours, both Parties muſt of neceſſity perfectly love and perpetually ſerve. I am as much affronted at thy Negligence to require a Favour of me, as I am at my own Cowardice for not proffering thee any. Formerly when I was young and thou old, thou wert wont to give me good Counſel, and I thee Money; but now thy Grey Hairs proclaim thee Antient, and thy mean Actions pronounce thee Childiſh, thou ought'ſt on the contrary to aſſiſt my Poverty,

and

and I to counſel thy Levity. Out of the good will I bear thee, and the many Obligations I owe thee, I will acquaint thee how a wiſe Man ought to behave himſelf in this Life. He ought always to remember the Benefits receiv'd, and forget the Injuries done him; eſteem little his own Lot, and not deſpiſe that of another Man; favour the Good and diſſemble with the Bad; be grave among his Superiours, and of a communicative Temper to his Inferiors; do good Deeds to thoſe that are preſent, and ſpeak well of all that are abſent; value little the Frowns of Fortune, but have ſtrict regard to thoſe of Honour; for one uncertainty not venture much, and for many, nothing; and finally to be a Friend to One, and an Enemy to None. Theſe Precepts he muſt obſerve, who has a mind to be reckon'd among wiſe Men. I have been inform'd thou haſt quitted thy *Prætorſhip* in the Wars, and taken up the Trade of Merchandizing; which truly not a little afflicts me. What wilt thou ceaſe to conquer thine Enemies as a *Roman*, and begin to perſecute thy Friends as a Tyrant? Wilt thou ſeek to impoveriſh thy own Country, and make it all thy endeavour to enrich Strangers? Wilt thou take away their Bread that nouriſh thee, and afford a Livelihood to thoſe that wiſh thy Death? Wilt thou give Peace to ſuch as profeſs themſelves thy Enemies, and always ſtrive to oblige them, that at all times wiſh thee ill? Wilt thou prove a Traytor to our Republick, and neglect to continue a Defender of thy Country? All theſe thou art about to do, whilſt thou forſak'ſt the honourable Profeſſion of Arms, and tak'ſt up with the mean and baſe Trade of Merchandize. I know not what Excuſe thou can'ſt have in this Caſe, unleſs it be that being

old thou could'ſt not climb the Mountains, but hadſt vigour ſufficient to rob in the Plains? Old Men generally when they begin to want outward Force, ſupply that defect with inward Malice. This I ſpeak of ſuch covetous Wretches as thou art, who no ſooner perceive their Perſons to fail, but fear their Purſes will do ſo likewiſe, and therefore ſtick at nothing to ſupport them. One thing I muſt needs tell thee, and that is, that what thy Companions had been ſtealing for many Days, thou monopolizeſt to thy ſelf in one Hour, which nevertheleſs thou may'ſt perhaps loſe the next Minute. Thus the Immortal Gods permit that one Perſon ſhould be the Puniſher of another, and that at laſt all ſhould be puniſh'd together. Whence comes it, my *Cincinnatus*, that in thy Father *Cecinna*'s Houſe, I have always ſeen Arms hanging, and not Files of Letters? His Hall was furniſh'd with Armour, and not Bills of Lading: His Study was fill'd with Engineers, and not Merchants Boys with Bills for Money. In a word, his Family was the School of Valour and Virtue, whereas yours is that of Cheating and Vice. O *Cincinnatus*! accurs'd be that villanous Calling, that obliges Men to live ill, that they may die rich; nay be it thrice accurs'd in that the Covetouſneſs of one Ill Man, may turn to the Prejudice of many Good. I will not afflict thee with any account of thy paſt Actions, but adviſe thee to avoid the Miſery of thoſe that are to come. If I had thought thy Wiſdom could have laſted as long as thy Perſon, which I find to be pretty far advanc'd by thy Grey Hairs, I would have ſpar'd my ſelf the Trouble of counſelling thee, and thee that of hearkning to me; but ſince there is ſo much reaſon for Inſtruction,

thou

thou canſt not blame me, if I adviſe thee. However fine the Razor be, yet is it neceſſary it ſhould come to the Hoan; and whatever Perfection the Judgment may pretend to have, yet ought it to paſs the Teſt of wiſer Opinions. The wiſeſt Men may ſometimes err, not becauſe they have a mind to do ſo, but by reaſon the Matter in queſtion may be of ſuch a Nature, that their Judgments may not be able to comprehend it; when they would do well to give way, and receive their Neighbours Approbation. Take heed my *Cincinnatus*, for where the Foundation is not well ſetled, the Superſtructure will be in danger of falling. The Hovels of this World, wherein we Sons of Vanity live, are only founded on Sand; and however ſumptuous they may ſeem, a ſmall blaſt of Wind will overſet them, a little Heat of Proſperity fire them, the leaſt drop of Adverſity drown them, and a ſhort ſpace of time bring them level with the Ground. Altho' their Pillars ſhould be of Silver, their Walls of Gold, their Inhabitants Kings, and their duration Fifty Years, yet muſt they at laſt come to nothing. The Gods have parted with every thing to Man except their Immortality, which they ſtill keep to themſelves, and therefore are ſtil'd Immortal; whereas we muſt ever be contented with the Title of miſerable ſhort liv'd Mortals. Two things they have eſpecially left free to us, which are neither in the Power of Fortune to controul, nor of time to deſtroy: Theſe are, either a good or bad Name in this World, or Rewards or Puniſhments in the other. O my *Cincinnatus*! ſhall our Perſons have ſo ſpeedy an end, and our Wealth never? Let the Fruit fall from the Tree in its due Seaſon, and I take no notice of it, becauſe it is natural for it to

periſh,

periſh, but when the Froſt or Hail brings it to the Ground, I cannot forbear being concern'd at it. Long is the Web in making, but it comes to nothing in a Moment. In like manner, it is a ſad thing to ſee a Man, that has had all the Advantage of Education, when he is just ripe for Preferment, ſnatch'd away without leaving ſcarce the Memory of his Deſerts behind him. O my *Cincinnatus!* by the Love we bear each other, and by the Immortal Gods, I conjure thee not to put any Truſt in the World; for tho' its outward appearance be Gold, yet inwardly it is nothing but Droſs, and under the colour of one Truth, it deceives us with a thouſand Lies. Moreover for one Delight it gives us, it diſpenſes a million of Troubles: To thoſe it profeſſes moſt Love to, it proves the moſt unkind: To whom it affords the greateſt Poſſeſſions, it procures the greateſt Loſſes: Thoſe that comply with it in Jeſt, it rewards in earneſt: And thoſe that are in earneſt with it, find it but in Jeſt with them. In a word, from out of the moſt ſecure ſleep it awakes us to the greateſt Dangers. What then muſt we think of this fickle Station here below? One thing I muſt needs tell thee, which methinks thou ſhould'ſt not forget, and that is, that we ought not to give ſo great Credit to thoſe Vanities we ſee daily with our Eyes, and neglect the Wonders we hear as frequently with our Ears. I have obſerv'd, and by my large Experience known, that in *Rome* there have been but very few painted Houſes, or exalted Conditions which have not in a little time admitted of great Cares among themſelves, cruel enmities from their Neighbours, greater envy from their Heirs, immoderate importunities from their Friends, redoubled Malice from their Enemies,

repeated

repeated Law-ſuits from the Senate, inſomuch that what they have all along been heaping for one Heir, by the uncertainty of Juſtice has been decreed to another; for it is but juſt, thoſe that have been cheating all their Lives, ſhould be themſelves cheated in their Expectations, at the hour of their Deaths. The Gods would be unjuſt, if they ſhould ſuffer an ill Man to tranſmit that to his Poſterity, which he has got to the prejudice of many better than himſelf. Methinks 'tis a ſtrange folly to be born weeping, to die ſighing, and to live laughing. A Rule is neceſſary in all theſe extreams. O *Cincinnatus!* who has bewitch'd thee, that for a little Water thou haſt occaſion for, thou ſhouldſt deſire a whole Well? What ſhall I ſay more to thee, but that for a ſmall drop thou ſhalt undergo a thouſand perils, and run the riſque of thy Reputation to boot; yet ſhall thy Thirſt continue to laſt as much as if thou hadſt not the leaſt matter to quench it? If thou wert wiſe thou would'ſt rather deſire Death to free thee from this Torment, than Riches to ſupport thee in thy Miſery. I have often lamented ſeveral Friends in *Rome*, when I have ſeen them depart this World, and I have no leſs frequently condol'd your Misfortune in ſeeing you return to it. The Influence of my Friendſhip, the Authority of the Senate, and the Duty you owe to your Country methinks ſhould reſtrain you from this courſe of Covetouſneſs. O *Cincinnatus!* thy honourable grey Hairs ought to be employ'd in good Works. Be aſſur'd, my Friend, it would be much more adviſeable for thee to follow the Good in the paths of Reaſon, than the Bad in the road of common Opinion; for if the former way be narrow, it will not afford ſo much Duſt to blind

blind thy Eyes, as the latter which is larger. Want of knowing better may excuſe Youth for practiſing Levities, but immoderate Covetouſneſs in an old Man, nothing can attone for in this World, and perhaps nothing in the next. While he lives it proves a Torment to him, when he dies a Trouble, and after Death the eternal loſs of his good Name. O *Cincinnatus!* take this Advice from a Friend; do not for the future ſo covet the Goods of this Life, ſince thou haſt but ſo ſmall a ſpace of time to enjoy them in. Do not truſt too much, my Friend, in preſent Proſperity, ſince that is but as it were a Prognoſtication of the ill Fortune that is to follow; therefore having hitherto proceeded like a Madman or Fool, begin at length to practiſe Wiſdom; which you can only do by quitting your former Folly, and taking up with the true Conduct of Prudence. I have no more to ſay to you but the Gods be ever your Guides, and undeceive you, in the wrong courſe of Life you have all along led. My *Fauſtina* ſalutes you, and deſir'd me to tell you from her, that 'tis time you had Wit when your Neck is full of Hairs; wherefore I would adviſe you to ſend immediately for a Barber, to the end that your Hair being once taken off, your Sence, if you have any, may have room to ſprout forth. Nevertheleſs I am very much affraid that Covetouſneſs will not forſake thee ſo ſoon as we may imagine, nor Folly *Fauſtina*, nor the Gout me; and that our Souls will be ready to leave our Bodies, before Inadvertency ſhall be diſpos'd to depart out of our Hearts. This *Marcus* of Mount *Celius*, writes to *Cincinnatus* with his own Hand.

LETTER

LETTER LX.

Marcus Aurelius, *to his Empreſs* Fauſtina, *ſeverely repremanding her Impertinence and Importunities.*

'TIS moſt certain where any one is contented with his Condition, he ſpeaks more with his Tongue, than he keeps reſerv'd in his Heart; and, on the contrary, where he is melancholy and diſſatisfi'd, he does not weep ſo much with his Eyes, or lament with his Tongue, as he grieves in his Heart. Vain Men proclaim their Vanities by vain Words, whereas prudent Perſons diſſemble their Diſcontents with prudent Expreſſions. Among wiſe Men he will ever be eſteem'd the Wiſeſt, that knows much, and yet pretends to little Knowledge; but among Fools his Folly is ever moſt apparent, who boaſts of knowing much and nevertheleſs knows Nothing. A wiſe Man will not preſently anſwer, tho' he be ſpoke to; whereas a Fool is ready to ask you Queſtions before he ſees you. I ſay this, *Fauſtina*, to let thee know, that thy Impertinence hath ſo diſmounted my Intellect, that I can neither explain what I feel, nor hope to make thee comprehend what I would have. Thoſe that have hitherto written concerning Matrimony, have left us many *Memorandums* on that Subject; yet have they not been able to expreſs in all their Books, ſo many Plagues attending that State, as one Woman is alone capable of furniſhing her Husband with

in one Day. Certainly 'tis a very pleaſant Thing, to hearken to the Impertinencies of a Child, when, on the contrary, it muſt needs be a very irkſome one, to bear with the Importunities of its Mother. Children daily do ſomething that gives us Pleaſure, whereas you Mothers ſeldom or never do any thing that ought to pleaſe us. We may well paſs by the Vagaries of the one, if we reflect on the more ſubſtantial Diſturbances of the other. I have obſerv'd that the juſt Gods generally remit the Puniſhments of unjuſt Men to the other World; however where they commit any thing to pleaſure a Woman, ſhe is left to puniſh them, which, for the moſt part, ſhe does ſeverely enough. A Man cannot have a more unmerciful and dangerous Enemy than his Wife. I never knew a Man concern'd with any Woman in any vicious Act, but that very Woman prov'd at laſt a ſufficient Chaſtiſement to him for what he had done. One thing I am certain of, and ſpeak by Experience, which is, that tho' a Man ſhould do all that his Wife could require of him, yet would ſhe in return do nothing that he ſhould deſire of her. As it is a great Cruelty in Barbarians to make Slaves of their Wives, ſo is it no leſs a Folly in us *Romans*, to let them be our Governeſſes. A wiſe Man ought not to curb his Wife ſo much as to make her his Servant, nor give her ſo looſe a Rein that ſhe may make her ſelf his Miſtreſs. You Ladies, *Fauſtina*, are ſo exceeding extravagant in all your Actions, that if one favours you never ſo little, you will become proud and imperious; and if diſcountenance you never ſo ſlightly, turn envious and mali-

malicious. There can be no perfect Love but where the Lovers are equal, and how that ſhould be expected in you I cannot imagine, being naturally ſo imperfect as you are. I well know, underſtand me not however, and would have you to know, that I ſay no more than you deſerve. There is no Woman that would willingly have another ſet over her Head, neither is there any that can in the leaſt bear a Rival or Equal; for if they have a thouſand *Seſterces* a Year, yet have they ten thouſand fooliſh Fancies in their Pates; but the worſt is, tho' the Husbands that brought all this Wealth ſhould happen by their Deaths to forfeit it to the State, yet will theſe Wives nevertheleſs think to continue the ſame Port. All Women have an eternal Inclination to talk, and never to hold their Tongues; to command, and never to obey; to be free, and never to be controul'd; and in a Word, to rule and never to be govern'd. In two things only they join, which are to ſee and be ſeen. The reſult of all this is, that thoſe who comply with their vicious Deſires they make Slaves of, and look upon thoſe that will not as Enemies. In *Pompey*'s Annales, I have met with one thing, among others, worthy of Obſervation, and which is, that when that General went on an Expedition into the *Eaſt*, he found, on the ſides of the *Riphæan* Mountains, a ſort of People nam'd *Maſſagetæ*, who had a Law among them, which ordain'd, that the Husband and Wife ſhould for the moſt part live ſeparate. In the Husband's Cave, for Houſes they had none, were to be the Maſter of the Family, his Sons, and Male Servants; and

in

in that of the Wife, were to be the Miſtreſs, her Daughters and Female Servants. On Feaſts only they eat together, and once a Week lay together. The great *Pompey*, ſurpriz'd at this manner of Living, enquir'd th occaſion of it, and was anſwer'd by one of theſe People thus: *Look you*, Pompey, *for ſo I think you are call'd, the Immortal Gods have granted us but ſhort Lives, for few or none of us exceed Sixty years, and thoſe we do all we can to live in Peace after the manner you ſee; for ſhould we take our Wives to us, we ſhould die even while we liv'd by hearing their Complaints continually by Day, and their Curtain-Lectures by Night. We judge therefore we do better by keeping our ſelves aſunder, to the end our Children may be educated peaceably, and our Family govern'd without ſtrife and Oppoſition.* In truth, my *Fauſtina*, I muſt needs tell thee, that tho' theſe *Maſſagetæ* were term'd Barbarians, yet were they more in the right, in this particular, than we *Romans* are now. One thing I muſt of neceſſity ſay farther to thee, to which I require thy utmoſt Attention, and that is, that if the beaſtly motives of the Fleſh, had not enclin'd Man to deſire Woman, even againſt his Will, I much queſtion whether ſhe would have been ſo much belov'd as ſhe is, or ſo much as ſuffer'd in civil Converſation: For certainly in caſe the Immortal Gods had made this ſort of Love voluntary, as they have made it natural, Man would have look'd upon it as an uncommon kind of Puniſhment, to have been oblig'd to have any thing to do with it. For what ſecret purpoſe the Gods have deſtin'd Man to under-

undergo this Misery is scarce accountable for, insomuch that a little Flesh should have so great a Dominion over his Heart, as to make him love what he should abhor; and desire what does him so much damage: This is what Man is every day sensible of, and yet has no power to rid himself from. I envy the living Gods and dead Men only in two things, the former that they live free both from Envy and Malice, and the latter in that they are freed from the Plagues of Women. O *Faustina*, the Love of Flesh is so great towards the Flesh, that tho' we have never so much Inclination to fly from ye, yet are we nevertheless soon taken Prisoners; and tho' Reason as Reason may find some way to escape, yet Flesh as Flesh must of necessity submit to the Conqueror. This from *Marcus* of Mount *Celius* to his impertinent Consort *Faustina*.

LETTER LXI.

Another Letter to his Empress Faustina, *on the same Subject.*

I Remember well, *Faustina*, that I have often, in my younger days, resolv'd to have no more Commerce with Women, but then I don't forget that I have at the same time as often relapsed; for if I had good Thoughts in one Hour, I was sure to part with them the next. Oh! to how many Perils does that Man expose himself, who has any thing to do with the fair Sex! If he

loves them not, they take him for a Sot, and if he does love them, for a Fool; if he leaves them, they esteem him a Coward, and if he follows them, look upon him as ruin'd; if he respects them, they regard him not, and if he serves them, prove ungrateful to him; if he seems desirous of them, they slight him, and if negligent persecute him; if he frequents them, he becomes infamous, and if not, scandalous: In fine, if he does not make it the whole Business of his life to be their Coxcomb one way or other, they will account him no Man. What then shall the unhappy Wretch do? Let a Man take it for granted, that tho' he shall do all he can for his Wife, perform all he owes her, labour continually to keep her from Poverty, put his Life often in danger on her account, yet will the ungrateful Quean not be satisfied, but think all he has done not enough, or else done for the sake of some other Woman. I have long desir'd, my *Faustina*, to tell thee this, but for want of an Occasion to make thee sensible of what I feel upon thy account, I have thought fit to defer it till now. It would not become a wise Man, upon every trifling Difference he has with his Wife, to rally her with Words, since what is not spoken to the purpose, signifies little or nothing. I think it is now about six years since thy Father *Antoninus Pius*, chose me for his Son in Law, and I thee for my Wife, wherein I suppose we were both deceiv'd; thou being not proper for the one, nor I for the other. He had his Name of *Pius* from his good and merciful Actions, to me however in this respect he must needs be said to have been mercileſs and cruel; for as on account of thy Beauty thou

wert

wert ſought after by many, ſo for thy bad Life haſt thou been abhorr'd by all. Oh how unkind have the Gods been to thee, *Fauſtina!* by giving thee Wealth and a fine Face for thy Deſtruction, and no good Qualities for thy Support? I ſay they have been unkind to thee, in that they have expos'd thee to all the Tempeſts of ill Fortune, and afforded thee no Sail or Oars wherewithal to eſcape. The Thirty and Eight Years I was without a Wife, ſeem'd not above ſo many Days, whereas barely the Six Years I have been Marry'd, ſeem to me above an Hundred. I do aſſure thee, that had I but known before what I know now, and felt then what I feel at this time of writing to thee, I would not, tho' the Gods ſhould have commanded, and my Lord *Adrian* requir'd it of me, exchang'd my Poverty and Repoſe for thy Perſon and Empire. Hitherto I have complain'd but little, and yet have ſuffer'd a great deal; my reaſon being that no Man can endure ſo much with his Wife, but that he muſt ſtill be oblig'd to undergo more from her. Let a Man therefore conſider that he will but be eſteem'd a Fool for brawling publickly with his Wife, ſince if ſhe had prov'd good, he ought to have encouraged her, that ſhe might have grown better; ſo as ſhe proves bad is he to bear with her, to prevent her growing worſe. Every one knows that all Creatures ſubmit patiently to Chaſtiſement except Woman only, who expects to be rewarded even there where ſhe deſerves to be puniſh'd. Believe me, *Fauſtina*, if the Fear of the Gods, and the Diſrepute among Men

are not ſufficient to keep Women from ill doing, all the Chaſtiſement in the World will not be able to do it. A Man's Heart is ſo generous, and a Woman's ſo delicate, that ſhe always expects to be recompens'd and never refus'd; therefore whenever one has determin'd to enter into the State of Matrimony, one ought at the ſame time, to reſolve to bear patiently whatever ſhall happen on that account. It is but a very imprudent humour in a Man, to puniſh that publickly in his Wife which has been committed between them in ſecret. He that has a mind to live at Peace with his Wife muſt obſerve this Rule, which is to admoniſh her often, reprove her ſeldom, and never to lay his Hands upon her, for otherwiſe he muſt not expect Fidelity from her, nor ſhe good Treatment from him, nor the Children of both good Education, nor the Gods good Service, nor Mankind any Benefit from either of them. I have no more to ſay to thee at preſent, *Fauſtina*, only deſire thee that thou wouldſt conſider, that I know thee thoroughly, tho' I do not ſhew it outwardly, and therefore require that thou would'ſt let my Diſſimulation ſuffice to amend thy Life. Farewel.

LETTER LXII.

The ſame to the ſame, ſeverely reprimanding her Impertinence for requiring the Key of his Study; and pretending ſhe ſhould Miſcarry if her Requeſt were not granted.

For the better underſtanding this Letter, the Reader muſt know, that the Emperour Marcus Aurelius, *had his Study or Cloſet, in the moſt retir'd part of his Palace, where he ſuffer'd neither his Empreſs nor any of his Domeſticks to come; which inciting her female Curioſity, ſhe one Day importun'd him to be admitted into that Privacy; but he being unwilling to grant her ſo great a favour, and at the ſame time not caring to deny her by word of Mouth, writ her what follows.*

HOping that I have pretty well prepar'd thee by former Letters, I will proceed to Anſwer thy preſent Queſtion, for it cannot be expected that Phyſick ſhould do any good till the Stomach be in a condition to receive it. In like manner no Man muſt pretend to do his Friend any Kindneſs by Counſel, till he has fitted him to digeſt his Inſtructions. You ask me, *Fauſtina*, for the Key of my Study, and threaten that in caſe I refuſe it, you ſhall be likely to Miſcarry of the Burthen you go with. You big-belly'd Ladies have a fine time on't, for under a pretence you ſhall come

before your times, you get all you have a mind to granted you. When the ſacred Senate heretofore made a Law in favour of the *Roman* Matrons, Women were not ſo humourſome as they are now; for whereas then all were ambitious of performing good Works, they now-a-days do nothing but entertain bad Thoughts. If my Memory fail me not, when *Camillus* had made a Vow to the Goddeſs *Cybelé*, upon account of a Victory, and obtain'd it thro' her means, *Rome* being at that time unable to furniſh wherewithal to make her a Statue according to Promiſe, the Women crowded to the *Capitol*, and preſented all they had for that purpoſe, thinking it unreaſonable that after their Husbands had ſacrific'd their Lives to her Honour, they ſhould have refus'd their Riches. It was certainly a wonderful ſight to ſee, that ſo many Women ſhould agree to part with their Bracelets from their Arms, Pendants from their Ears, Necklaces from their Necks, Crotchets from their Breaſts, Rings from their Fingers, and Money from out of their Pockets, meerly to gratify a commendable Zeal for the Good of their Country; which Preſents of theirs, altho' they could by no means be term'd ſmall, yet was their good Will much greater. Theſe Riches were ſo exceſſive, that they not only ſuffic'd to ſatisfy the Deity, but likewiſe to carry on the War. And as it was then the cuſtom in *Rome*, for the State immediately upon any Service done to return as ſpeedy a Recompence, on the ſame Day that theſe Matrons offer'd their Treaſure at the *Capitol*, the *Senate* out of Gratitude granted them Five Privileges. *Firſt, That for the future they ſhould have Orations pronounc'd at their Funerals, to celebrate their*

good

good Works. Secondly, That they ſhould be allow'd to ſit in the Temples; whereas before they had all along been oblig'd to keep Standing. Thirdly, That they ſhould be permitted to wear their Gowns lin'd, having been formerly forbid to line them. Fourthly, That at the time of any great Sickneſs they ſhould have leave to drink Wine; whereas they had all along before been confin'd to Water. And Fifthly, That thoſe Women among them who ſhould at any time happen to be with Child, might requeſt whatever they would, and have it at all times granted them. Undoubtedly theſe Laws were exceeding juſt, and ordain'd with a good Will by the *Senate*; but the true occaſion of making the laſt of them was what follows. Whilſt the *Conſul Fulvius Torquatus*, was abſent in his Expedition againſt the *Volſci*, the *Mauritanian Equites* brought a Wild one-Ey'd Man to *Rome*, whom they had hunted and caught in the Deſerts of *Ægypt*: At that time this *Conſul*'s Lady was great with Child and ready to lie down. She was a Woman of ſo great Repute for Honeſty, that ſhe was not leſs fam'd for her reſerved demeanour during her Husband's being from her, than he was for his Exploits in the Wars. In Fourteen Years he had been away, ſhe had not been ſo much as once at the Window, neither in all that time had there ſo much as a Boy of eight Years of Age been ſeen within her Apartment. Nay not content with all this, ſhe to give a farther Example of Fidelity and Conſtancy to all *Rome*, and thereby to attain perpetual Remembrance, having had three Sons by her aforeſaid Husband, they no ſooner came to be Eight Years old but ſhe ſent them to be educated by their

Grandfather. Thus did this excellent *Roman* Lady behave her ſelf during her Husband's abſence, to the end that under colour of being her own, no male Child might enter her Gates. At length the good old Man *Torquatus* returning, and the One-Ey'd Monſter happening to come by his Houſe much about the ſame time, and while his Lady was in the Straw, ſhe hearing of his odd Form long'd to ſee him, but having no Body to bring him to her by reaſon all were affraid of him, ſhe pin'd away at the diſappointment, and died. Now this Monſter had often gone by before her Husband's Return, and ſhe would never ſtir a Step to view him, tho' it was in her Power, chooſing rather to part with her Life, than occaſion any diſtruſt of her Integrity. Her Death was much bewail'd in *Rome*, inaſmuch as ſhe was greatly belov'd and admir'd there, no Woman having been before known that had any ways equall'd her Excellencies; wherefore the *Senate* caus'd this Inſcription to be carv'd on her Tomb. *viz.*

Here lies Torquatus's *happy Wife,*
A Woman great by Name;
Who hazarded her deareſt Life
To ſave her dearer Fame.

Now you muſt know, *Fauſtina*, this Law was not made to raiſe this Lady from the Dead, but that her virtuous Life might ſerve as a laſting Example to all you Women that were to ſucceed her. And as it was reaſonable it ſhould have been made to ſave the Lives of Women with Child, ſo, in my opinion, none but ſuch as are virtuous ought to have the benefit of it; for by the ſame Rule that

they

they require this Privilege, they are oblig'd to qualify themſelves for it, by a blameleſs Conduct. I ſay no more of this, ſince you know my Mind and your own Deſerts. Farewel.

LETTER LXIII.

Pontius Pilate, *to the Emperour* Tiberius; *acquainting him with the Life, Miracles, Death and Reſurrection of* Jeſus Chriſt.

I Am Witneſs of the *Jews* entailing Miſery on themſelves, and their Poſterity, prompted by a pernicious Envy, to an unjuſt and cruel Sentence. The expreſs Declaration of the *Oracles* eſtabliſh'd among them, by the venerable Authority of their Anceſtors, promis'd the coming of their God by the medium of a young Virgin, to be their Rightful Prince; and theſe Oracles had their Event in the time of my Government of *Judea*; for there is ſcarce a Man of theſe Parts but is Witneſs of his giving Sight to the Blind, cleanſing the Leaprous, and curing the Lame: He in the Eyes of all Men drove out Devils, and deliver'd thoſe that were poſſeſs'd with unclean Spirits: From the Graves he reviv'd the Dead; the tempeſtuous Winds obey'd him, and the Waves like firm Land ſupported him. Theſe and a vaſt number of other Miracles got him the Title of the *Son of God.* But the Envy and Hatred of the Chief Prieſts, prompted them to an open Oppoſition of him, which ended lately in ſeizing him, and bringing

bringing him as a Criminal before me, laden with the odious Names of a Magician, Deſerter, Oppugner of, and Apoſtate to, the Laws of their Country. Deceiv'd by their ſpecious Pretences, and believing their eager Complaints, I caus'd him, purſuant to the *Roman* Laws, to be ſcourg'd, and afterwards deliver'd him into their Hands, to be proceeded againſt according to their own Cuſtoms and Laws: In purſuit of theſe they condemn'd and hung him upon a Croſs; and when his Friends were permitted to bury his Body, they ſet a Guard of Souldiers over him, of which number were ſeveral of my Troops, who beheld him ariſe the Third Day from the Dead. But in nothing did the Villany of the *Jews* more appear, than in extending their Malice beyond the Grave, by bribing with large Rewards the Souldiers to ſay, that his Diſciples came by Night and ſtole him away. The Souldiers took the Money, however they every where declare, that they ſaw both the Viſion of Angels, and *Jeſus* riſe from the Dead. Theſe things I thought it my Duty to acquaint your Majeſty with, leaſt any one through the falſe and inſinuating Arts of the *Jews*, ſhou'd endeavour to impoſe on you, in ſo important a Matter of Fact.

LETTER LXIV.

Lentulus *Governour of* Jeruſalem, *to the* Senate *and People of* Rome; *giving a Deſcription of the Perſon of* CHRIST.

THere has lately appear'd in theſe Parts a Man of ſingular Virtue, who is yet alive, nam'd JESUS CHRIST, whom the Gentiles call the Prophet of Truth, and his Followers the *Son of God.* He cures all Diſtempers, and redeems the Dead themſelves. As to his Perſon, he is tall and comely, and of a Venerable Aſpect, which gives both Love and Awe; his Hair bright, curling, and flowing down his Shoulders, parted in the middle of the Head after the *Nazarite* Mode. His Countenance plain and moſt open, his Face without Spot or Wrinkle, and adorn'd with a modeſt Bluſh; his Noſe and Mouth of a graceful turn, a Beard forked, large, tho' not long, and red, as his Hair; his Eyes bright and voluble; when he reprehends, terrible; when he admoniſhes amiable and pleaſant, as is conſiſtent with Gravity. He has never been ſeen to laugh, but often to weep. His Diſcourſe is modeſt and grave, without loquacity; his Limbs juſtly proportion'd, and to the Eye agreeable, and beautiful among the Sons of Men.

LETTER LXV.

Mithridates *King of* Pontus, *to* Arſaces *King of* Perſia; *perſuading him to a War with* Rome, *and expoſing the Ambition, and Perfidy of that City.*

WHen a Prince in Proſperity is courted to a warlike Alliance, the firſt thing he ought to conſider is, whether he has it in his Power ſtill to continue in Peace, and then to examine either the Diſhonour, Piety, Safety or Glory of the War propos'd. I own you have a great probability of enjoying perpetually the Happineſs of an uninterrupted Peace, if it were not for ſo enterprizing and profligate an Enemy as *Rome*; to reduce whoſe exorbitant Power will be as extraordinary, as a ſingular Glory to your Arms. I dare not pretend to ask your Alliance, and it would be a vain and flattering Hope, to expect you ſhou'd mingle your proſperity with my misfortune; and yet if you conſider the matter with a true Judgement, you will find, that thoſe very things, that ſeem to obſtruct, ought moſt to promote this Confederacy; I mean your Reſentment of the late War of *Tigranes*, and the low Ebb of my Affairs, for he being obnoxious will on any Terms, purchaſe your Friendſhip. Experience from my many Loſſes, has enabled me to give you the beſt Advice; and tho' my martial Powers are ſmall, I can by Precedents

in-

inform you in the Conduct of your Affairs; a thing of the laſt Conſequence to, and which ought moſt to be ſought after by, a Wiſe Prince, while yet his Affairs carry a fortunate and proſperous aſpect. The *Romans* are now animated by the ſame Motives, that from the beginning have engag'd them in War with all the Kings and Princes that ſurrounded them, that is by an inſatiable Luſt of Wealth and Dominion. This was the Original Cauſe of their Quarrel with *Philip* of *Macedon*; this made them, after they had diverted *Antiochus* from joining him, while they were hard preſs'd by the *Carthaginians*, by a faithleſs profeſſion of Friendſhip and the conceſſion of all *Aſia* to him, ſuffer *Philip* to take all the Countries from him, on this ſide Mount *Taurus*, with 10000 Talents. Nor was it long e're they gave freſh Proofs of their Perfidiouſneſs, in the Perſon of *Perſes* the Son of *Philip*, for by an equivocal evaſion of their public Promiſe of Life, which had betray'd him to ſurrender himſelf, they deſtroy'd him by keeping him perpetually from Sleep. Thus they betray'd their boaſted Friend *Eumenes* to *Antiochus*, as a Bribe for Peace; and when they had made *Attalus* no more than their Deputy of the conquer'd Countries, they reduc'd him from a Monarch, to the moſt wretched of Slaves, by continual Expence and Affronts; and after his Death by forging a Will, they us'd his Son *Ariſtonicus*, as an Enemy, leading him in Triumph for only Petitioning to ſucceed his Father in his Dominions. *Aſia* is beſieg'd by them, and laſtly on the Death of *Nicomedes* they plunder'd all *Bithynia*, tho *Nuſa* (whom they confeſs'd Queen of *Bithynia*) was then deliver'd of

a Son. After this it wou'd ſeem ſuperfluous to mention my ſelf, whom my diſtance from them cou'd not ſecure from their Aſſaults, becauſe they underſtood I had Wealth, and a Reſolution not to be a Slave to their Empire: They therefore made way through the Kingdoms and *Tetrarchies* that were a Mound betwixt us, by engaging *Nicomedes* in a War againſt me, tho' I was ſenſible enough of their villainous deſigns, and had before hand declar'd what has ſince happen'd to *Ptolomy* and the People of *Crete*, who alone, at that time, were free. But endeavouring to revenge the Injuries that were offer'd me, I drove *Nicomedes* out of *Bithynia*, reduc'd *Aſia*, once the Prize and Plunder of *Antiochus*; and deliver'd *Greece* from the moſt inſupportable of Slaveries. Theſe glorious beginnings were depriv'd of as noble a proſecution by the Treaſon of the moſt profligate of my Servants, *Archelaus*, who betray'd my Army to the Enemy; and thoſe who through ſloathfulneſs, or a falſe cunning would not Arm, while they were ſecure by my pains and labour, have met with a Puniſhment equal to their Folly. *Ptolomy*'s Treaſure buys yet a ſuſpenſion of Arms, and thoſe of *Crete* being already attack'd by the *Romans*, muſt not expect an end to their Diſaſters, till they are entirely broke and ruin'd. But when I found, that their Domeſtic Quarrels had only deferr'd the War, not given me Peace, tho' *Tigranes* was averſe to me (who now too late approves my Conduct) tho' you were too remote, all other Nations ſubject to, or influenc'd by, the *Romans*; I began the War alone, vanquiſh'd the Conſul *Marcus Cotta* in *Chalcedonia*, and deſtroy'd

ſtroy'd their noble Fleet by Sea. At the Siege of *Cyzicum* my vaſt Army wanted Proviſions, having no Confederates to ſupply me all round thoſe Parts, and the Winter debarr'd me the Conveyance of the Sea: Thus I was compell'd, not by any force or valour of the Enemy, to raiſe the Siege, and retire into my own Dominions, loſing by Shipwrack, near *Para*, and *Heraclea*, the beſt of my Men and Ships. But having reinforc'd my Army at *Cabira*, I had ſeveral Skirmiſhes with *Lucullus*; we were both reduc'd to great Streights for want of Proviſions; he had at his Back the whole Kingdom of *Ariobarzanes*, that had not felt any thing of the War; And all the Country round being already harraſs'd and waſted, I withdrew into *Armenia*. The *Romans* following not me, but their old cuſtom of deſtroying Kingdoms, boaſt the Overſight of *Tigranes* as a Victory; becauſe in the defilés and narrow places, they hinder'd the main Body of our Army from coming to the Engagement. I wou'd therefore deſire you to weigh well with your ſelf, whether you wou'd be better able to defend your ſelf againſt them when we are reduc'd, than now we are yet able to aſſiſt you. I know very well, that you abound in Men, in Treaſure, and in Arms, and for that Reaſon we ſeek you to join in our Common Defence; They court you to make you their Prey. But ſince we can neither Conquer nor be Vanquiſh'd without detriment to you, *Tigranes* is reſolv'd to finiſh the War at a Diſtance from home, with my experienc'd Soldiers, little Labour, and the expoſing our own Perſons. You cannot

not be ignorant of the *Romans* turning the force of their Arms this way, when the Ocean had put a ſtop to their farther Progreſs to the Weſt; that from their very Origin they had neither Houſe, Wives, Country nor Empire but by Rapine; being at firſt Vagabonds without any fixt place of abode, without Parents; a People founded for the Plague and deſtruction of Mankind; who have no conſideration or regard for any thing Humane or Divine, that ſhould interpoſe betwixt their deſigns, and the Ruin of their Friends and Allies, Neighbouring or diſtant Countrys, the Weak or Powerful, eſteeming all great Monarchies hoſtile, as well as all others, that are not ſubject to them. Great part of Mankind chuſe to live under a Juſt Monarchy, and ſome few under Free States or Common-Wealths; but I was ſuſpected as a Rival of their Glory, and a ſuddain Revenger of the Nations they had oppreſs'd. But you, O *Arſaces!* Monarch of the *Perſians*, Maſter of *Seleucia*, the largeſt and nobleſt City of the World, as well as of inexhauſtible Treaſures; what Benefit or Favour can you expect from them, but a falſe and flattering Friendſhip at preſent, and when we are remov'd, an open War? The *Roman* Arms are ready to attack all Nations, but moſt prompt, and implacable, where the largeſt and richeſt Spoils are expected, having arriv'd at this Pitch of Grandeur by daring, treachery, and building one War on another; and by theſe Arts they will oppreſs, or deſtroy all Men, which will be no difficult matter

Matter if you March with your Army about *Meſopotamia*, without Proviſion, and I wander in the ſame Condition thro' *Armenia*, for they owe their Security, not to their Valour, but to our ill Conduct. By joining us you will have the Reputation of having ſuccour'd two great Monarchs, and of having deſtroy'd the Robbers and Spoilers of Nations. This I wiſh and adviſe you to do, unleſs by our Deſtruction, you had rather add to the Grandeur of one Univerſal Empire, than be a Conqueror in Conjunction with us. Farewel.

LETTER LXVI.

Phryné, *the* Theban *Whore, to the Philoſopher* Xenocrates; *reproaching him with Frigidity, Inſenſibility,* &c.

I Am in doubt (O *Xenocrates!*) whether to term thee a Man, or a Stone. A Man, I'm ſure thou can'ſt not be, ſince humane Fleſh and Blood could never be able to withſtand the Allurements of *Phryné*. Neither can I take thee for a Stone, becauſe Stones have always Fire in them, and thou haſt never any. What muſt I think thee then? A Philoſopher! Oh, no, their Buſineſs is to ſearch after the Wonders of Nature, whilſt thou deſpiſeſt even Beauty the Perfection of it. What name then would beſt befit one that is more inſenſible than Things inanimate? I might call thee a Monſter, did I not know that Nature could never produce any thing that ſhould oppoſe its own Conſervation: However, thou art one, and being Born out of the Intention of Nature, art a Product of thy own begetting, nothing being like to do that Office for thee, but thy ſelf. Cannot that Beauty move thee, which has rais'd Veneration even in the moſt Haughty, and exacted Admiration from the greateſt Princes, who knew me only by Fame? I may commend my ſelf without a Bluſh, ſince every Captain is allow'd to relate his own Victories. If every one ſpeaks in Praiſe of me, why may not I repeat it, and like an Eccho ſend back

back the Voice. But what ſignifies all this Praiſe, if one ſingle *Xenocrates* ſhall deſpiſe me? Yet will I believe thou ſlighteſt me meerly out of Conſciouſneſs of thy being unworthy to enjoy me. Thy little Merit confounds thee, and makes thee to forego all the unexpected and unmerited Favours have been caſt away upon thee. Yes, thou art unworthy of my Embraces, thou that art a poor, naked, ſunburnt ſort of a Philoſopher, and in Poſſeſſion of nothing but thine own Folly. Wo be to the World, if all Men were Philoſophers, or all Philoſophers like thee. Thou deſpiſeſt the means that begot thee, and would to the Gods, thy Parents had done ſo too. Then ſhould we not have been plagu'd with one that diſobeys the Laws of Nature, and was Born even for her Deſtruction. Wretch! Art thou not ſenſible of thy Ingratitude to thy Country, Poſterity, and thy ſelf? All theſe thou offendeſt, whilſt thou perſiſts in this frigid Reſolution. What ſignifies (O *Xenocrates*!) thy Philoſophy, ſince it does not teach thee the Knowledge of theſe Principles? Vain is that Learning, which makes one inſenſible of ones Duty, Glory and Immortality. How weak are the Judgments of us Women. I once thought Philoſophy even deify'd Men, but now I believe they are rather debas'd, than advanc'd by it. Haſt thou obſerv'd, (O *Xenocrates*!) whilſt thou wer't contemplating the Wonders of Nature, the Aſpects of the Heavens, the Courſes of the Planets, and the Diſpoſition of the Stars? Tell me, (Prithee) did'ſt thou ever ſee that Folly in them which reigns in thee? They have all their Conjunctions whilſt thou affecteſt to live ſingle. I find you Philoſophers have little

Knowledge of these Matters, nor do I think your Learning amounts to any more than bare Guess. Your Persons are a Cheat, for under your squalid Bodies, and grave Beards, you hide both perfidious and ignorant Souls. Do you think that this obstinate Resolution of yours can pass upon me for Virtue? No, no; Virtue consists in meeting and conquering, and not in flying. What Merit can he pretend to, who abstains from what he can't enjoy, or despises a Jewel which he has no Knowledge of? Yours is not Continence, but Stupidity. Continence is only a Virtue, which keeps People from pretending to do more than they are able. Experience a little (O Statue!) the Sweetness of these Lips, the Softness of these Hands, the Allurements of these Arms, and the Fragrancy of this Bosom. First Essay, the delights of Love, and then set up for Chastity. If all these prove Bitter or Nauseous, then forsake and despise them; but if on the contrary you meet Satisfaction in them, then is the time to exercise your Virtue. Judgment is blind without Reason, and how can Reason persuade a Man against what he never experienced. Is it possible (O *Xenocrates!*) that these Arms cannot Conquer thee, nor these Kisses soften thee? A Kiss is the closest Conjunction of Souls, and the best Herald of the Heart. I shall insist upon no other Arguments, for what a Kiss in this Case cannot do, the whole World cannot. Renounce then (Friend *Xenocrates!*) this obstinate Stupidity, which if you won't do for the Reputation of my Charms, do at least for your own Interest. Do not you perceive that all hoot at you upon this Occasion, all fly from you, and

and all hate you. Hatred is even displeasing to those who cannot Love. Love like Praise is sought after by those who have devoted themselves to Infamy. You'll tell me, perhaps, that he that does not value his Life, is never afraid of losing it; and I must tell you, that before I would undergo the publick *Odium*, I would bury my self alive to prevent a worse Fate. I was once thinking that some other Beauty might have engag'd your Heart, and a new *Circé* bewitch'd you, but then I could have no Opinion of my own Charms, which I know would not yield to the strongest Inchantments. *Phryné* would have but little to boast, if Sorcery or Witchcraft could supersede the force of her Beauty. Do not imagine (O *Xenocrates!*) that I say this to encline thee to Love me. I am now satisfy'd my Attempts are in vain upon an Heart more Obdurate, than Adamant. My Charms pretend to go no further than a Possibility. If I could succeed, I might easily claim the Golden Apple from *Venus*. What I have been all this while aiming at, was only to do my Beauty justice, by comparing it with thy Obstinacy. Yet does it not displease me that you despise it, since nothing is more usual than for a base Soul to slight its Benefactor. But where is your Soul? (*Xenocrates*) Where is your Heart? Nay, where are your Affections? Buried it may be in the Bowels of the Earth, with the Treasures you seem to despise: If so, supply your self a new from my Mouth. There I have Riches beyond what Fortune can bestow. But foolish Creature that I am, what do I pretend to? To catch him by the Ears, that I could not take by

the Eyes. Yet be not deceiv'd *Xenocrates*. Do not think I ſay this to make you believe I love you, I could not be ſuppos'd to dote on what is ſo very Unaimable. I would rather be condemn'd to the greateſt of Torments, than be oblig'd to fancy you. All my aim is to try the force of my Charms upon what's impoſſible to ſucceed in. That's but a vulgar Beauty, which can captivate a yielding Heart. My deſign is upon a Statue, a ſenſeleſs Marble. But whilſt I ſpeak thus, I contradict your Humanity, therefore (O *Xenocrates*) if Obſtinacy has not altogether render'd you Blind, pay the Debt you owe to Nature, ſatisfie my Requeſt, do due Honour to my Beauty, and become the ſubject of my Triumph. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER LXVII.

Xenocrates's Anſwer, upbraiding her vicious Life, and vindicating his own Profeſſion.

I Have determin'd (O *Phryné*) to anſwer thee, that thou may'ſt not miſtake Virtue for Stupidity. Thou haſt juſt Reaſon to value thy ſelf, ſince thou haſt occaſion'd *Xenocrates* to write to thee, who has refus'd that Honour even to the greateſt Princes. But do not believe I write out of any Inclination rais'd by thee. I ſhould abhor the Name of a Philoſopher, if a Woman could make any the leaſt Alteration in me. The deſign of my Anſwer is to undeceive, and if poſſible to reclaim thee. I Glory (*Phryné*) in what thou upbraideſt me with, and would willingly be the Monſter thou mak'ſt me, if I had no other way to free my ſelf from thy Temptations. Nay, I could wiſh my ſelf a Stone, rather than by being Fleſh and Blood, become ſubject to thy Luſt. You make me Laugh to think that you ſhould believe me capable of being enamour'd on what the World calls Beauty. My Eyes were given me to look more inward, and not to dote upon a meer ſuperficial Out-ſide: They are the Guides, but not the Tyrants over my Soul. The Heart of *Xenocrates* is neither to be ſeduced, nor impos'd on by them. A Philoſopher, of which I boaſt the Character tho' you grudge it me, is oblig'd to have more regard to the Inſtruction of his Mind, than Pleaſure of his Eyes. Thoſe that truſt too much to out-

ward Appearances, are moſt commonly recompenc'd with the Embraces of a Shadow. If thou did'ſt but know *(Phryné)* what that Beauty is which thou valueſt thy ſelf ſo much upon, thou would'ſt ſoon lament thy abus'd Opinion. Thou would'ſt then be ſenſible it was nothing but an Impoſition on the Eyes, a Torment to the Mind, and a Vulture on the Heart: Nay further, a fleeting, ſhort-liv'd Bleſſing, expos'd to all the Cenſures, Injuries and Accidents of Time and Chance, and which all the united Reproaches of Mankind would be but too little to revile as it deſerves. The Glory of thy Beauty (*Phryné*) depends therefore on a meer deception of Sight, for tho' an Error happen ſometimes to be approved, yet is it however always an Error. I ſhould think ſome Beauty of the Mind was the occaſion of that of the Body, did I not know that nothing of that kind could Cohabit with what had ſacrific'd it ſelf to Infamy. The Vices of this ſhew the Imperfections of that. If your Soul were beauteous, (*Phryné*) you ſhould ſoon have *Xenocrates* for a Lover. That would be the ſureſt Charm to circumvent my Heart. I ſhould be unworthy of the Honour of being a Philoſopher, if I could love you upon any other account. I could ſooner wiſh to be nothing, than to be your Admirer, upon any other Score. You ſee then what a horrid thing a polluted Beauty is, that a Man would rather choſe to forego his Being, than have any thing to do with her. I have no Genius for Flattery, nor any Heart for Lies, therefore, were I ſo enclin'd, am but ill provided for making a Conqueſt over you; and beſides, I cannot away with what does not only diſpleaſe me,

me, but which I despise. Rarely two Contraries Unite. The Elements only concur to the making of the World, and when Brutes intermix without regard, 'tis because they are Brutes. Now whereas you invite me to the Experience of your Lascivious Embraces, I must tell you, (*Phryné*) I refuse it, and that not so much on account of the Pollution, as to let you see that my Body is subordinate to my Mind. Tho' you tell me the Heavens, Stars and Planets have all their Conjunctions, and thereby intimate that Love presides even over them, yet is not that such Love as yours. Their Conjunctions are Pure, Chast, and not intermixt indifferently as yours are. This I learn from that Philosophy which you so much despise. I am surpriz'd that you cannot distinguish betwixt Continence and Obstinacy, yet that soon vanishes when I consider the Person I write to, who having so little of the former, easily believes all that oppose her, to be guilty of the latter. And now how can'st thou desire me (*Phryné*) to have to do with thee? Thou that hast nothing to regale me with, but the Reliques of anothers Concupiscence. Besides your Profession destroys the very ends of Love, which are Generation. To what an height of Folly are Men arriv'd, that for a little momentary Delight they will interrupt the Continuance of the World! Such Women as you Sin against Nature, by exposing that Beauty to Sale, which was freely given you. I am amaz'd that Princes, whose Duty is to govern Mankind, should not only submit to, but encourage such Practises. 'Tis such as you, (*Phryné*) that not only debauch the Young, but seduce even the Old;

Old; and in a word, play the Tyrants over our Minds, our Health, our Wealth, and our Liberty. I know you would willingly have me to conceal these Truths, but 'tis certain *Xenocrates* could not flatter thee, tho' he lov'd thee. I admire that having devoted your self altogether to Infamy you should talk to me of Reputation, and that knowing me for a Philosopher, you should think to move me by proposing my Interest. What signifies it to me if all fly me, since *Xenocrates* has no greater Pleasure than to avoid all Men. Believe me, they that know me well will not hoot at me, as you say they do, and if they should the hatred of the *Mob* and *Phryné*, would yet be more grateful to me than their Love. But I would kill my self, before I would be lov'd on the same account as thou art. Men love *Phryné* meerly for their own sakes, for what else can be aimable in her, but the fancy'd Pleasure in enjoying her? Every thing in her besides is unworthy any Man's Love. How can one love that Face so us'd to a dissembled Countenance? How those Locks that have been Sacrilegiously taken from some Sepulcre? How those Eyes whose only Business it is to entrap Men's Hearts? How that Mouth which is always fill'd with Deceit and Lies? How those rapacious Hands which are continually for taking, but never for giving? How that Bosom which has been defil'd by the repeated Pollutions of all Mankind? And in a word, How can one dote upon that Mind, the sole Object of a Philosopher's Love, which has been all along contaminated with sordid Thoughts, and vile Conceptions? If I thought there were any Hopes of thee,

thee, I would employ the whole force of my Philoſophy to reclaim thee: But I give thee over for loſt. Innate Vice is the moſt difficult to be eradicated, and Cuſtom in all Things is a ſecond Nature. What would it ſignifie for me to read thee a long Lecture on the Advantages of Chaſtity and Temperance. It would be but words thrown away, therefore I will conclude with telling thee, that if after all has been ſaid, thou haſt ſtill a Mind to Triumph over *Xenocrates*, thou muſt live another Life, and drive another Trade; his Inclinations leading him altogether to the Eſteem of Virtue, and Virtuous Perſons. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER LXVIII.

The Emperor Caracalla, *to his Mother the Empreſs* Julia, *to whom he bore inceſtuous Love.*

I Have always hitherto thought (O *Julia!*) that the Pangs of Love were meer Fables invented by cunning Men, to humour the Credulity of ſilly People. But now I am of another Mind. The little God has now made me fully ſenſible of his irreſiſtible Influence over us Mortals. All the other Gods and Goddeſſes have been ſubſervient to his Power. Even *Jove* himſelf, has condeſcended to aſſume mean Forms by his Command. The ſtrangeneſs however of my Love at firſt ſtartled me. I blam'd in my ſelf thoſe extravagant Deſires, which both Nature, Law and Cuſtom deteſt and abhor. I repreſented to my Mind nothing but Impoſſibilities in attaining what I wiſh'd. My Courage fail'd me in revealing my Thoughts. My Mouth durſt not open to utter my raſh Sentiments. My downcaſt Eyes dreaded to meet thy Diſdain. My Sighs voluntarily buried themſelves, rather than offend thy Power. My impriſon'd Tongue however at length regains its Freedom, and having ſurvey'd thy unparallell'd Goodneſs, boldly pronounces my Love. Yes, I Love thee, *Julia*, and if that word ſeem too mean, I Worſhip, I Adore thee. No humane Language can ſufficiently deſcribe my Flame, and therefore 'twere

Pity,

Pity, but I had a Divine one which might better ſuit with my exceſſive Devotion, and thy tranſcendent Beauty. Thy looks are a Paradice, where one may ſurfeit on all the primitive Bleſſings. Yet do not believe (O *Julia*) that I expect to gain thy Affection by praiſing thee. That were a ridiculous Attempt, where there is ſo much good Sence join'd with ſo much Worth. My only aim is to do thy Perfections juſtice, wherein if I fail, blame not me, but thy extraordinary Merit which exceeds the force of Words. I know thy Modeſty will bluſh to hear all this, but I had much rather thou ſhould'ſt be aſham'd, than I appear to be a cold, poor ſpirited Lover. All the while I am celebrating thy Praiſe, I proclaim my own. *Æneas* was much more valu'd for being deſcended from *Venus*. Likewiſe, Love being a kind of Symmetry of Cuſtoms, it is impoſſible but that being thy Lover, I ſhould reſemble thee in ſome particular. Alſo being ſo nearly related, I have a better Claim to thee, the greateſt Favours being ever reſerv'd for the neareſt of Kin. If *Jupiter* call'd his Siſter *Juno* to his Bed, why may not I my Mother *Julia*? That Example alone is ſufficient to ſtop the Mouths of all that are offended at our Amour. As Princes we ought to be imitated, and not be oblig'd to imitate our Inferiors. Perhaps thou may'ſt Object, that my Love cannot be ſo great as I pretend. Thou wrong'ſt me, (*Julia*) if thou haſt any ſuch Thought. I love thee as much as any thing ſo very aimable can be belov'd. There's not a drop of my Blood, but I would freely exhauſt in thy Service. Nay, if I could not poſſeſs thee without ceaſing to be what

what I am, I would kill my ſelf immediately to arrive at that Happineſs. I would not have thee to think (O *Julia*) that I love thee the leſs, becauſe thou haſt ſome Years over thy Head. The Conſtancy of my Affection is not to be alter'd by ſuch mean Thoughts. I look upon thy Beauty to be perfected by its Duration. He's not a true Lover that loves only with his Eyes. Fools dote in Perſpective. I am for a nearer View. The Beauty I admire is reſident in the Soul. That alone has rais'd all the moſt violent Paſſions in me which a Lover ever experienc'd. Light moleſts me, Darkneſs afflicts me, Reſt diſturbs me, Food diſguſts me, Sleep confounds me, Pleaſure diſpleaſes me, Recreation tires me, and Friends cannot comfort me. If I gaze on thee, thine Eyes conſume me, and if I do not, Deſire, and Jealouſie torment me in their turns. Both when I am in and out of thy ſight, I ſubſiſt by pure Miracle. I ſufficiently experience that Truth, which ſays, that a Lovers Soul generally reſides in the Object belov'd. Remov'd from thee, I have no Sence but to Grieve, no Words but to Complain, no Eyes but to Weep, nor no Breaſt but to ſend forth Sighs. If any one ſpeaks to me, I hear him not; if he wrongs me I mind him not, and if he ſtrikes me I feel him not. If I had ſettled my Affections on any other but *Julia*, I ſhould have been Melancholly, and lamented the loſs of my dear Liberty; but now on the contrary I rejoice in that of my Freedom, ſince I will flatter my ſelf, I ſhall thereby gain her Affections which are preferable to all other humane Happineſs. Beauty brought glory to *Greece*, by the ruin of *Troy*. Why then ſhould I grudge

grudge being depriv'd of my Liberty by it? He that has not the ſame ſence of thy Charms never div'd into thy Mind, nor look'd on thy Face. It is not in the power of the moſt extravagant *Hyperbolé* to reach the height of thy Perfections. The antient *Helvetij* worſhip'd the Sun with a Finger in their Mouths. Let him then that deſpairs of doing thee Juſtice by ſpeaking, adore thee in Silence. If all this while my Pen has not been able to move thee to my Happineſs, I have no *Mercury* to employ in my Favour as *Jove* had. I muſt wholly relie on that Goodneſs, which was given thee to relieve the Wretched. Pardon me, O my Goddeſs! If I have abus'd thy Kindneſs, by aſſuming too much Liberty, for as I have thought the Time, Ages, wherein I have been in purſuit of thee, ſo do I now count thoſe but Minutes that I have been writing to thee. My Thoughts and Words abound, and tho' they may be both Ill-plac'd and Ill-choſen, yet does not the Sun in attracting Vapours, diſtinguiſh between the ſubtil, and the condens'd. But two Things thou may'ſt ſtill object to me, which are the accuſtom'd Inconſtancy of Lovers, and the Freedom Men too often take in publiſhing Ladies Favours. This may indeed be ſaid. But ſhall I change? Shall I alter my Affections to *Julia*? Oh, never, never. She has too a great Dominion over my Heart to allow it. A Muſhrome Love ſprung from a tranſitory View may indeed as ſoon vaniſh, but mine that is grown up with Time, and invigorated by it muſt of neceſſity ſtand the Teſt of Ages. My Love is not a Child; It has been brought up to Years of Diſcretion by your Converſation, and

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in your Preſence. As the Oſtridge enlivens its young with its Eyes, ſo you by yours have nouriſh'd my Affections to that degree, that they are arriv'd to a Monſtrous Greatneſs, even beyond the reach of Imagination. Having prov'd it impoſſible for me to be Inconſtant, I muſt likewiſe make it Improbable, I would divulge the great Secret. Should I be guilty of ſuch a Crime, I might well expect Thunder and Earth-quakes to revenge the Sacrilege. My Love can only be reveal'd to the Goddeſs of Love, and that's your ſelf. You can only heal my Wounds, you can only know my Secrets, unleſs my Breaſt ſhould happen to burſt with the mighty Paſſion, and diſcover your Image on my Heart. The Pleaſures of Love are not truly enjoy'd, if not conceal'd. Silence and Theft are its beſt Companions. I begin to hope, my *Julia*, my words have at length made ſome Impreſſion on thee, but they muſt nevertheleſs give way to Effects, which I doubt not will ſoon appear in my Favour. Thoſe Kindneſſes are Tyrannical, which make Uſe of too long Delays. Let us haſten then my Fair One to the gathering of thoſe Fruits, which ſhall be diſpens'd with ſo prodigal a Hand, by Love and *Julia*.

LET TER

LETTER LXIX.

Liſiſtratus *to* Tlepolemus, *concerning the Choice of Friends.*

HOW much you eſteem thoſe Paraſites and Trencher-flies that daily haunt your Houſe, I am not able to determine. Can you think they love you, that follow you meerly for a Supper? How can you take them for Friends, that ſpeak one thing of you at Home, and another Abroad? There they ſhall proclaim your Wiſdom, here cenſure your Folly for believing them. Theſe are even the very worſt of Men, and not unlike the Adder that ſtings while it lies conceal'd. Rather eſteem thoſe your Friends who affirm you are not infallible, and may ſtand in need of Counſel, who remove Pickthanks from you, join with you in the Preſervation of your Eſtate, and chide you when you act contrary to their Advice. Theſe are the Men you are to value, and the others, thoſe you ought to avoid. Be more cautious for the future; and Farewel.

LETTER LXX.

The ſame, to Philocles, *making a Compariſon between a Wife and a Miſtriſs.*

YOU know well, *Philocles*, Marriage is a no ſmall Check to the Growth of Learning and Philoſophy; and that the Bleſſing of Children turns all a Man's Thoughts from the Liberal Arts, towards the Care of Maintaining his Family. Nevertheleſs, be not you apprehenſive of more Plagues and Diſturbances at Home, than you ſhall ſurely meet with Abroad; for among other Things, whatever you buy for your Wife, you may diſpoſe of again at pleaſure; but, on the contrary, when you have once preſented your Miſtriſs, you muſt not expect to have any the leaſt Part of it return'd. Again, whenever any Strife happens at Home, you by your ſingle Authority may eaſily reconcile or overrule it; but what you ſhall be engaged in Abroad, either with Rivals or Miſtriſſes, you will not find ſo eaſie to conquer. Moreover, you will be much more ſenſible of a Wrong from a Miſtriſs, than from your Wife; for the former always abounds with Suſpicions, and the latter ſeldom has any. Matrimony has ever this peculiar Good in it, that a Wife may be truſted at all times, when a Miſtriſs can ſcarce ever be confided in. But providing your Wife ſhould occaſion you any Trouble, yet ought ſhe to be ſooner born with than a Miſtriſs, inaſmuch as ſhe bears you Legitimate Children, which are to ſucceed in your Eſtate. When you marry, pitch upon a Woman of good Parentage,

ſentage, Virtuous Education, and not Over-rich, ſo will you avoid all the Occaſions that commonly produce Vice in that Sex. Farewel.

LETTER LXXI.

Miſitheus, *Commander of the* Prætorian *Bands, to his Son-in-Law the Emperor* Gordianus, *commending his Reformation.*

'TIS no ſmall Pleaſure to me, My Lord and Emperor, that I can now obſerve how Times have been alter'd ſince the Eunuchs bought and ſold every thing. They diſpos'd of all like Friends, yet were really the greateſt Enemies you had. I am glad however, they are at length remov'd from you, and, as I underſtand, you are not a little pleas'd with it your ſelf, which rejoyces me yet more, inaſmuch as I can thereby perceive, that however Faulty Affairs have been, they were nevertheleſs tranſacted without your Privity. I am ſatisfied, it was not your Intention that the Commands in the Army ſhould be diſpoſed of at the Pleaſure of theſe Vermine, that Perſons of Merit ſhould be refus'd the Rewards due to their Services, that the Guiltleſs ſhould be put to Death, or the Guilty go unpuniſh'd, on any Account whatever. You certainly were not the Occaſion of the Treaſury's being exhauſted, but all was managed by a vile Cabal, who being able by their Intrigues to keep all good Men from your Preſence, eaſily prevail'd upon you to admit of none but bad, whereby they jointly enrich'd themſelves, and impoveriſh'd both you and the

Empire. But Thanks be to the Immortal Gods, you are at laſt ſenſible of all this Miſmanagement, and have already begun to redreſs your Errors, and reform the State. I am happy in having ſo good a Prince to my Son-in-Law, and the rather, becauſe he has baniſh'd thoſe Men that ſold him by Auction to the higheſt Bidder. Farewel.

LETTER LXXII.

Beſolus, *King of* Lydia, *to* Sapor, *King of* Perſia, *in Favour of the Emperor* Valerian, *whom having taken Priſoner, he made his Footſtool.*

COULD I think it practicable that the *Romans* ſhould ever be totally vanquiſh'd, I would congratulate you upon this extraordinary Uſe you have made of your late Victory; but as they are a People, whom both Fate and their own Virtue have furniſh'd with uncommon Power, you would do well to take Care, that the Captivating their old Emperor, and that too by Fraud, does not at laſt redound to the Prejudice, both of you and your Poſterity. You may pleaſe to conſider, how many great Nations, and thoſe even their Conquerors, they have at length ſubjugated and forc'd to buckle. Tho' the *Gauls* beat them, and fir'd their City, they at a long Run became their Slaves, and ſtill continue ſuch. What though the *Carthaginians* often routed them, thoſe very *Africans* now ſerve and obey them. Not to go ſo far for Inſtances of the *Roman* Fortune, I may produce *Mithridates* King of *Pontus*, who,

who, tho' once Master of all *Asia*, was at last made subject to the Imperial Eagle. All this consider'd, I cannot but advise you to embrace the Offers of Peace made you, on Condition you release *Valerian*. Hereby I shall certainly have Occasion to rejoyce in your Prosperity; whereas, on the other hand, I may with like Certainty have no less Reason to deplore your Adversity. Farewel.

LETTER LXXIII.

The Emperor Valerian *to* Ragonius Clarus, *Proconsul of* Illyrium *and* Gaul, *concerning the Discipline he would have observed in the Army:*

AS you are naturally a good Husband, I would have you, my Kinsman, to imitate *Ballista*, in the disposing of Quarters, and providing the Soldiers with Necessaries. Have you not observ'd how he makes every thing easie to the People, where he comes with our Army? Where he finds Plenty of Forrage, he Quarters the Cavalry, and where Store of Corn, billets the Infantry. He requires no Provisions where they are not to be had. He never burthens the Publick with the Expence of Carriage, but always takes what he wants on the spot where it grows. Thus you may quarter your Foot in *Galatia*, *Illyrium* and *Thrace*, which abound with all sorts of Grain, and your Horse in *Thrace* likewise, for there the Fields are well stor'd with Grass. Thus acted *Ballista*, who never charg'd more than one Commodity upon one Province. Moreover, if you

desire to please us thoroughly, you must curb the Licentiousness of the Soldiers. Be not one of them suffer'd either to steal or commit Waste. Let every one be satisfied with his daily Allowance, or if he must needs plunder, be it upon the Enemy, and not the Subjects of the Empire. Let the Soldiers Arms be kept clean, bright and sharp; Be their Clothes preserv'd in good Order, and do you take Care that they do not lavish away their Pay. See every Man have his Collar, Bracelet and Ring, and that he provides for his own Horse. Let the Physicians demand nothing of them for their Cures, nor the *Augurs* for their Predictions. In a Word, be careful that the Soldiers live quietly, and whoever presumes to do otherwise let him be punish'd severely. Farewel.

LETTER LXXIV.

The Emperor Aurelian, *to* Zenobia, *Queen of* Palmyra, *requiring her to surrender that City.*

WHAT I now require, you ought to have done long since of your own accord. I command you to surrender the City, and thereupon promise both you and yours your Lives, but not your Liberty. You, *Zenobia*, and your Children must be content to go, where I and the most August Senate of *Rome* shall think fit to place you. Your Jewels, Gold, Silver and other Riches must all be confiscated to the *Roman* Treasury. Your Subjects alone will be freed from Captivity, and have their Privileges confirm'd to them.

LETTER

LETTER LXXV.

Queen Zenobia's *Anſwer to this haughty Letter.*

NO Man ever yet preſum'd to command what thou haſt done. Bravery, *Aurelian*, is the only Means to bring about our Ends in War. Thou requireſt me to ſurrender this my City of *Palmyra*, as if thou couldſt be ignorant that my Anceſtor *Cleopatra* choſe rather to die with the Character of Queen, than live a Slave, of how great Quality ſoever, to thy Predeceſſor *Auguſtus*. We wait for the Succours of the *Perſians*: The *Sarazens* arm for us: The *Armenians* have declar'd in our Favour: A Band of High-way Men have defeated thy Army in *Syria*. Judge then what thou art to expect when all theſe Forces ſhall arrive. Thou wilt then aſſuredly alter thy Tone, and not imperiouſly command me thus to give up what is my Birthright, as if thou wer't abſolute Diſpoſer of the Univerſe. Farewel.

LETTER LXXVI.

The Emperor Aurelian, *to his Friend* Mucapor, *acquainting him how he had been baffled before* Palmyra.

THO' I hear my Expedition is ridicul'd at *Rome*, yet let me tell you, Friend *Mucapor*, Queen *Zenobia* has more of the Man in her, than ye imagine.

imagine. Her Fear and Deſpair betwixt them, make her wild, and furniſh her with more Courage, than can be found in all our Army. 'Tis inexpreſſible, what vaſt Flights of Arrows, Darts, and Stones ſhe ſends us every Moment. To inform you how well ſhe is provided for her Defence, you muſt know, that no Part of the Wall is without two or three Batteries, whence ſhe continually hurls on us Fire and Deſtruction from her Engines. In ſhort, ſhe acts not like a Woman, but with all the Bravery of a great Commander; yet I hope the Gods, who have never hitherto fruſtrated my Undertakings, will aſſiſt me with the like Favour at this Juncture, to the Glory of the *Roman* Empire. Farewel.

LETTER LXXVII.

The ſame to the Senate of Rome, *vindicating his Triumph over* Zenobia, *and giving her Character.*

I Hear I am cenſur'd for having acted an unmanly Part, in triumphing over *Zenobia*. I know not thoſe who have been thus free with me: However am aſſur'd, that if they had but known what manner of Woman *Zenobia* is, they would have been ſo far from blaming, that they would rather have commended me. You muſt know then, ſhe is a Lady of that wonderful Chaſtity, that ſhe refus'd to Bed with her Husband, after ſhe had once conceived by him: She has liv'd with the Pomp of a *Perſian*, and yet harangu'd her Soldiers with all the Affability

of

of a *Roman* Emperor. She was prudent in her Councils, and diligent in all her Affairs. She has a ſhrill, manly Voice, a tawny Complexion, black, ſparkling Eyes, an excellent Shape, a noble Mien, and exceeding white Teeth. She has in Caſes of Neceſſity, had all the Severity of a Tyrant, but wherever there was occaſion for Mercy, ſhe could be as well acquainted with Clemency. She generally wore a Helmet on her Head, and an Imperial Purple Robe on her Shoulders button'd with a Crotchet of Diamonds on her Breaſt. She managed the Publick Revenue with all the Prudence imaginable. She ſometimes us'd a Coach, but oftener rode on Horſeback, and would frequently walk on Foot ſeveral Miles together. She has naturally the Reſervedneſs of a *Spaniard*, yet will drink beyond any of the Officers of her Army, nay, outdo even the *Perſians* and *Armenians*. She is learn'd, and is ſaid to have abridg'd the Alexandrian and Oriental Hiſtories. She has alſo read our Hiſtory in the *Greek*. It was thro' her Means *Odenatus*, her Husband, overcame the *Perſians*, and forcing King *Sapor* to fly, advanced as far as *Cteſiphon*. This Queen, I aſſure you, has been ſo great a Terror to the *Eaſt*, that neither the *Egyptians*, *Arabians*, *Armenians*, or *Sarazens* durſt to move for her. Nor would I have ſav'd her Life, had I not known that her very Uſurpation aſſerted the Limits of the Empire. Let them therefore that are pleas'd with nothing, take the Poiſon of their own Tongues to themſelves. For my part, I think I can eaſily juſtifie my ſelf. If it is not commendable or honourable to triumph over a Woman, what might have been ſaid of the Emperor *Decius*, that great Commander, who intended the ſame Thing, had

he

he been at leiſure. He prudently ſuffer'd her to Reign in quiet, that he might have an Opportunity to proſecute his Expedition againſt the *Goths*, whilſt ſhe preſerv'd inviolate the Ancient Bounds of the Eaſtern Empire. Farewel.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Euripides *to* Archelaus, *King of* Macedon; *containing his Reaſons for returning the Preſent he ſent him. Written at* Athens *long before* Euripides *went to* Macedon.

'TIS not out of vain-glory I return the Preſent you ſent me by *Amphias*; nay, I am conſcious you will rather be angry at than approve it. I ſhall incur the Cenſure of affected Oſtentation by my proceeding, and have little Hopes to find any one favourable enough to impute it to true Greatneſs of Mind. Add to this, that *Clito* ſent me very preſſing Letters to urge my Acceptance of it, threatning me otherwiſe with his Anger, but having Riches ſufficient for my ſelf and Family, I muſt, however, perſiſt in my Reſolution. Beſides, the Preſent you ſent was too great for my Circumſtances; and what I could not eaſily ſecure to my ſelf. I have often wrote to you concerning the *Pellæan* Youths, and now renew my Importunity, that you would vouchſafe to preſerve and deliver them from their Chains. In my Opinion their Guilt is not very evident, or if it be, I dare engage they ſhall tranſgreſs no more, if you but forgive them now. I hope my Demand is ſo reaſonable, you will not

not deny me, and that you will ſo far compaſſionate the Miſery of their aged Father, a Man of the firſt Quality among the *Pellæans*, who flying to *Athens*, apply'd himſelf to me, in the moſt pathetick Manner imaginable, to mediate in their Behalf, ſuppoſing my Intereſt ſufficient with you to obtain their Liberty. I therefore deſire you, nay, I conjure you, not to prove me leſs capable of ſerving him, than he believes. Farewel.

LETTER LXXIX.

Euripides *to* Sophocles; *congratulating his Eſcape from Shipwreck, and condoling the Loſs of his Plays. Written at* Athens, *when* Sophocles *was in* Chios.

THE Misfortune of your Voyage to *Chios*, O *Sophocles*, has reach'd your Friends in *Athens*. Your Loſs has ſo affected the whole City, that even your Enemies ſhare the Sorrow of your Friends. I can't but attribute it to a particular Providence, that you and all your Family ſhould eſcape ſo great a Danger. 'Tis true, the Loſs of your Tragedies, is common to all *Greece*; yet ſuch a Loſs, as may eaſily be repair'd, ſince you your ſelf are preſerv'd. I deſire you rather to conſult the Safety, than Speed of your Return: Stay where you are to refreſh your ſelf, and take your own time to come Home, ſince I can aſſure you, here you will find all your Commands punctually executed. Salute *Chionicles* and *Lapreta* from me, and let them know their Eſcape

ſcape has given me equal Joy with yours. Recommend me likewiſe to *Antigines* the Phyſician, if he have not yet left *Chios* for *Rhodes*; for let me aſſure you, he is a Man of Honour and Probity. This with my Reſpects to the Sons of *Cratinus*, ends my Letter. Farewel.

LETTER LXXX.

Euripides *to* Archelaus, *King of* Macedon; *containing Thanks for his Pardoning the* Pellæan *Youths, at his Interceſſion.*

THE venerable old *Pellæan* Gentleman, together with his Sons, came lately to me at *Athens*, and afforded me a Sight, O beſt of Kings! extremely ſatisfactory, eſpecially when I conſidered for whoſe ſake their Boon had been granted. Neither was it leſs honourable or glorious to you, and admirable in the Eyes of all my Friends the *Athenians*, who in Numbers beheld it. Not one Man was preſent, who was not full of the Praiſe of your Humanity, and loud in his Prayers for your Proſperity. The aged Father, tranſported with Joy at the Liberty of his Children, (who in a deſponding and mournful Condition, had juſt before gone thro' the City) now, with both of them richly clad, goes about Sacrificing to the Gods, and celebrating my Name, as the Preſerver of his Sons. The City of *Athens* likewiſe, which has bred Citizens of ſo much Merit, partakes of the Ceremony. I have much more to ſay on this Subject, but which I ſhall omit, leſt by magnifying the Good you have done

your

your ſelf by this Action, I ſhould ſeem to leſſen the Gratitude I owe your Complyance with my Requeſt. But I acknowledge you have laid a very great and ſenſible Obligation on me, and therefore aſſure you, I will not reſt till I have made you ſome ſort of Return. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXI.

Euripides *to* Archelaus, *praiſing that King for his Bounty; together with an* Encomium *on the Royal Prerogative of doing Good*, &c.

I Cannot but take Notice of the Juſtice of your Conduct, O beſt of Princes, not only in the Affair of the *Pellæans*, but likewiſe to me and many Perſons of Worth and Honour. Believe me, I am deſirous to know the generous Actions you have done, not ſo much out of a Luſt of Curioſity, as that the Fame of your good Deeds, may give me a freſh Delight, and oblige me to as great Thanks for them, as if they had been ſolely directed to my Uſe; for I think my Joy ought not to be ſo great on Account of any private Benefit you beſtow on me, as to find your Benefits heightned by the Publick Value and Merit of the Benefactor. I derive this Joy from every Favour I hear you confer on Men of Deſert. I would have you remember, moſt excellent *Archelaus*, that if you take a View of all Things the Gods have given you, you will find them repleniſh'd with Cares, and Fatigues; but they have nevertheleſs added this Sweet to that Bitter, that you can do Good to whom you pleaſe

pleaſe, and are pleas'd only to do it to the Wor-thy. The Gods can likewiſe deprive you of all you have, if they pleaſe; but the Benefits you have beſtowed, they can never diveſt you of, tho' they had ever ſo much a mind to it. Believe me, O King, a Man in Power can have no greater Remorſe, when the Gods have taken away his Ability from him, than the Memory of having done Good to no Man, when in Poſſeſſion of it. But that is a Pain, you ſhall never Experience, though both Power and the Gods depart from you, as having loſt no Opportunity of being a Benefactor to Mankind. This Satisfaction will never leave you with Fortune, but always ſtand by you with this Comfort, That you ſtill deſerve to enjoy that Favour you employ'd ſo well. Nay, ſhould the Gods this Moment ceaſe to ſmile on you, there is no City, no Nation, nor private Man, that has felt your Pow'r with any Detriment, or that has not taſted ſome Portion of your Happineſs. Shou'd you, by the Crime of Fortune, fall from your Regal State, you wou'd loſe all the Labours, Cares and Dangers that ſurround a Throne, but the Conſciouſneſs of the Benefits you have diſtributed, will remain both to you, who beſtow'd, and to thoſe that receiv'd them. A Fruit and Poſſeſſion not at all to be deſpis'd, and which are both, ev'n in Adverſity ſufficient to ſupply you with a Pleaſure not to be exhauſted. If I might prevail in your Counſels I would adviſe you never to be weary, or tir'd with theſe Actions, ſince they can never breed a Satiety, each of them conſtantly producing a freſh Delight. As to other Things, I would have you exerciſe your preſent Pow'r with Prudence and Moderation, by which Means you will have

have ſo voluntary an Obedience from your Subjects, that they will prefer doing their Duty even to Life it ſelf, all being equally intereſted in the Joy of obeying a King of ſo celebrated a Fame. You have beſides raiſed your ſelf a Name from your peculiar Care and Patronage of the *Grecians* of Reputation, and particularly of Men of Art; inviting all to your Court, who have made any Progreſs in Learning from all Parts, with ſo plentiful and large a Proviſion of all Neceſſaries for their Subſiſtence and Convenience, that being thus freed from all Care and Sollicitude, they need fear no Interruption in their Studies and Labours towards the Perfection of their ſeveral Deſigns. You throng your Palace with Men of theſe Qualifications, not with Flatterers, Jeſters, and ſuch-like Vermine; and that you value them more, than you do the other, is owing to their Doctrine, by which inform'd, you have learn'd to think the Benefits deriv'd from Learning, of greater Value than the Largeſſes of Power: For ſhou'd they fail, and their Sources be dried up, yet the Fruits of what is paſt are immortal, and carry with them a Pleaſure, which Money cannot impart; and moreover, the Glory you have purchas'd by theſe Inclinations will never decay. Theſe are Things will make all Men admire and pronounce you Happy, and ſo much the more in that every Body confeſſes your Humanity ſo ſignal to your Acquaintance, that you derive a great Advantage from it, and that the Title of *King* does not a-whit abate your Love towards your Friends. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXII.

Euripides *to* Cephiſophon ; *being an Account of his Arrival in* Macedon ; *together with the Conſequences thereof ; as likewiſe a Vindication of that Journey.*

I Am arriv'd in *Macedon*, dear *Cephiſophon*, after an eaſie and quick Journey. My Reception from *Archelaus* was, as I expected, very Honourable, both as to Preſents, which I had no Occaſion for, and as to an Affability above the Ambition of thoſe, who court the Smiles of Kings. Here I found *Clito* in good Health ; with whom I frequently converſe, as alſo with the King himſelf, whoſe Converſation is by no means diſagreeable ; nor am I excluded the Debates of State. Both *Clito* and the King are very importunate with me to write ſomething in my Way, ſo *Archelaus* ſeems to exact a Return for thoſe Favours beſtow'd on me at my firſt Arrival. Though this Requeſt be not altogether diſagreeable to me, yet cannot it be anſwer'd without ſome Labour and Pains ; to induce me to undergo which, I am every Day entertain'd with more magnificent Banquets, than I deſire. As to the News you ſend, I own your Kindneſs in informing me what I ought to know ; yet would have you to believe that I am now no more affected with the Reflections of *Agatho* and *Meſatus*, than, you were witneſs, I was with the Fictions of *Ariſtophanes* ; and ſhall be ſo far from thinking any Reply from you, in my Defence, neceſſary, that I ſhall take one for an Injury, though they ſtill purſue their Affronts.

But

But if any Man of Worth, thro' Ignorance of the Motives that induced me to it, condemn my Journey to *Macedon*, you have free Leave, O *Cephiſophon*, to impart to him what you know. Such a one being thus undeceiv'd, will ceaſe to impute it to a deſire of Mony; none will ſay, I came hither in purſuit of Purple, and Scepters, the Dominion and Viceroyſhip of the *Triballians* or the like; but invidiouſly Confine my Ambition to Money. Yet theſe Detractors ſhould anſwer me this Query, Why I ſhou'd now in my old Age be captivated by a Paſſion, which all the reſt of my Days were free from, eſpecially ſince my Mother died, for whoſe ſake, if on any Account, I cou'd only have deſir'd Wealth; and ſince ev'n then I refus'd thoſe very Riches offer'd me at *Athens*, why ſhou'd they imagine I wou'd travel ſo far for them now, when my Years deny me the Uſe of them, unleſs they wou'd ſuppoſe I could deſire to die in a ſtrange Country, meerly to leave *Archelaus* Maſter of the Wealth which my impotent Avarice had at the Expence of ſo great a Fatigue, heap'd together. 'Tis plain, I was Proof againſt all Temptations that Way, by my abſolute Refuſal of the forty *Talents* of Silver, preſs'd on me with no ſmall Importunity by *Archelaus*, who was not at all pleas'd that I rejected ſo Royal a Preſent. As for what other Gifts I have vouchſafed to accept both from *Clito*, and *Archelaus*, the Benefit I have from them, is only tranſmitting them with the Bearer of this Letter to you, to be diſtributed among my Friends. After which, who can be ſo malicious and envious of my Reputation as to ſuſpect this Journey of an Avaritious End. But they may perhaps impute it to Pride, and the Luſt of ſome extraordi-

nary Power. Yet the Intereſt I had with *Archelaus*, and the Influence I had o'er him when at Home, was as much as I could promiſe my ſelf from this Journey to his Court: But *Clito* had not that Aſcendant over me, as to prevail on me to quit that Courſe of Life, I had always choſe, or that I ſhou'd end my Days in a Place, which I by no Means lik'd, nor give my Enemies any juſt Ground for their Reflections. If I had been covetous of any greater Power than I poſſeſs, I ſhou'd have made uſe of it for the Service of my Friends and Country. If this Imputation had been juſt, I ſhou'd rather, out of Oſtentation, have deſir'd Power in the Eye of my Friends, and the Sight of my Enemies. But to prove I am not guilty of that Mutability of Temper, either as to my Study, my Friends, or my Enemies, they ſhou'd reflect that I have always had the ſame in all theſe Particulars, except in *Sophocles* alone. But in regard of him, perhaps they have not ever found me the ſame. Him I never hated, but, on the contrary, always admir'd, tho' I muſt confeſs I have not ever lov'd him in the ſame degree, neglecting him where he affected Contention, and receiving him earneſtly into my Boſom, when he laid it aſide. But ſince we came to a true Underſtanding, we have ever maintain'd a mutual Love, and I hope ever ſhall. But, O my *Cephiſophon*, I know well what Sort of Gentlemen theſe are, that ſpread theſe Reports about me among the People. However, as all their malicious Endeavours againſt me, have only ſerv'd to make themſelves hated and laugh'd at, ſo aſſure your ſelf, they will be the only Perſons that ſhall ſuffer by their Calumnies. I own your Friendſhip in giving me an Account of theſe Things, which

you

you ſuppoſe related to me; but as I have before told you, I ſhall think it an Injury if you take Pains to juſtifie me any farther to Men, who are not worthy the Satisfaction of a true Information. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Euripides *to* Cephiſophon: *In Anſwer to an Account of* Cephiſophon's *of the Boaſts of* Agatho *and* Meſatus, *and their Contempt of his Plays.*

THE greateſt Pleaſure I have receiv'd both from this Journey into *Macedon*, and the Favour I have found with the King, is the News you ſend me of the Acceptance of my Preſents by my Friends. Believe me, O *Cephiſophon*, a Man of Senſe and a Poet can have no greater Satisfaction, than being ſerviceable to his Friends, and Country. The Pleaſure he finds in the Applauſes of the Stage, is notwithſtanding all the Regulations and Laws of *Athens*, the Judgment of the Elected, and ſworn Cenſors, too falſe and precarious, not to be daſh'd with the Conſideration that Poetaſters too frequently meet with the like. This is to be imputed in ſome meaſure to the Overſeers of the Stage, whoſe Avarice often prefers a cheap Piece of ſome Fifth-rate Scribler, to the Performances of the greateſt Poets. This we have experienc'd in the Divine *Sophocles*, for I ſhall not be ſo vain as to urge my ſelf, tho' the Approbation of Good and Learned Men, nay, of *Socrates* alone, be ſufficient to perſuade me, that I

have no Cauſe to envy the Succeſs of *Meſatus*, who thinks a few rumbling Words, and ſome ſcatter'd Pieces of Epigramatick Wit, are the higheſt Excellency of the *Drama*. I have ſeen a Copy of that Piece you mention, and find the Fool aims at the Stile of *Æſchylus*, without his Genius to ſupport it. He knows not that the Juſtneſs of the Dramatick Language appear'd not on the Stage, till *Sophocles* introduc'd it, and having a Natural Averſion to all Contemporaries, eaſily prefers one he did not know, to one he did; and for all he knows to the contrary, had *Sophocles* wrote when *Æſchylus* did, and *Æſchylus* in our Age, the firſt had carried the Crown, and the latter been exploded, not becauſe the latter was really inferior to the former, but becauſe he liv'd after him; for he has that humble Opinion of himſelf, in ſpight of his Vanity, that he imagines nothing Excellent can be his Contemporary. Should his Writings live beyond his Life, (which is a ſort of Impiety to think) Poſterity might in Reaſon believe ſo; but for the Comfort of *Athens*, the Infamy of producing his Plays, will be loſt, and the Glory of thoſe of *Sophocles* be perpetual. You urge the Contempt he has for my Plays, as Low and Mean, as an Argument to examine his Laſt. If I were capable of Envy, and ſo diffident of my ſelf to think him a dangerous Rival, perhaps I might comply with your Deſires; but ſince I find not my ſelf infected with either of thoſe Sentiments, I muſt not throw my Time away upon it. I confeſs, what you next urge, is a more prevailing Argument, the Curioſity of my Friend *Glycon*, and your Aſſurance, that my Letter ſhall be Sacred to your Eyes alone. And

yet

yet, my beſt *Cephiſophon*, you muſt aſſure your ſelf, it is with a great Reluctance I comply, and that I ſhall not run thro' all the Faults and Abſurdities of it, with which almoſt every Line abounds. No, no; that were a Task for *Hercules*, more Nauſeous than his *Augean* Stable: I ſhall therefore only touch at ſome of the moſt viſible. His Hero's Character is inconſiſtent with it ſelf. He appears as a General, a King, and a Conqueror, and yet all his Sentiments ſmell of the Pedagogue: He is barbarous to a Prince, for Words wrung from him by the Extremity of his Fortune, yet extends a fooliſh Mercy to a profligate Rogue, that out of his own abounding Villany, attempts his Life, forgetting that to ſpare a Villain, is no Part of Heroick Vertue, but rather an Encouragement to thoſe Vices, Heroes were produc'd to deſtroy. He is ſometimes extremely Pious to the Gods, and Religion, in his declamatory Way; but to the Aſſaſſinating Prieſt, he talks impiouſly enough of the Gods he pretends to adore, and the Religion he avows the Profeſſion of. Next the Heroe has ſo little to do in his Play, that it will be no Injury to the Poem, if you take him entirely out; for indeed he underſtands nothing of Deſign, and is an utter Stranger to the whole Art of the *Drama*. When I ſeek for Nature, the great Original that a true Poet ought to purſue, you find her not in one Line of his; the Whole indeed being like a ſick Man's Dream, Extravagant and Unaccountable. His Words ſeem jumbled together, like the Atomic Syſtems of ſome of our Philoſophers, though indeed the Dance here has not produced ſuch a Piece of Harmony as the Univerſe,

but carries ſtill the Stamp of their Primitive Confuſion. The ſecond Perſon of any Conſideration, if there be any Second, (for the three ſtand on a very equal Bottom of Merit) is perfectly Mad, and ought to have ſuffer'd that Confinement at the Opening, which he was condemn'd to at the Cloſe of the Play. The third is a Perſon not more in his Wits, tho' his Frenzy be indeed not altogether ſo noiſie, a Character I'm confident *Greece* never ſaw before, fond of a Woman, after ſhe had betray'd her Vows to him in the Embraces of another: That ſhe is forc'd to marry him, is no Excuſe, for ſhe ought to die, rather than break her Vows, if ſhe pretend to be an Example worthy Imitation. Sure the Audience was very merry at this Tragedy, as I have ſeen them at another of his, when from the Stage, he made this Reflection, *Sure thoſe People that come to laugh at a Tragedy, are merrily diſpoſed*, never reflecting, that his ridiculous Language and Poetry, gave the Occaſion, for Laughter proceeds from nothing that is truly Serious. Let him therefore, and his new Friend *Agatho*, contemn my Writings for the poorneſs of their Stile, I am proud the Characters I introduce riſe not above Nature, that I burſt not the Stage with Grief, nor ſwell the Language of Anger, beyond the Bounds of Probability. They are the firſt Coxcombs, I dare ſwear, that ever condemn'd a Painter for following the Life, and that thought what was Monſtrous, more Beautiful than Nature. *Agatho* has a Privilege of Railing; he has corrected himſelf from Writing by the Rebukes he has met with, or by the Decay of even, that ſmall *Genius* he formerly boaſted. The

City

City has Reason to bless the Gods, that as his Reign in Wit was violent, so it was short, and he cou'd not have chosen a more just and better qualified Successor than *Mesatus*. Yet I confess *Agatho* has much the Advantage of him, if there be any Degrees in Dulness, or of Poetasters; for in his Tragedy, there is some Design, tho' preposterous and unjust: He aims at something, stumbles upon some Turns he thinks surprizing, and directs all his Incidents and Characters to one End, and tho' his *Catastrophé* be Faulty, yet has it a Face of Right, whereas this of *Mesatus* is nothing at all. 'Tis a Play without a Plot, (tho' that be Essential to a Play) Characters without Nature, and inconsistent with themselves; Dialogues without Design or Connection, Verses without Numbers, Language without Grammar, and Words without Meaning. By this you see the Power of your Friendship over me, who am naturally satisfied with my own Reputation, without either envying that of another, or enquiring so solemnly into the Merit of it. I am content to contemn a Scoundrel Author my self, without declaiming against his Success. In the Numbers of Dramatick Writers in *Athens*, 'tis no wonder the Worthless sometimes get a Vogue: I am content to find the Publick Judgment not always in the Wrong, when we see *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* admir'd, by the People, as well as *Agatho* and *Mesatus*. The sincere Merit of an Author is fixt among the Vulgar by time, tho' known at first by Men of Sense: And this I hope will better vindicate me, and set a better distinction betwixt me and *Mesatus*, than all I can say. Present Artifices of designing Poetasters may a while do a Poet some Prejudice, but merit like Truth, will

in time prevail. The Vanity of Succeſs often makes a Coxcomb ſo intolerable to his blind Fautors, that they grow weary of their Zeal for his Promotion, and leave him to ſink with his own proper Weight, which the Popularity of their Breath till then ſupported, and afterwards the beſt of his Fate is Oblivion. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Piſiſtratus *King of* Athens, *to* Solon *the Law-giver; requiring him to return Home, after he had voluntarily baniſh'd himſelf.*

NEITHER do I labour under the Character of the only *Greek* Tyrant, (O *Solon*) nor am I without a Title to the Kingdom I poſſeſs. My Right I derive from *Codrus*, of whom I am lineally deſcended. What the *Athenians* formerly ſwore to give him and his Heirs, and afterwards unjuſtly took from him, I have recover'd. No otherwiſe, to my Knowledge, have I offended either the Gods or Man. Thoſe Laws you have contriv'd for your Countrymen, I have made them ſwear to obſerve, which, 'tis certain, they may better be able to perform under my Adminiſtration, than that of a *Democracy*. I allow none to do Wrong, neither do I pretend to any other Privileges, which are falſly term'd *Tyrannical*, than what conſiſt with my Honour and Dignity, and which my Predeceſſors have enjoy'd before me. Every *Athenian*, 'tis true, pays the Tenth of his Yearly Produce, yet that not to me, but towards the Maintenance of Publick Expences, as well in War,

War, as Peace. You I blame not for prying into my Deſigns; I'm ſatisfied, you did it more out of Love to your Country, than Hatred to me. Had you but known my Intentions, and what Government I was about to eſtabliſh, I'm confident you would neither have voluntarily baniſh'd your ſelf, nor diſapprov'd my Proceedings. Return then (O *Solon*) and be aſſur'd, thou ſhalt never have any juſt Occaſion to apprehend Injury from *Piſiſtratus*. He that never gave his Enemies Cauſe to miſtruſt him, will much leſs do ſo to a Friend, as I hope you are. If you'll come to me, and experience theſe Truths, you ſhall be ſure of the firſt Rank in my Friendſhip, for I never yet obſerv'd any thing in you that in the leaſt ſavour'd of Guile or Deceit. But if, on the contrary, you are diſpoſed to live in any other Part of our Dominions, than in *Athens*, uſe your Freedom; for I would not for all the World you ſhould deprive your ſelf of your Country for my ſake. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXV.

Solon's *Anſwer*.

I Believe I have no Reaſon to apprehend any Injury from thee, *Piſiſtratus*, for before thou wert a Tyrant, which Title I can't ſpare thee tho' thou wouldſt have me, I were thy Friend; However, I think thee the very beſt of Tyrants, and am no more thy Enemy, than any other *Athenian* may be who has no reliſh for Tyranny. Whether a *Democracy*, or thy Adminiſtration, be the better, I leave to both Parties to determine: But as for coming either to *Athens* or any other Part of thy Dominions,

nions, I absolutely refuse it, least I incur Censure, for having first settled an Equality in the *Athenian* Republick, and afterwards contradicted it by approving thy Actions. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Solon *to* Periander, *King of* Corinth, *advising him well.*

YOU write me, That there are many continually plotting against you, whom you have never offended: If you should put them all to Death, there will still new ones arise, either out of Hatred to you, or to ingratiate themselves with the City. I would advise you therefore, if you have a mind to be free from Jealousie, to take away the Cause of it; But if you rather chuse to continue in your Tyranny, provide your self with more Foreign Strength; so shall you have no need to put any Body to Death, or to fear any Man. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Thrasibulus, *Tyrant of* Miletum, *to the Same; with contrary Advice.*

I Gave your Messenger no Answer, but taking him into a Field of Corn, lopp'd off with my Cane, all the Ears which stood higher than the rest: So must you do likewise, if you have a mind to be settled on your Throne. Take off the Heads of the chiefest Citizens, whether your professed Enemies, or not. A Tyrant must suspect every Body. Farewel.

LET.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

The Philoſopher Pythagoras, *to* Hiero *King of* Sicily: *In Anſwer to an Invitation of his, to come and live with him.*

MY Life *(O Hiero)* is here ſecure and quiet, whilſt that of yours will by no Means ſuit me. A Moderate and Self-denying Perſon, ſtands in no need of a *Sicilian* Table. *Pythagoras* wherever he comes, has all Things ſufficient for him; but to depend on any Man, is what he never yet could ſtoop to. Self-ſufficiency is a great and ſafe Thing, whence it comes to be a Divine Attribute. The Pleaſures of this World enſlave Mens Minds, whilſt Indigence leads to Virtue and Freedom. Endeavour not then to get *Pythagoras* to come and live with thee, for wiſe Phyſicians never fall ſick to bear their Patients Company. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Solon *to his Friend, the Philoſopher* Epimenides.

MY Laws will ſignifie little, ſince thoſe that had the Charge of the *Athenian* Commonwealth ſo eaſiy gave Way to *Piſiſtratus*'s Uſurpation. When I foretold what would happen, they laugh'd at me, and choſe rather to hearken to his Flatteries, than my Truth. Laying therefore my Arms down before the *Areopagus*, I affirm'd, I was wiſer than they that did not ſee *Piſiſtratus* aim'd at Tyranny, and ſtouter than thoſe that durſt not reſiſt

resist him. For this, I got the Character of a *Madman*. Thus being the only Person that opposed this Tyrant, I fled my Country, and left the *Athenians* to his Mercy. They paid him all manner of Deference, as having wholly gain'd their Hearts; for you must know, Friend *Epimenides*, the Man came very cunningly by the Kingdom: The Manner this; He at first comply'd with the *Democracy*, then wounding himself, pretended he had been assassinated by his Enemies, and therefore requir'd a Guard of 400 young Men for his Security. This was granted, and these soon plac'd him on the Throne. I have since laboured all I could to keep the People from Slavery, but they had carried the Matter too far, so that now they all groan under the Oppression of one *Pisistratus*. Farewel.

LETTER XC.

Epimenides's *Answer*.

BE of Comfort, (Friend *Solon*) for tho' *Pisistratus* has lorded it over the *Athenians* for some time, yet do they now begin to be sensible of thy wholsom Instructions, and will not much longer brook his Tyranny. They have hitherto, as void of Discipline, submitted to Servitude, but at length they will certainly cast off his Yoke as a Free People. It is not probable, that such as have altogether been bred up under excellent Laws, as yours unquestionably are, should truckle long to a *Despotick* Power. Wonder not therefore (O *Solon*) any farther, but come to me to *Crete*, where you may live easie under a mild Government: But

But take Care however, you meet with none of the Tyrant's Faction on the Road, leſt they do you ſome Miſchief. Farewel.

LETTER XCI.

The Great Philoſopher Ariſtotle, *to King* Philip *of* Macedon ; *adviſing him to favour* Greece, *and cultivate his Philoſophy.*

THOSE who enter upon Publick Commands, purely to do Good, and without the Aſſiſtance either of Fortune or Nature, rely not upon themſelves, but Vertue, which notwithſtanding all Things daily change, never does. Nature, like a Tragedy, interweaves our Lives with Misfortunes, and Men, like Flowers, have all their fixt Periods of flouriſhing. Behave your ſelf therefore (O Prince) neither tyrannically nor negligently towards *Greece*, for as the one argues Petulancy, ſo does the other Temerity. Wiſe Princes are more to be admir'd for their Governance, than Government, inſomuch that tho' all Things ſhould alter, yet will they ſtill have the ſame Praiſe. What farther I have to ſay to you, at this Juncture, is only this, that as you preſerve the Health of your Body by Exerciſe, ſo ſhould you do that of your Mind by Philoſophy. Farewel.

LETTER XCII.

The ſame to Alexander *the* Great, *preſcribing him Means to preſerve his Fame, and to tranſmit it to Eternity.*

BEING to write to ſo great a Man as you, I am in doubt how to begin; for on what Part of your Life ſoever I look, all ſeems great and wonderful, yet good Precepts and ſound Inſtructions have ever been reliſh'd from a Maſter: I adviſe you therefore, to uſe your Power not in oppreſſing, but obliging every Body, ſo ſhall you never want true Friends, nor faithful Subjects. Nature, which muſt yield at laſt, and give way to Fate, by theſe Means obtains an Eternal Remembrance. Conſider this well, for you are not wont to deſpiſe my Exhortations. Your Deſcent is Royal, your Kingdom Hereditary, your Learning Great and your Glory Admirable. Endeavour then to ſurpaſs all Men in Vertue, as you exceed them in the Favours of Fortune. In a Word, do nothing but what is profitable, and finiſh whatever you begin. Farewel.

LETTER XCIII.

The Senate of Abdera, *to the Great Phyſician* Hippocrates, *entreating him to come and cure their Philoſopher* Democritus *of Madneſs.*

OUR City, *Hippocrates*, being like to become deſolate by the Indiſpoſition of one who has long prov'd an Ornament to it, we cannot but have recourſe

recourſe to thee and thy Art for Relief. Our great Philoſopher *Democritus* is fallen ſick, and his Malady is ſuch, that if not ſpeedily remedied, we fear his continual Study, and great Learning may at laſt turn his Brain. He ſits up and raves both Night and Day, and laughs at all Things of all Kinds, tho' the Objects be never ſo Melancholy or Serious: Moreover, he dives into the Infernal Regions, and writes concerning them. Alſo affirms, the Air to be full of Images, that the Birds have a Language which he underſtands, and that he often travels into the Infinity of Things, where he meets with many ſuch as himſelf. Thus he not only deſtroys his Body but impairs his Mind. Wherefore having juſt Cauſe to apprehend ſome bad Conſequences, we entreat thee, *Hippocrates*, nay, we conjure thee, to come and preſerve us and him, by thy Advice. Deſpiſe us not, for we are not inconſiderable; and though we know you prefer Learning before Wealth, yet if you ſucceed, which we do not doubt but you will, you muſt give us Leave to expreſs our Gratitude proportionably to what you ſhall deſerve. If our City were all Gold, we would give it, rather than loſe *Democritus*. While he is ſick, our Laws, nay, our whole State, are languiſhing; and if he ſhould die, which the Gods avert, we ſhould all expire with his Breath. Come then, thou beſt of Men, come cure the moſt excellent of Philoſophers: Come and be not only our Phyſician, but Founder, Law-giver, Preſerver; for by reſtoring him to Health, thou wilt be all theſe to us: Nay, thou wilt hereby recover our drooping State, and prevent its Diſſolution. Yet is it not our City alone, but all *Greece*, that entreats this Favour of thee. Imagine Learning it ſelf to be

our

our Interceſſor, and Wiſdom our Ambaſſador, in behalf of their Darling *Democritus*. Thou art nearly allied to *Æſculapius*, both by Blood and Profeſſion. He deſcended from a Brother of *Hercules*, from whom came our Founder *Abderus*. Therefore if no other Argument can move thee, let Affinity prevail with thee to come and aſſiſt us in this Extremity. If you do not come, our whole Nation will run mad, to ſympathize with him, they have always ſo dearly lov'd. Strange! that the Exceſs of Good ſhould become a Diſeaſe. *Democritus*, who is in poſſeſſion of the Perfection of Wiſdom, runs mad, whilſt the Populace of *Abdera* continue to enjoy their Sences, and even thoſe who have ever been eſteem'd uncapable of Thinking, are now able to diſcern Errors in the wiſeſt of Men. Come therefore, great *Hippocrates*, reſtore him to his Intellect, who has been a common Preceptor to us all. Bring along with thee all thy *Recipe's* and Drugs. As for *Botanic* Remedies, we have enough, and ſure our Soil never produc'd Herbs ſo ſeaſonably as now, for the Recovery of our dear *Democritus*. Farewel from *Abdera*.

LETTER XCIV.

Hippocrates's *Anſwer*.

THO your Meſſenger, *Ameleſagoras*, deliver'd me your Letter at *Coos*, on a Day of great Solemnity amongſt us, yet perceiving by the Diſorder in his Looks, that his Buſineſs requir'd haſte, I reſolv'd immediately to diſpatch him. I find your City no leſs concern'd for the indiſ-

Indiſpoſition of one Man, than if there had been but one Man among ye. However, you are truly happy in that you eſteem Wiſdom of greater Defence to you, than Walls and Bulwarks. As Art proceeds from the Gods, and Man is the Work of Nature; ſo, you Men of *Abdera*, I look upon my ſelf to be more ſummon'd by both theſe than by you. Both the Gods and Nature require me to preſerve *Democritus*, and ſince they have neither of them promis'd me any Reward, you do ill to offer one. A free Art ought to be always free, when they who take a Recompence for what they have done, do but enſlave a Liberal Science. Such as theſe will refuſe when deſir'd, and come when they are not ſent for. Human Life is indeed miſerable, in that it is continually invaded by an inſatiate Deſire of Wealth. This is the Madneſs which Phyſicians ought moſt to employ their Art upon. This is the Frenzy which moſt moleſts our Quiet, and which can only be cur'd by Vertue. For my Part, if Riches had been my Aim, I had long ſince gone to the Court of *Perſia* to Practiſe; but I refus'd to comply with the repeated Invitations of that Prince, both out of a Contempt of his Wealth, and the Conſideration of his being a Barbarian, and an Enemy to *Greece*. It would have been highly blameable in me to have ſought to do him Good, who endeavour'd all he could the Ruine and Deſtruction of my Country. I look upon it equally ill to oblige an Enemy, and take Money of a Friend. If *Democritus* be really diſtemper'd I will come and do my beſt to cure him, if not, my Buſineſs will be only to reproach your Credulity. Farewel from *Coos*.

LETTER XCV.

Hippocrates *to his Friend* Damagetus, *concerning the Condition he found* Democritus *in: Being a ſevere Satyr upon Man.*

I Found my Patient juſt as I expected. He is not mad, but rather they that thought him ſo. He is exceeding Wiſe, and has taught me Wiſdom. As ſoon as I came to *Abdera*, the People flock'd about me in great Numbers to welcom me, and when I refus'd to go to any Houſe, till I had ſeen *Democritus*, they ran before me, calling out upon *Jupiter* to aſſiſt me. I comforted them by telling them, that it being the Seaſon of the *Eteſian* Winds, his Diſeaſe could not laſt long. They conducted me behind a Tower upon a Hill, whence I could plainly ſee the Habitation of this Philoſopher, about the middle of the Deſcent. He was then without Doors ſitting upon a Stone, under a low Plantane-Tree, with a Book upon his Knee, and ſeveral Others, with diſſected Bodies, lying about him. His Habit was a ſqualid courſe Rugg. He appear'd wan and lean, and had a long Beard. I obſerved he ſometimes wrot haſtily, then pauſed and conſider'd, after which he went and por'd on the diſſected Animals, and in a little time return'd to his Seat. The *Abderites* told me, with Tears in their Eyes, that I might well perceive what Condition he was in by his Actions. I bad them be patient, and I would go down and feel his Pulſe. When I approach'd, he was pondring upon ſome weighty Matter, which made me to wait till he had done. It was not long before he

ſaw

saw me, when he saluted me in these Words, *Hail Stranger!* I answer'd, *Hail also* Democritus, *thou wisest of Men!* Upon this, he made an Apology for calling me Stranger, and said he should not have done so, had he but known my Name, which he therefore ask'd me. I told him I was *Hippocrates* the Physician. *Then you are* (reply'd he) *the Glory of the Æsculapians whose Fame has reach'd even me. What brought you hither, I beseech you?* (continu'd he) *But first sit down. This Seat* (proceeded he) *you may observe is very pleasant and secure; wherein it is preferable to Thrones, which are all subject to Envy.* As soon as I was sate, he ask'd me, if 'twas Publick or Private Business that occasion'd my Coming. I told him 'twas purely to see him. *Then* (reply'd he) *let my House be your Home.* I answer'd, I had already been entertain'd by one *Philopœmen*, whom I ask'd him if he knew. *What the Son of* Damon (reply'd he) *I know him very well, he lives hard by the* Hermæan *Fountain. The same* (answer'd I) *he has been my old Acquaintance. But I pray,* Democritus (said I farther to try him) *what is that you are Writing?* To which, after some Pause, he reply'd, *A Treatise of Madness, with its Causes and Cures, for the better Discovery of which, I have dissected all those Animals you see there, and that not out of Hatred to the Works of the Gods, but to discover the Seat of Choler, which most commonly occasions this Malady. Truly* (quoth I) Democritus, *you enjoy that Quiet in your Life, which I cannot arrive at. And why not?* (answer'd he) *Because* (said I) *many Things interrupt that Pleasure I should otherwise have.* Hereupon he fell into a great Fit of Laughter; and upon my asking the Reason, laugh'd more than before; which the *Ab-*

derites obſerving aloof off, they beat their Heads and tore their Hair for Grief. I preſs'd him earneſtly to know what I had ſaid, that was ſo very ridiculous. He anſwer'd me only, that if *I* could make it otherwiſe, I ſhould effect a greater Wonder than ever I did yet. *What* (ſaid I) *is it not abſurd to laugh at ſad and ſerious Matters? True* (ſaid he) *but I find you do not rightly apprehend the Occaſion of my Laughter, which when you come to do, I doubt not but you will think your ſelf obliged to teach me Phyſick in requital of the Knowledge I ſhall teach you. You think* (continued he, looking ſtedfaſtly upon me) *that I laugh at both Good and Ill, but I muſt acquaint you, 'tis Man only is the Object of my Mirth. Fooliſh Man that plays the Child in all his Actions, undergoes great Toil and Hazard for no Benefit, travels to the end of the World, and ſearches the utmoſt depth of it, for what, when obtain'd does but add to his Diſquiet. He digs, into and rends his Mother's Bowels, by the Hands of Slaves, whereof ſome live there, as in their Native Soil; and others are buried there. They are continually employ'd in ſifting one Sand from another, to extract the trifling Treaſure. Is it not Man alſo that marrys, and ſoon after procures a Divorce? that gets Children, and diſinherits them when he has done? That purchaſes Land to ſell again, and that warrs upon his Neighbour, to ruine himſelf? To what endleſs Changes and Chances is he ſubject? When he is Poor, he deſires Riches, and when he has them, either hoards them up, or laviſhes them away. He violates the Laws of Nature and Friendſhip by Contention. Both Parents and Friends are at continual Variance with each other, about Nothing. What is really valuable, is deſpiſed, whilſt that which is of no Worth is beſt valued. Man always eſteems moſt*

what

what is hardeſt to come at. When he is at Sea, he longs for the Pleaſures of the Land, and when at Land, for thoſe of the Sea. In War he commends Valor, and yet is at the ſame time a Slave to Sloth and Luxury. How could you therefore, Hippocrates, *reprove me for laughing at theſe Enormities? Men generally laugh at anothers Follies, and not at their own. They that think themſelves ſober, laugh at thoſe that ſeem to be drunk. All this* (reply'd I) *is true, but it muſt be imputed to the innate Mutability of Man's Mind, and is rather to be pitied, than ridicul'd: For,* O Democritus, (continu'd I) *what Man is there that when he marries, thinks of a Divorce, or when he begets Children, intends to diſinherit them? None can foreſee what ſhall happen to them, and every one flatters himſelf with Hopes of Succeſs. You yet miſunderſtand me* (reply'd *Democritus*;) *I blame not their Weakneſs, but their Will. They have it in their Power to do better. If they would but conſider the common Mutability of Things, that alone were enough to make them wiſe. Thoſe that had the uſe of their Reaſon would never look upon the Matters of this World as fixed and ſettled. But if, on the contrary, a Man would rightly weigh what he attempts, and endeavour to underſtand himſelf and his Ability, he would not let his Deſires be ſo exorbitant, but follow Nature, out of whoſe Store he might be plentifully nouriſh'd and ſupply'd. As a fat Body is more liable to Diſeaſes, than a lean, ſo is an high Eſtate ever in moſt danger of falling. Great Minds are beſt known in Extremities. This is,* Hippocrates, *the true Reaſon of my Laughter. Man's Behaviour, as to Vertue,* (proceeded he) *is yet worſe than all has been ſaid. He affects Lying, follows Pleaſure, and diſobeys the Laws. My Laughing condemns his Inconſiderateneſs, whereas he alone, of all Creatures, is qualified*

to foresee Futurities. His Mutability is such, that he first hates a Thing, and then applys himself to it, finds fault with Navigation, and then puts to Sea; speaks against Husbandry, and then falls a ploughing, gets divorc'd from one Wife, and then marries another, disinherits his Children, and afterwards begets more, so that he never remains constant in any one Condition whatsoever. Princes commend a private Life, private Persons a Publick. Statesmen are for being Tradesmen, as the more innocent Calling, and, on the contrary, Tradesmen Statesmen, out of Envy to their Power and Grandeur. Some are govern'd by Incontinence, others by Avarice. Ambition carries a third sort into the Air, and then lets them fall down headlong to their Destruction. Some do Good, and after repent of it, and having violated the Laws of Friendship, turn all their commendable Actions into Enmity. Wherein do these differ from Beasts or rather in what Brutalities do they not exceed them? What Lyon will bury Gold, or what Wolf or Tygre, contend for more Sustenance than he has occasion for? Both Nights and Days, however, are scarce sufficient for Man to riot in: All Brutes have their Seasons of Coition, but Man's Lustlasts the Year round. How could I, Hippocrates, *forbear to laugh at him that laments the Loss of his Goods, and yet exposes them to all the Hazards of the Ocean? Why should he blame the Sea that swallows the Vessel he had surcharg'd with Merchandize? I must confess such sorts of People, entitle themselves, in some measure, to our Pity; yet they deserve not the Help of Physick, since the Founder of it* Æsculapius *was struck dead with Thunder for his Kindness to one Man. I might well be thought mad for looking after the Seat of Madness in Animals, when it is best to be found in Man, who is Infirmity from his very Cradle. When first born he's wholly helpless,*

as he grows up looſe and ungovernable, when at Man's Eſtate, vicious and intemperate; and when going to his Grave, altogether miſerable. Some Men are continually employ'd in Strife, others in Whoredoms, Rapes, Drunkenneſs and Gluttony; ſome in Avarice, and others in Prodigality; ſo that if the Walls of our Neighbours Houſes were but tranſparent, we ſhould diſcover ſome Quarrelling, ſome Debauching, ſome Swilling, others Gormandizing; ſome Vomiting, ſome raking up Wealth, and others ſcattering it abroad. Moſt deſpiſe what they enjoy, and covet what is out of their Reach. Some ſet their Minds on Horſes, ſome on Women, others on Doggs; ſome on Stone, or Wood; others affect Command, but very few Obedience. The Delight of ſome is in the Field, of others in the Forum, *and of ſome at the Theatre, to ſee their own Frailties repreſented and expos'd. Men are naturally ſo inconſtant, that I queſtion whether your Art can equally pleaſe all, for 'tis certain the ſick are no ſooner cur'd, than they aſcribe the Cauſe of it either to the Gods or Chance. Nay, ſome are of that untoward Diſpoſition, that they will be angry at their having Occaſion for your Help.* This ſaid, changing his Smiles into a Divine Look, his long Diſcourſe ended. I told him I would carry all his excellent Inſtructions to *Coos*, where, no doubt, I ſhould be applauded for my Journey, tho' I came on a Fools Errand. After this, we parted, and I return'd to the *Abderites*, whom having thanked for the Opportunity they had given me of ſeeing *Democritus*, I departed, and left them under no ſmall Confuſion, to think of the Folly they had committed. Farewel.

LETTER XCVI.

Democritus *to* Hippocrates, *after his Departure from* Abdera.

YOU came to *Abdera* (*Hippocrates*) to cure me of Madneſs, at the Inſtigation of a fooliſh People who thought Study and Contemplation ſo. At that time I was writing concerning the Fabrick of the World. As ſoon as you underſtood me well, you juſtly excus'd me from the Imputation of Frenzy, and laid it wholly on the Stupid *Abderites*. I have div'd into the depth of Nature, and found out the Cauſes of all Things, witneſs the Books I have written. If you therefore, *Hippocrates*, had adminiſtred *Hellebore* to me, as being mad, you had made me ſo indeed, which would have brought a Reflection on your Art; for that Root given to a ſound Perſon, clouds his Intellect, and confounds his Underſtanding. If you had found me only contemplating, and that in an odd Poſture, you might have had ſome Colour for crediting what had been ſuggeſted to you, but finding me quite contrary in Rational Action, you had no Reaſon to have ſuch Thoughts of me. A Phyſician is not to judge of the Affections and Paſſions of Men, by the Eye only. He muſt penetrate the inward Cauſes, which is the ſureſt Way to diſcover the Diſeaſe. Farewel.

LETTER XCVII.

Hippocrates's *Answer*.

IN Matters of Physick, Success is not commended in the Artist, but altogether attributed to the Gods; but where the Art fails, the Gods are excus'd, and the Physician only blam'd. For my Part, I must own I am yet oftentimes to seek in Medicine; neither was *Æsculapius* himself, that invented it, arriv'd at the Perfection of it. Your Letter condemns *Hellebore*, and that with Reason in your Case; for tho' I was sent for to cure a Mad-man, yet did I soon find you quite otherwise, and do acknowledge you to be the best Interpreter of Nature, and to have no Occasion for Physick. Since this Accident has begot an Acquaintance betwixt us, I desire a frequent Correspondence with you. I have sent you a Treatise of *Hellebore*. Farewel.

LETTER XCVIII.

Xenophon *to his two Friends*, Symmias *and* Cebes, *concerning his Commentaries.*

IT is a common Paradox, *That No-body is richer than a poor Man*; and which I find to be true by my self, for tho' I possess but little of my own, yet as long as you, my Friends, take Care to supply me, I cannot be said to want any Thing. As for my Commentaries, I would not have them, by any means, seen in my Absence, as I have

have often told you, leaſt they ſhould be blown upon. A Book once expos'd, is hardly ever retriev'd. *Plato* indeed got Honour by his Writings, during his Abſence in *Italy* and *Sicily*; but for my Part, I cannot be of Opinion they deſerved that Reſpect which was paid them. I am not ſo much concern'd at the Loſs of Reputation I may incur by the Publication of my Works, as tender of the Honour of *Socrates*, who is the Subject of them. I look upon it equally the ſame thing to calumniate, and not to give a Man his due Praiſe, while we write of him. I ſhall have theſe Apprehenſions, my dear Friends, till I hear from you, which I deſire may be ſpeedily. Farewel.

LETTER XCIX.

The Empreſs Agrippina, *to her Son the Emperor* Nero, *upon his enclining to favour the Accuſation againſt her, by one* Silana.

I Wonder not (O *Cæſar*) that barren *Silana* ſhould have no Sence of Maternal Affections. She that never bore a Son, might well be ignorant how to bear the Loſs of one. Nature renders thoſe Objects either hateful or indifferent, which do not ſtrike our Sences. Eſteem flows from the Fountain of Knowledge; but, on the contrary, I am greatly ſurprized (my Son) that your Prudence ſhould ſuffer it ſelf to be impos'd upon by ſuch Incredibilities, that your Ears ſhould receive ſo malicious an Accuſation, and that your Fancy could admit of ſuch a monſtrous Imagination. I admire your Soul did not ſtart at the horrid

rid Thought. I am amaz'd that the utmoſt Magick of Words, could be able to make you give the leaſt Credit to ſuch a barbarous Inhumanity. In Caſes ſo unnatural and improbable, we ought not to believe our Eyes, we ought firſt to doubt leſt they ſhould prove falſe Guides to us. Doſt thou not know (O Son) the Affection all Mothers naturally bear their Children. Our Love is without Bounds, being inceſſantly fed by that Tenderneſs, which is incredible to all but our ſelves. Nothing ought to be more dear to us, than what we have purchaſed, with the Riſque of our Lives; nothing more valuable than what we have undergone ſo great Grief and Pain to procure. Theſe are ſo ſharp and intolerable, that were it not for the Proſpect of a happy Birth, which makes us unmindful of our Agonies, Generation would ſoon be at an end. Canſt thou be ignorant (O *Nero*) that Nine full Months I have carried thee in my Bowels, and nouriſh'd thee with my Blood? How unlikely is it then that I would deſtroy that very Darling, I had taken ſo much Care to bring into the World? It may be the juſt Gods took Offence at my over-fondneſs of thee, and made uſe of this Way to puniſh me. A thouſand times, I muſt own, I have likened thee to the Deities themſelves: A thouſand times have thought that all the Bleſſings of the *Elyſian* Shades were concenter'd in thy Looks. I have defied both Nature and Art, to form any thing like thee: Nay, I have been tempted, by my raſh Love, to believe thee a God. *Rome* however has not hitherto been accuſtom'd to produce ſuch a Monſter as I am repreſented. The Benignity of our Climate could never yet admit of ſuch malign Influences. Our Soil never had Occaſion

for

for Blood to enrich it. In *Thebes*, *Argos*, or *Meſſina*, Places fam'd for Cruelties, ſuch Tragedies perhaps might have been acted; but here, if either Envy or Malice, had at any time ſuggeſted ſuch an abominable Thought, it would ſoon have been recoil'd upon the Black Inſtigator. Unhappy *Agrippina*! Thou art ſuſpected of a Crime which no Body could think thee guilty of. Who would have thought that thy Houſe ſhould all of a ſudden have been ſo abandon'd? Viſiters avoid thee, Friends forſake thee, and Suitors fly thee. At once diſcountenanc'd by the Supreme Authority thou art depriv'd of all Power and Command. Petitions to thee are turn'd into Libels againſt thee. Thoſe that have been moſt oblig'd to thee are the forwardeſt to ſeek thy Ruine. To what a Degree of Malice is envy arriv'd. Thy Innocence cannot ſecure thee againſt its contagious Influence. All thy beſt Actions are rendred ſuſpected by its Malignity. All the Dignities and Honours thou haſt been in Poſſeſſion of, are weak Antidotes againſt its Poiſon. Thy Condition that has been ador'd even by the remoteſt Nations, now finds it impracticable to defend it ſelf againſt the Rigor of ill Tongues at Home. The height of *Olympus* were not ſufficient to ſecure one from the Clouds of Calumny and Prejudice. *Rome* is now grown ſo degenerate, as to nouriſh a Viper in its Boſom, which devours the Reputation of the Mother of *Cæſar*. What ſignifies the Title of *Empreſs* to me, if I am ſuppos'd Guilty of what the baſeſt of Women would abhor? What avails me any Authority, if I'm believ'd Guilty of ſo execrable an Intention? But what would the World farther ſay of me, if I were not the Mother of *Nero*? No Torments would

be

be great enough to condemn me to, were my Enemies not under ſome faint Apprehenſions of his Diſpleaſure. Unhappy thoſe that depend upon the Breath of the Court. The wiſeſt of People are not ſecure from Tempeſts in that Harbour. There even a Calm is dangerous. But why do I blame the Court? Can that be the Cauſe of my being ſuſpected of Parricide? No, I ought rather to complain of thy Imprudence, *Nero*, in giving Credit to ſuch an improbable Barbarity; of thy Juſtice in conſenting to tax my Innocence; and of thy wonted Goodneſs in truſting to the bare Allegations of Calumny. I ought to blame thee for forfeiting the Reputation of our Family, by believing thy Mother guilty of ſuch a Crime, and my ſelf for having ſo little Merit as to give thee any Grounds for the Suſpicion thou haſt entertain'd. I know that to excuſe this over-Credulity thou wilt have Recourſe to that Maxim which enjoyns a Prince or Judge to hear all. The Safety of the State or a Prince's Perſon ought indeed oblige him to hearken to all, but not to give Credit to all. Believing all is equally the ſame Fault with believing Nothing. But to give ear to that which is repugnant to Nature, Cuſtom and Poſſibility is only the Act of a barbarous Temper altogether devoted to Cruelty. My Belief was at a ſtand, to think that *Cæſar* could have entertain'd any of theſe Thoughts of me. I could not have imagin'd a Woman could make him afraid of his Life. The End is chiefly to be conſider'd in all Things. Tell me then (O *Cæſar*) to what End ſhould I plot againſt thy Life? To plunge my ſelf in a worſe Fate! That's not likely: What Hopes then could induce me to build upon thy Ruine? I know the Luſt of Empire often corrupts the

the Laws of Nature, That Juſtice has no Sword to puniſh ſuch as offend in that Reſpect, and that Ambition never takes Notice of Wrong ſo long as it ſucceeds in its Aim. My Commands have been obey'd in the Provinces, influenc'd the Armies, directed the *Cohorts*, govern'd Nations and deterr'd the Enemies of *Rome*. My Name has had Acclamations from the *Legions*, been applauded by Strangers, reſpected by Kings, adored by the Senate, and had Incence paid to it by Prieſts. My Statues have had Divine Worſhip, and Altars have ſmoaked to my Honour; yet all this has not hinder'd ill Tongues from inventing improbable Lies againſt me, that have amounted to the Violation of my own Bowels. One would have thought my High Quality, protected by the Supreme Authority, might have been ſufficient to have aw'd ſuch Inſolence. But who can accuſe me of ſeducing the Army or corrupting the Provinces? Could I expect any tolerable Reward for promoting the Intereſt of *Britannicus* or *Platuius*; or might I not more reaſonably think, that if I ſhould advance them to the Empire, by dethroning my own Son, they would look upon me as an unnatural Mother, and ſet Spies upon my Actions, which would deprive me of all future Comfort? Nay, to what Deity could I have Recourſe for Abſolution after I had been Guilty of ſo black a Deed? Would to Heaven (my Son) *Silana* had the ſame Affection for thee, as I have ever had, or that her Accuſation did not proceed more from a Deſire of my Fall than ſaving thy Life. I would in this Caſe be thankful to the ſhameleſs Strumpet for giving me an Opportunity of ſacrificing my ſelf for thy ſafety. I ſhould no more think of her Malice, were I but ſatisfied

that

that Love, and not Envy, was the Cauſe of my Death. I can argue nothing better in my Defence than the Infamy of my Accuſer. She is well known to have long led an Adulterous Life with the Pander *Atimetus*, and the Stage-Player *Paris*. How then can her Teſtimony be credited? She that could violate her Husbands Honour, will never ſcruple to take away my Life. But has there any *Conſul* or *Prætor* accuſed me? Have the People required my Blood for the Security of the Commonwealth? Or have the Senate convicted me of this intended Parricide, and petitioned for my Execution? If ſo (O *Cæſar*) behold me ready to lance my own Veins, in Compliance with the welcome Sentence. Pardon not her that could admit ſo heinous an Intention into her Heart, tho' thy Mother. Diveſt thy ſelf of all Natural Affections towards her, and let thy Juſtice blot from thy Memory one that could harbour ſo villainous a Deſign. But if my Accuſer and her Accomplices be of the very Dregs of the People, not worthy to look upon me or mention my Name, and much leſs to arraign me at the Tribunal of my Son, why ſhould not more Credit be afforded to the known Integrity of my Actions than to their Words? Now what Recompence can they make me for the *Odium* caſt upon my Fame? What will the World not believe of theſe ſlanderous Depoſitions, ſince every one is at Liberty to think what he pleaſes. What will the Vulgar not imagine, ſince they are always more govern'd by the firſt Impreſſions, than Reaſon? The Blood of theſe Harpies can never be a ſufficient Attonement for the Malignity of their Tongues. The united Deaths both of them and their Poſterity, can hardly make me amends for what

what I have ſuffer'd from their infectious Calumnies, inſomuch that tho' thou ſhouldſt endeavour (O *Cæſar*) to reſtore my Reputation, yet will thy Goodneſs ſeem more to flow from Natural Affection, than Juſtice; and my ſuppoſed Crime appear more worthy of Pity, than Pardon. Thy Abſolution may indeed free me from the Puniſhment, but not from the Imputation of Guilt, ſince the Family of *Cæſar* ought not to admit even of the leaſt Suſpicion. But tho' my own Conſcience acquit me, yet will that not avail to ſatisfie others Doubts. They will ſtill accuſe me of this horrid Crime, and which I have incurr'd the Jealouſie of, by loving thee too much, and by hazarding my Life to promote thy Grandeur. What Dangers have I not undergone to procure thee the Empire? What Impoſſibilities have I not ſurmounted to place the Lawrel on thy Temples? But I offend thy Gratitude by remembring thee of my Services. My Innoence ought not to defend it ſelf, but to rely wholly on thy Juſtice. Farewel.

LETTER C.

The Emperor Probus, *to the Senate of* Rome, *concerning his Succeſs againſt the* Barbarians.

I Am exceeding thankful to the Immortal Gods, Moſt Equal Fathers, that they have been pleaſed to juſtifie their Approbation of your Choice by the great Succeſs they have beſtow'd upon my Arms. All that wide extended Country of *Germany* is ſubdu'd: Nine of its chiefeſt Kings have proſtrated themſelves at my Feet, or I might better ſay, at yours. Its Subjects now labour for you, and

and instead of any farther defending their Possessions proffer to fight your Battels. I beseech ye therefore to decree those Rites to the Gods as have been customary on the like Occasions. Four hundred thousand of the Enemy are slain, and sixteen thousand have listed in our Service. Sixty Noble Cities are recover'd, and *Gallia* is entirely at Liberty. Those Crowns I have had presented by the *Gauls*, I desire your Fatherhoods would consecrate to the Omnipotent *Jupiter*, and the other Immortal Gods and Goddesses. Whatever has been formerly lost, is now regain'd with Surplusage. The Fields of *Gallia* are ploughed with *Barbarian* Cattle, and their Oxen tamely yield their Necks to our Yokes. Their Sheep now graze upon our Mountains, and yean in our Plains. Our Barns are filled with their Corn, and Cavalry remounted on their Horses. In a Word. we have all, which if the Divine Providence shall think fit to continue to us, we ought to return repeated Acknowledgments, lest we seem ungrateful for those Blessings we have receiv'd. Farewel.

LETTER CI.

Cicero *to his Son* Marcus, *to reclaim him from his loose Course of Life.*

CAN I think (O *Marcus*) thy vicious Course of Life could offer to eclipse my Glory? I would question even the Oracles of Truth in this Case, for nothing is more difficult than to make a Man believe what he does not like. Yet am I obliged to give Credit to my Sences. I see thee daily involv'd in all Kinds of Luxury, and

hear thee as often discoursing on nothing but Vanity. Ill Fortune had no other Way to attack me. My Country owes its Safety to me, and both the Senate and People have stil'd me their *Preserver*. I have surmounted the Meanness of my Birth, and baffled all the Attempts of Envy, Malice, Pride and Calumny against me. Nothing but the Vagaries of *Marcus* could render me Unhappy. Poor unfortunate *Cicero!* reduced to that State by the Disobedience of a Child, which thy Enemies could not bring thee to. Thou (*Marcus*) thou alone robbest me of my Honour, obscurest my Vertue, and clog'st the Wings of my Fame. Upon what a weak Foundation have I founded my Hopes? Upon one, who, instead of striking in with me towards the acquiring of Glory, will, if he does not reform, leave to Posterity the Character of a *Libertine*; and whereas he might inherit the Renown due to my Labours, will deprive his Father of all Content, and himself of all Esteem. But it is yet time (O my Son) both to recant thy Errors, and return to thy Studies. By one, thou wilt restore my Quiet; and by the other, enrich thy self. 'Tis never too late to learn. I have known a Man of an hundred Years old thirst after Instruction; nay, all wise Men will hearken to their Friends, even when they are dying. Cast off then that Yoke which Vice has put on thee; and whereby thy Mind is deprav'd, thy Sences stupified, thy Reputation lost, and mine obscur'd. Consider these worldly Pleasures as *Syrens* that decoy thee to thy Ruin, and which are really nothing but vain, vile, frail, short-liv'd Things, subject to a thousand Accidents, and whose End is only Torment and Repentance. Yet all this while I do not speak against those Diversions that unbend

unbend the Mind. A Bow always bent is soon broken, and the Imbecility of our Nature requires some Recreation. I blame only Incontinence, Luxury and a Superfluous Use of Meat and Drink. No Vice is more abominable than Intemperance, from whence all other Vices flow: Yet to those thou hast raisd Altars; to these thou pay'st thy Vows. I wonder thou dost not fly the common Society of Mankind, to get rid of their continual Reproaches. Thou art either not a Man, or not my Son. Drunkenness has transform'd thee, and like that of *Alexander* the Great, has tarnish'd all thy Glory. The Delights of *Capua* enervated the Prowess of *Hannibal*. Whilst thou art drunk (O *Marcus*) thy Head turns round, thy Tongue falters, thy Eyes deceive thee, thy Feet fail thee, and thy Stomach offends thee. Wherefore if thou art not altogether become stupid, thou must needs be sensible thy self of the Inconveniencies of this Vice. My Cheeks burn with Shame, while I reprove thee for these Enormities, and my Mind is under Apprehensions of contaminating it self by the bare Naming them. Believe me (*Marcus*) Vice has got the Ascendant over thy Reason, and will not suffer thee to be sensible of thy Folly. It will not permit thee to look thro' the thick Fogs that envelope thy Brain, and conceals its own Deformity from thee. It keeps thee from discerning the Splendour of Vertue and the Brightness of thy Race. If thou couldst but view the Beauties of Virtue I'm confident thou wouldst soon be in Love with her. No Heart can be so harden'd, but must be affected by her Charms. The wide World cannot shew any thing more Amiable. She is Praise to her self; & without her Perfection would be Nothing. She

gains us by her Authority, even the Love of our Enemies. The Sun once ſtopped his Courſe to admire her. Alſo Death it ſelf, which nothing elſe can conquer, and which buries every Thing in Oblivion, yet yields to her, and ſubmits to that Immortality which is only acquir'd by her. Tell me, I beſeech thee, my Son, what is become of all the Antient *Greek* Magnificence in Building? Is it not devour'd by Time? Yet the Works of Vertue live, and will do ſo to all Eternity. Both the Names and Actions of Virtuous Perſons will endure the utmoſt Teſt of Time, and, thro' all the endleſs Revolutions of Ages flouriſh. He need not to fear the Horrors of Death (O *Marcus*) who can be ſure to out-live the Bounds of Life by his Vertue. Whilſt thou, if thou continu'ſt in this Senſuality of thine, as thou haſt liv'd unregarded wilt die unlamented, and rot in the Grave unremembred: Or if thou ſhouldſt leave any Name behind thee, it will be devoted to Infamy, than which it were far better to have been condemned to Oblivion. That's but a fooliſh Opinion which ſome entertain, and which I daily reflect upon with Contempt and Diſdain, that our Happineſs ends with our Lives and our Glory ceaſes with our Deaths. Thoſe Men know not that true Life begins at the Grave, and ſprings from the very Boſom of Death. Our Souls are *Phœnix*'s, which revive from our own Aſhes. Then are our Names Eternized; Then have Envy and Malice no more Power to obſcure our Merits, or to diſpute our Title with us to Fame. The Priviledges of our Souls would be nothing, if they were ſubject to the Corruption of the Body. Now, Son *Marcus*, if this Obſtinacy will not give thee leave to lay hold on theſe Inſtructions; if thou

wilt ſtill continue thy Converſe with Brutes, who have no other Sence than their Luſts: If, in a Word, thou wilt perſiſt to forfeit both mine and thy own Reputation by thy ill Courſes, I have no abſolute Authority over thy Will, I can only ſatisfie my ſelf in that I have thus far oppoſed thy vicious Inclinations. Farewel.

LETTER CII.

Another Letter of Cicero, *to his Son* Marcus, *upon the ſame Subject; being a Sequel of the former.*

WHAT I wrote to you lately, I do not think ſufficient to acquit my ſelf, and therefore ſend you this ſecond Letter. I muſt once more earneſtly conjure thee (Son *Marcus*) to forſake the diſſolute Courſe of Life thou haſt taken up, which if thou wilt not do for the ſake of thy own Reputation, do at leaſt for that of mine, which I have acquir'd not ſo much by the Favour of Fortune, as by pure Merit. Do not endeavour to rob thy Father of that Happineſs which he has been all his Life labouring after. But if Nature has not made thee capable of knowing either thy Honour, or thy Intereſt, ſhe could not ſure but have allow'd thee a Sence of that Duty which all Children owe their Parents. That alone, one would think, ought to excite in thee an Inclination to Vertue, which thou knoweſt I have not only long deſir'd, but alſo commanded. Not to obey thy Father, is meer Madneſs; not to love him, extreme Impiety; but to trample on his Fame is worſe than Parricide. Neither Wit nor

Words are able to express how commendable and necessary a Thing Obedience to a Parent is. The utmost extent of Time owns it self at a Loss to reward such Children as are dutiful. I will give thee some Examples, *Marcus*, of such Sons as with the Hazard of their own, have sav'd their Fathers Lives. *Manlius Torquatus*, the first that gave the Name to that famous Family, to free his Father of an Accusation before the *Tribune* of the People went arm'd and alone to the *Tribune's* House, and by a generous Force compell'd that Magistrate to desist from hearkning to any farther Prosecution. *Scipio Africanus* had scarce attain'd the Years of Manhood, when he rescu'd his Father from out of the Hands of *Hannibal*, to whom, being grievously wounded, he had become a Prey. Neither his unexperienced Youth, nor the Misfortunes of the Day, could hinder the Vehemence of his Virtue and Affection from doing an Act that has got him more Renown than all his Victories afterwards. *Caius Flaminius* while *Tribune* of the People, publish'd a Law to divide the Conquer'd Lands in *Gallia*. The Senate oppos'd it, first with good Words, then with Threats, and at length with an Army; but all in vain, till at last upon his Father's bare Request only, he abandon'd his Resolution, and submitted to Authority. I could give thee other Examples, *Marcus*, of Sons that ventur'd their All to secure their Fathers Safety; whilst thou, on the contrary, wilt not forego a few brutal Delights to favour my good Name, the Loss of which is worse to me than Death. I might, and that with Reason, imitate those Parents who have prov'd Tyrants to their Children, such as *Junius Brutus*, *Torquatus*, and not long since *Aulus Fulvius*, who rather than endure their disobedient

dient Iſſue let out the degenerate Blood. Is it not better to lopp off the contagious Member, than ſuffer it to ſpread its Venom? With much greater Reaſon might I rid my ſelf of a Child, who, by his diſhoneſt Life, robs me both of my Quiet and Reputation, and is in danger of poiſoning the Commonwealth to boot. Whilſt my Paternal Affection, which can neither be alter'd by my Ambition nor my Honour, is only anxious of thy Safety and long Life. I muſt confeſs, it gives me ſome Uneaſineſs when I conſider what the World will ſay of me for taking no more Care of thy Education. I'm ſenſible they'll accuſe my Indulgence of nouriſhing thy Propenſity to Vice. But then when I can make it appear, as 'tis well known I can, that the Cauſe is in thy perverſe Nature, and neither in my Will nor Power, that Accuſation will ſoon vaniſh. Truly I cannot but wonder, that being of Human Kind, thou ſhould'ſt be inſenſible to all the Calls of Emulation, and the Reproaches of Infamy. But I ſoon change my Mind, when I conclude that one that could prove ungrateful to him, whom he owes his Being to, will eaſily be ſo to himſelf. One would think the many Obligations I have laid upon thee might have mov'd thee as my Friend, if not as my Son; but I find Fortune, to afflict me yet the more ſenſibly, has brought that under the Denomination of Certainty, which I thought Impoſſible. But ſince thy extravagant Obſtinacy deſpiſes my ſincere Good-Will, ſince my Words that have all along had ſo great Applauſe in the World, are but thrown away upon thee, I will henceforward renounce thee for my Son, or look upon thee only as an Excrement, which tho' it be Part of me, yet can I live without it. Farewel.

LETTER CIII.

Sylla *the* Dictator, *to* Mithridates, *King of* Pontus. *Written from the Camp.*

I Matter not, O *Mithridates*, that the War is distant from *Rome*, Fortune having always hitherto waited upon her, how remote soever she were. But since you say she never fail'd you, nor has ever been acquainted with me, you shall soon find that according to her natural Mutability, she leaves you to court me; yet supposing she should not, I value neither her nor you, always hoping the Gods will prove more favourable to my Justice, than Fortune can possibly do to your Arrogance. Farewel.

LETTER CIV.

The Emperor Adrian, *to* Servianus *Consul of* Rome; *giving him an Account of the Customs and Manners of the* Ægyptians.

HAVING perfectly acquainted my self with *Ægypt*, pursuant to your Desires, my dear *Servianus*, I shall not, out of Gratitude, fail to send you my Observations upon that Nation: You must know then, The *Ægyptians* are a Proud, Injurious, Loose, Light and Inconstant sort of People, always in Suspence, and ever changing with the least Turn of Fortune. They are strange Libertines, and excessive Lovers of Novelty. They will not be afraid to sing Seditious Songs about Streets, nor to versifie upon the Persons of their

Princes

Princes and Magiſtrates. They are made up for the moſt Part of Aſtrologers, Soothſayers and Empiricks. They are always varying, and ever diſpleaſed with the preſent Times, againſt which they continually rail. They equally pay Adoration to their God *Serapis*, nay, even the Votaries of *Chriſt* and *Moſes*, that live among them. The Chriſtian Patriarch as often as he comes to *Alexandria*, is alſo obliged to Worſhip this God. This City is ſplendid, rich and populous: No Body lives idle in it. Every Body is employ'd in one Thing or other. Some work on Glaſs, others on Paper, and others on Linnen. Not ſo much as the Gouty or Diſabled are excuſed; for they have all ſomething to do: Even the Blind are buſied on ſome Art or other. All I can ſay farther is, That 'twere to be wiſh'd this were a better-govern'd City; for its Magnitude and Populouſneſs ſufficiently entitle it to the Dominion of *Ægypt*. For my Part, I have conſiderably augmented its Privileges, and added ſome new, which the Citizens have often expreſſed their Gratitude to me for. However, I had no ſooner turn'd my Back, but they railed exceedingly at my Son *Ælius Verus* and my Friend *Antinous*. I ſhall therefore for the future, leave them to their Eggs and Poultry, which how they hatch in Dunghils is almoſt a Shame to mention. Make much of the *Ægyptian* Cups I ſend you, and let them be only us'd on Feſtivals. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER CV.

The Philoſopher Heraclitus, *to his Friend* Aphidamas; *giving him an Account of his Diſtemper.*

I Am fallen ſick (*Aphidamas*) of a Dropſie. Whatſoever abounds in us, occaſions a Diſeaſe. Exceſs of Heat brings a Fever; Exceſs of Cold, a Palſie; Exceſs of Wind, Cholick. My Diſtemper proceeds from Exceſs of Moiſture. The Soul keeps all theſe in due Proportion. The beſt Thing we have is Health: Nature her ſelf is Health. We cannot foreſee what is contrary to Nature, but it always comes by Surprize. I know the Nature of the World, I know that of Man; I know Diſeaſes; I know Health: I will cure my ſelf; I will imitate the Gods, who make Equal the Inequalities of the World, by committing them to the Governance of the Sun. *Heraclitus* ſhall not die of this Indiſpoſition: He ſhall rather by his Conduct kill the Diſeaſe that afflicts him. In the Univerſe moiſt Things are exſiccated and hot refrigerated. My Wiſdom knows moſt Things, but if my Body ſhould happen to be over-preſsd, it muſt yield and deſcend to the deſtin'd Place; My Soul however ſhall not do ſo, but being Immortal, ſhall aſcend to the Ætherial Manſions, where I will be ſure not to forget to accuſe the *Epheſians*. Then ſhall I converſe not with Men, but Gods; and have Altars rais'd to me inſtead of erecting them to others. There *Euthycles* will not be able to accuſe me of Impiety, but I rather him of Malice. Men have always wondred why I continually look'd ſad; but then they

they did not consider the excessive Wickedness of the World. Let them refrain from their ill Courses, and then perhaps I may smile. My Malady is the less irksom in that I am alone, or it may be because my Soul foreseeing she shall shortly get free of this Mortal Prison, compos'd of Phlegm, Choler, prurulent Matter, Blood, Nerves, Bones and Flesh, is pleas'd with the Prospect of her Native Country; for unless there were these Diseases, we should never be Ambitious of this Freedom, which is the Perfection of Bliss. Farewel.

LETTER CVI.

The Same to the Same; exposing the Ignorance of the Physicians of his Time.

THE Physicians (*Aphidamas*) have often consulted about my Distemper; but having neither Art nor Nature to guide them, they as often fail'd of giving any probable Account of it. They did nothing but handle my Belly, as if it had been a Leathern Bottle, and would have undertaken my Cure, would I have but consented to their Operations before they had found out the Nature of my Disease. They at first betray'd their Ignorance, and plainly discover'd they had not so much Knowledge of the Matter as my self. *How* (quoth I) *can you pretend to be Professors of Physick, and yet not be able to give a tolerable Guess at the Malady? I shall cure my self sooner than you can; and therefore will have nothing to do with your Prescriptions. I have known some cur'd by your* Recipe's, *'tis true; but then that could only be by Chance.*

These

These Doctors, *Aphidamas*, do very ill; for they profess an Art they know nothing of, and undertake Cures they do not understand, by which Means they do wrong both to Art and Nature. It is abominable to profess Ignorance, but much worse to pretend to what one is really ignorant of. What Delight they take in Lying? But thereby, however, they grow Rich. 'Twere better for them to beg for Bread; then they would be pitied; whereas now they are hated of all Men. I would give some Credit to your Science, if you could but shew me how a Drought could be made out of Moisture. These were the Men that kill'd my Uncle *Heracleodorus*, and took Money for it when they had done. They are ignorant how God cures the Diseases of the World, and therefore may well mistake mine. They know not how he dissolves the Dry into Moist, and then condenses the humid Air. This is the Cure of the sickly World; and this I will imitate. To all others I bid Farewel.

LETTER CVII.

The Philosopher Antisthenes, *to the Philosopher* Aristippus; *advising him to quit the Luxury of* Sicily.

IT is misbecoming a Philosopher (O *Aristippus*) both to converse with a Tyrant, and to revel at *Sicilian* Feasts. It were more commendable to be content with little in ones own Country. You nevertheless count it a great Happiness to acquire Riches, and live at *Siracuse*. But I must tell you, tho' you take *Dyonisius* for your Friend,

no

no unlearned Perſon, eſpecially a Tyrant, can be ſuch. If you are ſo much in Love with Pleaſure, as to forget you are a Philoſopher, I would adviſe you to go to *Anticyra*, and cure your ſelf by drinking *Hellebore*; for that would, in this Caſe, be much more proper for you, than to debauch with *Sicilian* Wine. How much Health and Diſcretion differ from Sickneſs and Folly, you will ſoon be ſenſible by this Experiment. Farewel.

LETTER CVIII.

Ariſtippus's *Anſwer, Ironically deriding his Friends Auſterities.*

WE are, I muſt own, *Antiſthenes*, unhappy beyond Meaſure: But how can it otherwiſe happen, whilſt we daily converſe with a Tyrant, and fare deliciouſly every Day. The choiceſt of Unguents are our Perfumes, and the richeſt looſe *Tarentine* Garments our Attire: Yet no Body will free *Ariſtippus* from this Cruelty of *Dyoniſius*, who neither fears the Gods nor Men, who detains me not as a rude Philoſopher, but one vers'd in *Socratick* Learning. My Misfortunes (*Antiſthenes*) have alſo lately been encreaſed by his preſenting me with three young luſcious *Sicilian* Virgins of great Beauty, and when this Profuſe Man will give over beſtowing his Favours, I cannot tell: Therefore you do kindly to be concern'd at my Miſeries, in requital whereof, I rejoyce at your Happineſs, and return you Thanks. I likewiſe adviſe you to hoard up your Figs and *Cretan* Meal againſt Winter, both to waſh and drink of the ſame Fountain of *Enneacrunus* and to continue

continue to wear always one ſordid Habit, as becomes a Free-Man of *Athens*. For my Part, I knew as ſoon as ever I came hither, how I ſhould be us'd. I am extremly admir'd and belov'd by the *Sicilians*; and therefore as a Puniſhment to my Madneſs for coming hither, I wiſh I may never go hence. Being of Years of Diſcretion, I choſe rather this Ramble, than to undergo Hunger and Cold, to deſpiſe Glory, and wear a long Beard. I will ſend you ſpeedily ſome * *Lupines*, to encourage you in acting *Hercules* to the Boys. Of other Matters conſult *Simon* the Leather-Dreſſer, than whom you eſteem no Body more wiſe. For my Part I am not allow'd Familiarity with ſuch Scoundrels; and therefore bid you heartily Farewel.

* *A ſort of Pulſe.*

LETTER CIX.

Xenophon *to* Crito, *concerning the Education of Children.*

OUR wiſe Maſter *Socrates* was wont to ſay that thoſe Parents who took more Care to enrich their Children, than educate them virtuouſly, did like Grooms that fed their Horſes high, and neglected to train them to the *Manege*. Hereby tho' theſe Beaſts were in better Caſe, yet were they nevertheleſs the worſe for Service; whereas the Excellency of that Creature conſiſts not in his Fatneſs, but his Serviceableneſs in War. No leſs miſtaken are all Fathers that purchaſe great Eſtates for their Sons, and then omit to beſtow the ſame Care on their Perſons, by which Means their Poſ-

Poſſeſſions will be more valu'd than themſelves; whereas, on the contrary, a Man ought always to be more eſteem'd than his Land. Whoſoever therefore breeds his Children well, gives them much, though he leaves them little. The Condition of the Mind is alone to be reſpected. Good Men require only what is ſufficient: Bad ever thirſt after Exceſs. Supply your Child's Neceſſities, and being well educated he will deſpiſe ſuperflous Plenty. Farewel.

LETTER CX.

Socrates *to* Xenophon; *approving his Expedition into* Aſia.

I Hear you are at *Thebes*, and that *Proxenus* is gone before you to the Aſſiſtance of *Cyrus* in *Aſia*. The Gods only know whether your Deſigns will proſper, or not. As for the *Athenians*, ſome among them exclaim highly againſt your Expedition, as thinking it improper they ſhould aſſiſt a Prince who ſided with the *Lacedemonians*, and fight for him that fought againſt them. For my Part, I cannot much wonder at theſe Reflections of theirs, ſince their State being changed, 'tis Natural to ſuppoſe, that ſome of them would accuſe you of Temporizing. The greater your Succeſs is, the greater muſt you expect will be their Calumnies. This I know for certain, as being throughly acquainted with the Diſpoſitions of many of them. Do you, however, approve your ſelf an honeſt Man; and ſince you have undertaken this Expedition, proceed in it with all Chearfulneſs and Integrity. Do you call to mind, that

that above all Things you ought not to discredit your Family. Two Qualities are absolutely necessary in a Warriour: Courage will make you fear'd of your Enemies; and Bounty procure you the Love of your Friends. Farewel.

LETTER CXI.

The same to King * * * *, in Defence of his* Dæmon.

I Do not much wonder you should give no Credit to what I have delivered concerning my *Dæmon*; I have met with many a-like incredulous. The *Delians* did not believe me, when I sallied out of their City with them to fight the Enemy; but being vanquish'd and forced to run the Sign came upon me in our Flight. I stopp'd and bid them to halt likewise, for I told them I heard my *Dæmon's* Voice. They flouted at me, and many of them were angry that I trifled away such precious Time. However, some were prevailed upon to follow me, and we got safe Home by another Road, whereas those that obstinately persisted to continue the same *Route*, fell into an Ambuscade of Horse, who slew them all. The Person that brought this News was dangerously wounded, and escaped only by Means of his Shield. This I take to be the Gift of Prescience, for which I am only beholden to my *Dæmon*. Farewel.

LETTER CXII.

The great Athenian *Orator, and Moral Philoſopher* Iſocrates, *to his Friend* Demonicus, *adviſing him how to behave himſelf in this Life.*

WE are all ſenſible the Opinions of good and bad Men, differ much, and in many Things, eſpecially in Matters of Friendſhip and Converſation. The latter will only value you when preſent; whereas the former always ſhew the ſame Reſpect for their Friends, tho' they be never ſo remote from them. Likewiſe the Friendſhip of theſe laſts to perpetuity, whilſt that of the others vaniſhes, as ſoon as profeſs'd. Judging therefore it would be more proper for ſuch as thirſt after Wiſdom and Glory to hearken to the Virtuous than Vicious, I have determin'd to ſend you this Letter as well to confirm the Friendſhip betwixt us, as to revive the Memory of that long Familiarity, which was between your Father and me, ſince it is but reaſonable a Son ſhould ſucceed to his Father's Friends, as well as to his Eſtate. Thoſe that inſtruct Youth how they ſhould ſpeak, certainly do well, but thoſe that teach them how to live, undoubtedly do better: For the former only direct the Tongue, whereas the latter reform the Mind. As for the firſt, I ſhall at preſent omit giving you Rules for Diſcourſe, and confine my ſelf, wholly to inſtructing you how you ought to live, ſhewing what you are to avoid, what to ſeek, and with whom you are to converſe. Vertue is certainly the moſt Noble

and ſecure Poſſeſſion a Man can have. Beauty is worn out by Time, or impair'd by Sickneſs. Riches lead Youth rather to Deſtruction than Welfare, and without Prudence are ſoon laviſh'd away. While Virtue alone, the only Good that is ever durable, always remains with the Perſon that has once entertain'd her. She is preferable both to Wealth and a Noble Extraction, Sloth being ever eſteemed Blameable, and Labour Honourable and Praiſe-worthy. Why elſe was *Hercules* ſo much commended, or *Theſeus* ſo highly valued by his Poſterity. But conſidering the good Life of the honeſt Man your Father, you need go no farther than your own Family, for an Example to ſquare your Actions by. His ſingle Pattern will diſplay more Conduct than all the Doctrine I can preach to you. Whilſt he liv'd, he paid the greateſt Deference to Virtue, nor ever ſuffer'd himſelf to be overcome by Eaſe and Idleneſs. He rather continually devoted his Life to Labour and Exerciſe, whereby his Body grew more Robuſt, and Mind more Enlivened. He never ſought after more Riches, than were neceſſary for his ordinary Support, and uſed thoſe he had with ſuch Moderation as if he had only Regard to Immortality. He was not a Mechanick in his Way of Living, tho' in his Profeſſion; but liv'd like a Gentleman, always endeavouring to be as Serviceable to his Friends as he could, ever ſetting a greater Value upon Vertuous Perſons, than his Parents. But I ſhould never have done, ſhould I proceed to relate all the commendable Cuſtoms of that Great Man. I ſhall therefore reſerve what is farther to be ſaid for another Occaſion, where it may be more proper to ſpeak of him. My preſent Purpoſe was only to let you know by the By what

what a good Man you had to your Father. By his Life you ought to regulate your own, taking a Pattern of your Proceedings from his Practice, which you are no leſs acquainted with than I can be. Nevertheleſs to acquit my ſelf of the Duty of a Friend, I have determined to preſent you with the following Inſtructions.

1. Shew your ſelf at all times Religious towards the Gods; and that not only by Oblations and Sacrifices; but alſo with Vows and Prayers, that you may be ſaid both to employ your Wealth well, and to ſatisfie the World of your Faith.

2. Always Honour the Gods, that you may not only be eſteem'd devout, but likewiſe obedient to the Laws.

3. Behave your ſelf ſo to your Parents, as you would have your Children do to you, when you ſhall have any.

4. Exerciſe your Body frequently, that you may thereby become robuſt and healthy.

5. Be not immoderate in Mirth, nor over-forward in Talking, the one proceeding from Folly, and the other from Preſumption.

6. What is improper to be done, do you eſteem improper to be ſaid.

7. Do not put on a Melancholy Air, for fear Men take it for a Token of Ignorance.

8. Do not think to conceal an ill Act, for tho' no Body ſhould come to know it otherwiſe, yet will your Conſcience diſcover it in your Face.

9. Fear the Gods, honour your Parents, reſpect your Friends, and obey the Laws.

10. Partake only of Virtuous Recreations, for as theſe divert, the contrary hurt.

11. Avoid giving Occaſion for Calumny, if poſſible, tho' never ſo improbable, becauſe the

Majority of Men, not knowing the Truth, are apt to be govern'd by Opinion.

12. Do every thing as if every Body ſaw you, for tho' you have a Mind to conceal any thing, yet will it at length come to be known.

13. You will always be valued, if you do nothing that you ſhould blame in others.

14. It is as diſcommendable a Thing to refuſe Inſtruction, as a Preſent from a Friend.

15. Employ your Time in improving your ſelf by other Mens Documents; ſo ſhall you come eaſily by what others have labour'd hard for.

16. Prefer Knowledge to Wealth, for the one is tranſitory, and the other perpetual.

17. Do not grudge travelling into diſtant Countries for Knowledge, when the Merchant does the like after Gain.

18. Be Affable in your Addreſs, and Inoffenſive in your Behaviour.

19. Be courteous to every one, but converſe chiefly with good Men; ſo ſhall you fruſtrate the Calumnies of the Bad, and acquire the Favour of the Good.

20. Do not always keep Company with the ſame Perſons, nor diſcourſe ſtill on the ſame Subject, for the beſt Things at length grow tedious.

21. Accuſtom your ſelf to bear with Misfortunes, that you may be able to do ſo when you are obliged to it.

22. Be more careful of keeping your Word than your Money, it being not a little commendable for a Man to behave himſelf ſo that he may be truſted as much on Account of his Honeſty, as his Bond.

23. Tell your Secret to no Body, unleſs where it is as beneficial to him that hears it, as to you that diſcover it.

24. Never

24. Never engage in Friendſhip with any one, till you know how he has dealt by his other Friends.

25. Do not be over-haſty in declaring your ſelf a Friend, but when you have once done ſo, perſevere in your Friendſhip, for it is equally as unreputable to change ones Friends often, as to have none at all.

26. To make Tryal of your Friends, communicate to them what you would have divulged, for if they reveal that, no damage will acrue to you, and if they conceal it, you have the Satisfaction you deſir'd.

27. Always prevent your Friends Neceſſities, by ſupplying them before they ſhall ask.

28. Eſteem it no leſs a Misfortune to be outdone by your Friends Benefits, than your Enemies Injuries.

29. Admit into your Friendſhip not only thoſe that lament your Adverſity, but likewiſe thoſe that envy your Proſperity, becauſe the former many times turn to the latter.

30. Talk often of your abſent Friends in Company of thoſe that are preſent; to the End they may think they ſhall be well ſpoken of upon the ſame Occaſion.

31. Not only endeavour to get Riches, but to enjoy them when you have done, for in the former Caſe, you'll have the pleaſure of heaping them up, and in the latter of uſing them.

32. Never torment your ſelf with repining at your Condition, be it what it will; but rather do all you can to better it.

33. Never reproach any Man's Misfortune, becauſe Fortune is common to us all, and no Body knows what he may come to.

34. Always relieve good Men; but he that is charitable to the Bad, beſtows Favours upon Dogs, that will bark even at their Benefactors.

35. Be not grave in ſlight Matters, nor ſlight in grave, becauſe all that is out of Seaſon is Impertinent.

36. Be careful how you behave your ſelf in Drink, and always riſe before you are fuddled; for when the Mind is once over-charg'd with Wine, it is like a Horſe that over-throws its Rider.

37. When you have a mind to gain any Man's Friendſhip, ſpeak well of him, to the End it may come to his Hearing.

38. The beginning of Friendſhip is Praiſe, and of Enmity Detraction.

39. When you are about to do any thing, have Regard to what's paſt, which will give you a great Light into what's to come.

40. Be not over-haſty in your Deliberations; but when you have once determin'd a Thing, be ſure to perſevere in it.

41. Happineſs is the greateſt Bleſſing that can come from Heaven, and good Counſel that which comes from our ſelves.

42. When you have not Courage to begin an Attempt, confer firſt with your Friend in the third Perſon, ſo ſhall you have his Opinion, without diſcovering your ſelf.

43. When you are determin'd to adviſe with any one, about doing any thing, conſider firſt how he has behav'd himſelf in his own Affairs, for it is unlikely he will be able to counſel you well, when he could not do ſo to himſelf.

44. Nothing can ſpur a Man on more to take Care of himſelf, than the Conſideration of Loſſes he has ſuſtain'd by his Indiſcretion, for we ſhould not be ſo deſirous of Health, were it not for the Incommodities of Sickneſs.

45. Always conform to the Manners of your Prince, whereby you'll ſecure his Favour, and conſequently have greater Authority with the People.

46. When you ſhall be promoted to any Poſt, never adviſe with bad Men, that are your Inferiors, for if you do, you'll be ſure to bear all the Blame of their Counſel.

47. Lay down a Publick Charge, rather with Reputation, than Riches; ever conſidering, that a good Name is at all Times preferable to a good Eſtate.

48. Endeavour to get a Superiority, and yet content your ſelf with an Equality.

49. 'Tis better to be a poor good Man, than a rich Knave; for Riches are only of Uſe to the Living; and Vertue is of much greater Service to the Dead.

50. Do not envy thoſe that enrich themſelves unlawfully; but rather thoſe that ruin themſelves, by doing Good; for though theſe laſt have nothing elſe to rely upon, yet will they ſtill have Virtuous Hopes.

51. Enure your Body to Labour, and your Mind to Thought; ſo ſhall you be able to effect whatever you undertake, and to foreſee what will be moſt Beneficial to you.

52. Conſider well what you have to do, becauſe oftentimes the Tongue foreſtalls the Mind.

53. Reflect that there is nothing permanent in this World; and then you will neither be over-joy'd at Prosperity, nor dejected in Adversity.

54. Take only two Occasions of speaking, either of those Things you are well acquainted with, or of those you stand in need of; for of all others, 'tis for the most Part better to hold one's Tongue, than to talk.

55. Enjoy good Things moderately, and bear with Bad patiently.

56. Endeavour to be as secret as you can, for it would be absurd to keep your Money locked up, and let every Body know your Intentions.

57. Ever apprehend Reproach, more than Danger.

58. Death is a frightful Thing to wicked Men, but the Virtuous need only stand in awe of Dishonour and Ignominy.

59. Live always as securely as you can, but if Honour calls you to risque your Life, 'tis better to fight bravely, than to avoid it shamefully, especially considering we are all born to die, and virtuous People have only the Privilege to die well.

Do not wonder, dear *Demonicus*, that many of the foregoing Precepts, suit not with your Years. I at first determined not only to Counsel you for the present, but to leave you Instructions for the future, which I doubt not you'll soon be able to relish. Not being willing that you should have Recourse to any other Master, I took Care to insert at once all that I thought might be useful to you. Though Youth, like sick People, be generally apt to desire what is hurtful for them, yet I thank the Gods, I have Reason to conceive another Opinion of you. I can easily perceive by your

your Studies, what your future Life will be, for he that ſo early can apply himſelf to Vertue, muſt of Conſequence delight in the Rules that lead him to it. There's no better Incentive to commendable Actions, than Conſideration of what Content they bring; whereas, on the contrary, Sloth and Luxury both tire and diſguſt us. Virtue alone can occaſion a durable Delight. I cannot ſay, but that Vice has its Pleaſure in the beginning, yet Grief and Repentance ſoon ſucceed, and what at firſt was a Satisfaction becomes at laſt a Torment. In all Affairs of this Life we have more Regard to the End, than Beginning, and judge of every thing by its Event. You may alſo conſider, that wicked Men have no Conſtancy in their Proceedings, whereas Virtuous Perſons cannot alter their Courſe without expoſing themſelves to the greateſt Infamy, for what is looked upon as unnatural in the former, will be reputed Monſtrous in the latter. If we blame Lyars for uttering Falſities, much greater Reaſon have we to do thoſe that have all their Manners irregular, for they not only do Injury to themſelves, but likewiſe prove ungrateful to Fortune, who has bleſſed them with Riches and Honour. Moreover, if we have Regard to the Immortal Gods, we may ſee what Difference they have always put between Virtue and Vice. *Jupiter* that begot both *Hercules* and *Tantalus*, raiſed the one to Immortality for his Vertue, and ſeverely puniſh'd the other for his Wickedneſs. Theſe Examples muſt needs induce us to abhor Vice and love Virtue. To conclude therefore, dear *Demonicus*, I do not deſire you ſhould confine your ſelf wholly to my Precepts: You have many great Poets that will inſtruct you how to live; and as the Bee

flyes

flyes from Flower to Flower, and takes from each what is proper for its Purpoſe, ſo do I adviſe you to inſpect all the Manners and Writings of Mankind to form the Conduct of your Life. Farewel.

LETTER CXIII.

Socrates *to King* Ochus, *refuſing his kind Proffers, and for what Reaſon.*

YOU proffer me Part of your Kingdom, and invite me to it, but that not ſo much to ſhare with you in the Government as to govern both your Subjects, and your ſelf. For my Part, Lord *Ochus*, I have never yet known how to command, and would no more undertake ſuch a Task, than pretend to play at Dice without ever being taught. If others were of the ſame mind, we ſhould doubtleſs have fewer Troubles than we have, whereas now the Confidence of thoſe that are Ignorant exceeds the Ability of ſuch as are Skilful. Hence it comes that Fortune is made yet greater than ſhe really is by theſe Men whoſe Folly encreaſes her Power. Beſides, I know well that more Honour and Eſteem is due to a King, than a private Perſon, and as I had rather go a Foot, than ride without Skill to manage my Horſe, ſo ſhall I never take Care to guild my Days with Glorious Afflictions. Farewel.

LETTER CXIV.

Cicero *to* Cælius Rufus ; *acquainting him how he obtain'd the Title of* Imperator.

I Cannot be perſuaded you have not written to me, upon your being declar'd *Curule Ædile*, inaſmuch as you were elected with ſo much Diſgrace to you know who, and ſo much Joy to all your Friends. However, notwithſtanding this happy Creation, which ſo delighed my Heart, I have not heard one Word from you ſince, which makes me to fear your Letters may have miſcarried, as well as mine. For my Part, I aſſure you I never wrote a Packet Home, but you had an Epiſtle encloſed ; neither could I have done otherwiſe, the whole World being not able to afford me a dearer and better Friend than your ſelf. Be more careful for the future how you ſend your Letters, ſince the Perſon you write to, may not only meet with a Diſappointment, but a great Diſſatisfaction in not hearing from you. As to Matters concerning me, behold, *Cælius*, how it falls out ; I ſhall gain a Triumph without ever joining Battel with the *Parthians*, whoſe Power you doubted was far ſuperior to mine ; but you ſhould have conceiv'd, at the ſame time, that as ſoon as I heard of their Approaches, and conſidered my own Weakneſs, I would retire to ſome Poſt of Advantage, which I did to the Mountain *Amanus*, that parts my Province of *Cilicia*, from that of *Syria*, govern'd by *Bibulus*. The Mountainous People no ſooner ſaw me, though they knew me only by Fame, than they cry'd out,

Is this that Cicero *who deliver'd* Rome *from the Conſpiracy of* Cataline, *and to whom the Senate decreed ſo great Honours? Let us Worſhip him! Let us Worſhip him!* I avoided their Superſtition, and bid them pay their Adoration to the Gods, for that I was but a Mortal. *Caſſius*, to my great Satisfaction, has victoriouſly driven the Enemy from the Siege of *Antioch*, and I have been a great while in purſuit of ſome Rebels in theſe Mountains, Part of which have been ſlain, Part taken, and the reſt are fled, of whom, nevertheleſs I doubt not but to give a good Account ſpeedily. They had a few ſtrong Places, which ſurprizing, we took and ſet on Fire. This Succeſs, though not hitherto compleat, has however occaſioned the Army to ſalute me *Imperator*, according to Cuſtom. I received this Honour before *Iſſus*, the Place, where I ſuppoſe *Clitarchus* has already inform'd you, *Alexander* the *Great* formerly vanquiſh'd *Darius*. Soon after I continued my March againſt the aforeſaid Rebels, who had done much Damage to my Province; but being not able to meet with them, I ſat down before an exceeding ſtrong Town call'd *Pindeniſſus*, which I have inveſted theſe five and twenty Days, and do not much queſtion but to take it, whereof, as ſoon as accompliſh'd, I ſhall not fail to acquaint the Senate. Theſe Circumſtances, dear *Cælius*, I thought fit to let you know to enliven thoſe Hopes you ſeem to have of my Succeſs. But to return to the *Parthians*, though we have done well enough hitherto with them, yet by Reaſon all Events are doubtful, I deſire to be releaſed from my Command, which if you cannot procure on my Behalf, Noble *Rufus*, endeavour at leaſt that it may not be prolong'd. As

for

for what remains, I desire a frequent Correspondence with you about all Affairs, whether past or present. Farewel.

LETTER CXV.

Servius Sulpitius *to* Cicero; *comforting him upon the Death of his Daughter.*

FOR the Death of your Daughter *Tullia*, I was as truly sorrowful as became me; and had I been present when that dismal Accident befel you, I should have lamented so much, that with your own Eyes you might have read my Concern: But this being a Common Calamity, to which we are all Subject, I shall now rather chuse to debate with you the Reason of your Grief, than endeavour to promote it. For what End then should you so exceedingly lament the Loss of your *Tullia*? Are not we all liable to the Inconstancy of Fortune? She has already depriv'd us of all we ought to esteem, no less dear, than our Children? Why then should the Death of them afflict us? Do you lament the Loss of *Tullia*, because she is dead? Yes, I know you do: But then you do not consider, that it were much better for her to die now, than when she had the Cares of the World more upon her? But why should she have desired a longer Life? For what Purpose? Upon what Hopes? To marry another young Man, equal with her in Quality, to see her Children attain to a flourishing Estate, and arrive successfully as Honour and Grandeur. These indeed were Blessings, were they not ordinarily so accom-

accompanied with Cares and Troubles. Oh! but you'll say, the Loss of a Child sits neareſt the Heart. True; but though this may be call'd a *Misfortune*; yet are there those that are much worse. I'll tell you a Passage, which, not long since, gave me a great deal of Comfort, in Hopes that it may afford you the like. Sailing from *Ægina* towards *Megara*, in my Return out of *Asia*, I happen'd, on a sudden, to cast my Eyes about: Behind me lay *Ægina*, before *Megara*, on my Right Hand *Pyræeus*, and on my Left *Corinth*, all four formerly famous Cities; but now all desolate and demolish'd. Hereupon I made this Reflection: *Do we poor wretched Mortals* (quoth I) *so afflict and torment our selves for losing one Friend, when we see so many fair Cities could not withstand the Force of Time?* Therefore may I say to you, *Cicero*, *Do you so much lament the Expiring of one silly Woman's Breath, when both the Empire and Provinces lye waste?* Consider with thy self, *Marcus*, that if thy Daughter had not now died she must of Necessity have done so e're long. Alas! Banish this Passion from thy Breast, and rather recal to thy Mind Things that are more worthy of thee; *viz.* That thy Daughter liv'd as long as was requisite, and that in the most flourishing Estate of the Commonwealth; That she saw her Father *Prætor*, *Consul*, *Augur*, and *Imperator*; That she had been married to one of the noblest young Men in *Rome*, enjoy'd all the Pleasures of her Time; and, in a Word, that she at length died at the very Instant, wherein the Commonwealth it self fail'd. Consider therefore, that neither she nor you have any Reason to complain of Fortune. Moreover, remember that you are the same *Cicero* that was wont to persuade and comfort others, therefore

therefore ought, by no Means, to grudge your ſelf the Satisfaction of being comforted. Do not you imitate thoſe fooliſh Phyſicians, who, while they pretend to heal other Mens Maladies, cannot cure their own. Rather have Recourſe to the ſame Remedies you have ſo often ſucceſsfully experienced. There is no Grief, but what length of Time can leſſen: Yet ought not you to wait for that Time, but rather to foreſtal it by your Prudence. If it be true, that the Soul is Immortal, then *Tullia*, queſtionleſs, out of the Love ſhe bore you, and the Affection ſhe always had for your Friends, would not have you to commit this Error. Refuſe not therefore this Satisfaction to your Daughter's Soul: Refuſe it not to your Friends, who almoſt die to ſee you Grieve; nor to your Country, who lament every Tear you ſhed. Take Care you do not occaſion a Publick Cenſure, that you are more concern'd at your Daughter's Death, than the Calamities of the Commonwealth. I am aſham'd to write any more upon this Subject, leſt I ſeem diffident of your Wiſdom. We have long experienced your prudent Conduct in Proſperity; let us now ſee you are able to behave your ſelf, no leſs commendably in Adverſity. As for what has lately happen'd in theſe Parts, when I hear your Mind is wholly Calm, I will give you an Account of it. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER CXVI.

Cicero's *Anſwer.*

I Could wiſh with all my Heart, My Dear *Servius*, you had been in *Rome*, when this grievous Accident befel me, for ſince I have had ſo great Conſolation from your Letter, I cannot ſuppoſe, but your Perſon would have been much more comfortable to me. You have laid before me ſuch Reaſons as are almoſt ſingly ſufficient to aſſwage my Grief; yet do not your Words only chear me, and Fellow-feeling ſupport me: Your Authority alſo turns to my Relief; for methinks I am aſham'd of not being able to bear Afflictions with that Fortitude of Mind, which your great Wiſdom thinks fit I ſhould. Sometimes I am ſo over-whelmed with Sorrow, that I can no ways reſiſt it, as wanting thoſe Comforts, which others in like Caſes have enjoy'd. *Quintus Maximus*, *Lucius Paulus*, and *Marcus Cato*, though they had all loſt Sons of great Worth, yet then the Commonwealth was in that flouriſhing Condition, that ſhe eaſily recompenced their Sufferings with equivalent Honours and Employments. But now no other Comfort remains for me, than that which Death has depriv'd me of. I have long loſt all thoſe Ornaments which you recount, and which I, with many painful Endeavours, have purchaſed. My Mind is now no more buſied with managing the Commonwealth, or my Clients Suits. I am not able now to plead a Cauſe nor counſel the Senate. In *Tullia* alone, I am bereft of all the Fruits both of my Labours and

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Fortunes. But, on the other Hand, while I conſider this Misfortune has not happen'd to me alone, but extended it ſelf to you and all my true Friends, then do I begin to be patient, as knowing whither to fly, and where to repoſe me. In your Boſom will I unload my Melancholy Thoughts, and expel the Vapours from my Mind by the Brightneſs of your Converſation: Yet now does this new Wound make my old Ones to bleed afreſh, which I looked upon to be long ſince healed. When I was heretofore baniſh'd the Commonwealth, I found Comfort in my own Family; but now, alas! I have no ſuch *Aſylum* to have Recourſe to. Death has now depriv'd me of all ſuch Conſolation, in taking away my Wife and my Daughter. Thus I have loſt all, both Publick and Private Comforts, having nothing left, but the Converſation of Friends to prop me from ſinking into my Grave. This makes me the more earneſt in deſiring that your Return may be ſpeedy. Letters ſignifie little in Reſpect of that Benefit which Learned Converſation affords. 'Tis for this Reaſon I requeſt to ſee you out of Hand, and the rather that we may conſult together before it be too late, how to frame our ſelves to the Humour of one Man, to whom we are now all Subject. Farewel.

LETTER CXVII.

Brutus *and* Caſſius, *to* Mark Anthony ; *in Vindication of their Murthering* Cæſar.

WE have read your Letters, much of a Piece with your Edict, Outragious, Threatning and Unworthy both your ſelf and us. *Mark Anthony*, we have no ways injured you, neither could we have thought you would have wondered that as *Prætors* and Men of Quality, we ſhould demand any thing of the *Conſul*: Yet tho' you take it ill, and we were ſo bold as to do it, give us leave to admire, that you ſhould think much to vouchſafe this Favour to *Brutus* and *Caſſius*. Whereas you ſay, you complain'd not of our Levying Soldiers, Impoſing Tribute, Muſtering Armies, and ſending Meſſengers beyond Sea, we eaſily believe you, nevertheleſs confeſs not that ever we did any of theſe Things. We rather wonder, that having conceal'd theſe Matters your ſelf, you could not ſuppreſs your Choler, which has ſo far tranſported you as to make you caſt in our Teeth the Death of *Cæſar*. How that can be defended, I leave you to imagine. What the *Prætors* have done to maintain their Liberty and Property, by Way of Edict, is no ſufficient Cauſe for the *Conſul* to threaten them with Arms. It matters little you ſhould go about to frighten us, neither is it probable we, on any Account whatever, would be frighted. *Mark Anthony* does ill, in endeavouring to enſlave thoſe very Perſons by whom he himſelf and the whole Commonwealth has obtain'd Freedom. If we were any Ways enclin'd

enclin'd to raiſe a Civil War, your Letters could be of no Effect, ſince reſolute Perſons that prefer their Liberty to all Things, have little Regard to Threats. One would think you ſhould know that we cannot eaſily be provoked; yet perhaps you believe, what we do out of Choice, meerly proceeds from Fear. However, our Deſire is, that as long as the Commonwealth may be free, you ſhould therein enjoy both Honour and Grandeur. Our Intentions are not to be at any Enmity with you, yet you muſt give us leave to make more account of our own Liberty, than your Amity. Conſider well what Enterprize you are about to undertake, and what Force you have to ſupport it. Think not how long *Cæſar* lived, but how little he reigned. We beg of the Gods that your Proceedings may be Beneficial to the Commonwealth, and if otherwiſe we likewiſe pray that they may not be too prejudicial to your ſelf. Farewel.

LETTER CXVIII.

Cicero *to* Lucius Lucceius, *an Hiſtorian, entreating him to write of his Actions.*

I Have determin'd to break my Mind to you by Way of Letter, which cannot bluſh, ſince I never durſt do ſo when preſent in Perſon, and that through a certain innate Modeſty, or I might better ſay Rudeneſs. I have long had a wonderful Inclination, and, unleſs I am deceived, a commendable one too, that you ſhould celebrate my Fame among your other Writings, which tho'

you have often offer'd me to do, yet now you must pardon me, if I ſollicite you to it; for I am exceeding deſirous of having my Atchievements tranſmitted to Poſterity by your Pen. This I would have you to do, not only becauſe I hope that thereby Death it ſelf ſhall not be able to extinguiſh the Reſpect due to my Name, but likewiſe, that, while living, I may enjoy that Reputation which ſhall accrue from your Teſtimony. Now, though I know you have already finiſh'd both the Foreign and Civil Wars, and have interweav'd my Hiſtory with them, yet am I farther deſirous that you ſhould write my Tranſactions a-part, as among the *Græcians*, *Caliſthenes* has done thoſe of the *Trojan* War, *Timæus* thoſe of *Pyrrhus*, and *Polybius* thoſe of *Numantia*. Perhaps this may contribute little to my Renown, yet I am ſatisfied your *Genius* will have a larger Scope to ſhew it ſelf in, by writing the Life of one Man, than relating the Actions of many. While I ſollicite this Favour of you, *Lucius*, I am conſcious of my great Want of Conſideration, in impoſing ſuch a Task on one that is ſo continually employed on better Things, and in importuning a Perſon to praiſe me, that it may be has no Opinion of my Merit. But having once begun to exceed the Bounds of Modeſty 'tis uſual to lay aſide all Baſhfulneſs. I therefore entreat, nay, I require you, to ſet the beſt Luſtre on my Actions, even though they do not deſerve it, and rather to ſtrike in with my Friendſhip, than abide either by Truth or the Laws of Hiſtory. Neither, do I promiſe my ſelf, is this a Subject that ſhall any Ways be ungrateful to you, for beginning with the Conſpiracy of *Catiline*, and proceeding to my Return from Baniſhment, you will meet with ſuch

ſuch Variety of Accidents, as may ſufficiently enable you to compile a conſiderable Volume. Herein you may diſplay the Origin of our Civil Diſcords, and preſcribe Remedies for future Evils, ever diſcommending what is blameable, and praiſing whatever occurs that is commendable. Likewiſe, if you ſhall think fit to write with your wonted Freedom, you may remark the many perfidious Practices, Plots and Treacheries that have, from time to time, been devis'd againſt me. My continual Misfortunes will prevail on him to take Notice of me, whom nothing elſe could move; and tho' theſe Diſaſters have not been a little irkſom to me, yet will they nevertheleſs be apt to pleaſe and delight their Reader. Which among us feels not a ſecret Pleaſure and Satisfaction in reading the Death of *Epaminondas* ſlain at the Siege of *Mantinea*, who being mortally wounded, and hearing his Shield was ſafe, plucked out the Dart, and yielded contentedly to his Fate? Who will not give more than ordinary Attention to the Flight and Return of *Themiſtocles*? 'Tis true, a General Hiſtory pleaſes by its orderly repreſenting Matters, yet does a particular Relation of the Variable and Doubtful Events of one excellent Man's Life afford no leſs Delight. It at once fills us with Wonder and Expectation, Joy and Sorrow, Hope and Fear. Now I cannot think that this Requeſt of mine can raiſe any Jealouſie in you that I go about to flatter you, ſince he will rather be reputed Envious that admires you not, than a Flatterer that praiſes you. I am neither ſo fooliſh as to deſire to be celebrated by one that ſhould not be like to purchaſe a particular Reputation for Wit and Learning by his Performance. *Alexan-*

der the *Great* would have none to paint him but *Apelles*, nor to carve him but *Lyſippus*, his Reaſon being, that they ſhould both acquire thereby immortal Renown, and himſelf Eternal Remembrance. No leſs Power has Hiſtory to tranſmit our Memories to Poſterity, for *Ageſilaus*, we ſee, ſtill lives by Means of *Xenophon*'s Pen, though he would never ſuffer any Statue or Picture to be made of him. By having my Actions related by you, *Lucius*, I ſhall not only have the Advantage which *Timoleon* had from *Timæus*'s Writing his Life, and *Themiſtocles* from the like Performance of *Herodotus*, but likewiſe have your Repreſentation of me confirm'd by the great Authority you enjoy in the Commonwealth. Alſo 'twill be my Fortune in this Caſe not only to hear that ſhrill Trumpet which *Alexander*, when he came to *Sigæum* ſaid *Homer* had ſounded in Honour of *Achilles*, but withal ſhall ſee the Teſtimony of a great and learned Man concerning me. I like that *Hector* well, whom *Nævius* brings in rejoycing, not ſo much that he had been praiſed, as that it had been his good Luck to have it done by a Praiſe-worthy Perſon. If after all it muſt be my Misfortune, dear *Lucius*, that through Buſineſs or any other Hinderance, you cannot comply with my Requeſt, I am determined to do this Office for my ſelf, and that after the Example of many famous Men. But then you know I muſt write ſparingly both of my Excellencies and Faults, or my Performance will gain me little either of Credit or Authority. I muſt imitate herein the *Grecians* at their Games, who, though when they put the Crowns on others Heads, they were accuſtomed to proclaim their Praiſes, yet when themſelves came to be Crowned, they introduced

ced a Stranger to pronounce the Harangue, leſt they ſhould be guilty of publiſhing their own Victories. To avoid the like Impoſition and Confinement, I moſt earneſtly renew my Suit to you to ſatisfie my Requeſt; and to the end you may not wonder I uſe ſo many Words, I muſt once more inform you, as I did at firſt, that I would, by all means, have Men to judge of me by your Character, and that while living, I may enjoy the Fruits of my Glory. If your Affairs would give you leave, I ſhould be exceeding glad of your ſpeedy Anſwer; and if you can comply with my earneſt Sollicitations, I will prepare an Abſtract of my Life for your peruſal. Oblige me with your Conſent, and perſevere in loving me. Farewel.

LETTER CXIX.

Lucius Lucceius *to* Cicero; *exhorting him either to quit his Sorrow or his Solitude.*

IF you are well, I am glad; for my Part I remain as uſual, or rather ſomething worſe. I have often enquired after your Health, been ſtill deſirous to ſee you, and always wonder'd, as I now do, how you could continue ſo long out of *Rome*. The Cauſe of this is abſolutely unknown to me, but if you love Solitude for the ſake of Writing, after your wonted Cuſtom, I ſee rather Reaſon to commend, than blame you, for in theſe troubleſom Times, your Mind will certainly be more in quiet Abroad than at Home. Beſides, after ſo many Agitations of Thought

your Soul muſt needs grow weary, and deſire Repoſe, whence having been long full Fraught with Knowledge, you have the Opportunity of ſending daily into the World, ſome Noble Work or other, which, as they greatly delight and inſtruct us, ſo do they no leſs augment your own Glory. On the other Hand, if the Occaſion of your Retirement be to give your ſelf up a Prey to Sorrow and Grief, I cannot but reprehend you. Alas! what mean you? Will you obſtinately neglect to diſcern what is moſt manifeſt and apparent, when you are able, by your Wit, to diſcover even what is moſt Secret? Will you not underſtand that continual Lamenting ſignifies nothing; and that Calamities are rather redoubled, than remov'd, by giving Way to them? But if I cannot prevail upon you, by Exhortation, yet [illegible]inks our Mutual Love ſhould encline you [illegible]n to my Requeſt. I entreat you there[illegible]nd your ſelf of your Troubles, and to [illegible]rn to *Rome*, to the end we may enjoy each other in our common Studies. Two contrary Things equally diſtract me; I would not be burthenſom to you with my Admonitions, and yet I would have you to give over your pernicious Reſolutions, which, however, I fear are too deep rooted. Either take my Advice in the one or continue to afflict me with the other. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER CXX.

Germanicus's *laſt Letter to his Wife* Agrippina, *his Children, Relations and Friends; requiring them to revenge his Death.*

IF the common Courſe of Nature had ſnatch'd me ſo ſoon from my *Agrippina*, my Children, my Country and Friends, I ſhould have had juſt Reaſon to have complain'd of the Injuſtice of the Gods, for granting me no longer time to aſſiſt the former, inſtruct the other, and to ſerve the latter, but ſince I ſee my ſelf depriv'd of Life by the Wiles of *Piſo*, the Witchcraft of his Wife *Plancina*, and the Treachery of my Enemies, I ſhall lay aſide all Reproaches and Complaints againſt Heaven, and only deſire that my Death may be reveng'd. The Pains I feel, are in ſome meaſure, alleviated by the Hopes I have that Juſtice ſhall be done upon my Murtherers. Repreſent, I beſeech ye, to the Emperor, my Father and Uncle, that after having undergone all the Injuries imaginable, and been perſecuted by a thouſand Treacheries, I was hurried out of the World by Means ſo much the more cruel and tormenting, as they were unmerited, and moſt unjuſt. I know thoſe, who either through Ambition or Love were Partizans of my Greatneſs, will accompany my Aſhes with Tears of Blood. I am ſatisfied, that even they that either envy'd my Riſe or feared my Valour, would have ſacrificed their Snakes for my Safety. In a Word, I'm ſenſible that all the World will pity my Misfortune, in becoming a Victim to the Baſeneſs of a wicked Man,

Man, and the Villanies of a vile Woman. Juſtice therefore, the ſevereſt Juſtice I require at the Hands of the moſt Juſt *Senate*. Friends are not ſo much obliged to lament over the Corps of their deceaſed Relation or Companion, for that were but vain and fruitleſs, as to keep in their Memories his laſt Commands, and to ſee them accordingly executed. Tears *Germanicus* ſhall never want. He ſhall be wept over, even by thoſe that never knew him, and only heard of him by Fame. Your Buſineſs it is to ſee my Death reveng'd: To you it belongs to get my Murtherers puniſhed, if ye would not have the World to think that ye had a greater Value for my Fortune, than Perſon. I have not ſo mean an Opinion of my Friends as to require only Tears from them; Thoſe you ſee I can have from the greateſt Strangers. Revenge is what I ask; Juſtice is the Thing I deſire. Should I not ſhow an Inclination to have my Innocence vindicated by the ſhedding of their Blood that wrought my Ruine, I ſhould tacitly own a Guilt and Deſert of what I had ſuffered. But while I thus preach up Revenge, I muſt confeſs Mercy would better become me, as beſt ſuiting with the Magnanimity and Grandeur of a Great Man. Many Princes have received thoſe again into Favour, who had been convicted of Plotting againſt their Lives. Yet can *Germanicus* never forgive an Injury he has never merited. He would be an Enemy to his Country if he pardon'd thoſe that had ſo greatly injur'd them by his Death. But what ſignifies Revenge to me! The executing a Murtherer could never yet reſtore him to Life that had been murther'd. All my Concern is for you and my Country. For my Part I am

loſt

loſt to the World. You will all certainly ſurvive me, therefore, if ſuch Villains as theſe be ſuffered to go unpuniſh'd, how can any of ye propoſe Safety to your ſelves? Your Security lyes in their Extirpation. Nothing encourages Villany more than the forgiving it. Violent Remedies are only fit for violent Diſeaſes. But I offend againſt your Love and Friendſhip, while I ſeem to have the leaſt Diſtruſt of them. I am ſatisfied you will lay my ſad Caſe at large before the *Senate*, and procure me that Juſtice I have ſo well deſerved at their Hands. I know you will ſtrenuouſly defend my Cauſe againſt thoſe Enemies of mine that may think to invalidate your Teſtimony; but I would not have you, nevertheleſs, to riſque your own Lives in my Vindication. You may meet with Opponents of great Power, and my Deſign is not to hazard your Safety, but only to intereſt your Affection in my Favour. I ſhall ſay no more on this Head, becauſe I'm ſatisfied I write to thoſe that both love me and will value my Memory. But, O my *Agrippina*! I beg of the Gods, that as thou haſt ever been the Miſtriſs of my Affections, thou mayſt not, in like manner, inherit my Afflictions. The Goodneſs of thy Diſpoſition, the Holineſs of thy Life, and the Greatneſs of thy Birth deſerve a better Fate than that of the Unfortunate *Germanicus*. Yet all I can do, is, to wiſh thee a better, and to ſhow thee, by my Example, how thou mayſt avoid being Unhappy. I believe it will not be a little difficult to incline thee to forbear hating thoſe that have been my Murtherers. I foreſee it by the Knowledge I have of the Greatneſs of thy Mind. Yet I conjure thee, *Agrippina*, I intreat thee by the Love thou beareſt me living, and the Remem-

Remembrance thou oweſt me after I am dead; nay, by thoſe dear Pledges our Children, that thou wilt moderate the Sallies of thy Soul and humble thy ſelf before the Rigours of Fortune, which are not to be contended with. Deſtiny is not to be oppoſed, and all our Efforts againſt the Power of Fate are alike vain. What has been decreed by the Eternal Gods muſt ever be comply'd with. Time, perhaps, that has always been found a Remedy to our Diſaſters in this World, may, at length, relieve our Afflictions, and take off the Malign Influence of the Stars from my Family and Poſterity. They that will have the Benefit of Time muſt obey the Laws of Time. This I earneſtly beg of thee, My *Agrippina*; this Favour I moſt paſſionately require at thy Hands. The *Egyptians*, to repreſent our ſtruggling with Adverſity, figur'd Gallies in their *Hieroglyphicks*, which were row'd againſt Wind and Tide. Our Humanity is ever to give place to Deſtiny, nor can we any otherwiſe combate the Decrees of Heaven than by Patience and Reſignation. Endeavour then, My *Agrippina*, by a requiſite Toleration to baffle the Malice of thoſe who hate thy Virtue, fear thy Authority, and envy thy high Birth. Being arrived at *Rome* with my Aſhes, do not, by untimely Tears, revive the Grief of ſuch as lov'd me, nor by immoderate Mourning augment the Diſdain of thoſe that hated me. Both are alike to be kept quiet, leſt the one injure me yet farther by their Love, as the other would do by their Hatred. Be therefore circumſpect and prudent, My *Agrippina*, not ſo much that thou mayſt not diſturb the Aſhes of thy dead *Germanicus*, who ſhall enjoy endleſs Repoſe in the *Elyſian* Fields, as that thou mayſt be

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in a Condition to preſerve thy Family, educate our Children, and ſecure thine own Safety: Take heed above all Things not to give any Jealouſie to ſuch as exceed thee in Power, for Great People always make it their Study to rid themſelves of thoſe whom they ſtand in awe of. Do not ſide with the Mob, in Oppoſition to thoſe Enemies of mine, who are in Authority, for they will not be able to defend thee, eſpecially in *Rome*, where the Common People have not all the Liberty they may deſire. I know thoſe People lov'd me, I know they will accompany my Body to the Funeral Pile, with all the Expreſſions of Sorrow imaginable; yet are they not to be truſted; for having no Conſtancy in their Natures, they will be apt to vary with every Turn of Fortune. Thou wilt alſo find that I have been beloved by the *Senate*; but do not make too much uſe of that Happineſs, leſt thou ſtir up either Envy or Jealouſie in that great Body, wherewith they always abound, and which may one way or other turn to thy prejudice. After all has been ſaid, conſidering the many Perils thou wilt inevitably meet with in this Life, I believe I ſhould deſire thee to die with me, were it not for the Ambition I have to be lamented by thee after my Death, that I may yet live in thy Heart, and reign in thine Affections. My Children likewiſe encline me to perſuade thee to live, that unhappy as they are, they may not be yet worſe, by being left Orphans to the wide World. Friends, Relations, Children, my *Agrippina*, I have little more to ſay to ye, and think I need not recommend my laſt Will any farther to you. Do not grieve that I die young, ſince I have liv'd to merit your Affections; nor be concern'd at

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my Death by Vile Hands, as being ſtill better than to have died by thoſe of Juſtice. Ceaſe therefore to grieve for my Death, and only join your united force to get ſo execrable a Murther revenged. This will be the beſt Proof of your Love towards me, and procure the greateſt Reſt to my Soul. Farewel for ever.

LETTER CXXI.

Polycrité *to* Alcibiades; *paſſionately expreſſing her Love to him.*

I Thought to have ſtil'd thee my Heart! my Life! and my Soul! but all theſe, be Witneſs Great *Jupiter*! not being ſo dear to me as thy far dearer ſelf, and not being able to find a Name more proper to ſalute thee by, I will call thee my *Alcibiades*, mine whilſt thou wer't at *Athens*, mine whilſt we were happy, but now *Jove* only knows, to whom or how many thou haſt reſign'd thy Heart. If I were an Eye-witneſs of this Treachery, and ſaw thee in my Rival's Arms, yet my only Revenge would be my Tears as the ſole Thing which Fortune had left me, to ſacrifice to thy Memory. But do not believe, my *Alcibiades*, that whilſt I fear I can ever think thou wouldſt forſake me, for if I did, my Death and not my Pen would have ſhewn the ehow greatly ſuch a Loſs affected me. Whilſt I am thus without Art, demonſtrating my Love, to convince thee, my *Alcibiades*, that I am grateful for the leaſt Favour, I return thee Thanks for the Preſent ſent me by *Archimenides*, which I have nevertheleſs refus'd. Give thy Riches *Alcibiades* to her that has an Heart ſo mean as to receive them; for my

my Part I ask only a ſincere and diſintereſſed Love, ſuch as mine is; which thou well knoweſt thou haſt long been in Poſſeſſion of, whilſt thouſands of others have languiſh'd for my Embraces. Whilſt all others were rejected, thou alone wer't received into my Boſom, and they the Subject of our Mockery and of my cold Diſdain. To what end, my *Alcibiades*, thinkeſt thou I write this? That it was not out of a deſign upon thy Riches is plain, ſince thou ſeeſt I have already refus'd them, neither have I any Hopes of ever ſeeing thee again; yet, my *Alcibiades*, it ſeems to me no ſmall Guſt of Delight that I have an Opportunity thus to evaporate my Love, which, in a manner, conſumes me. Whilſt I am now writing comes into my Mind, the many raviſhing Minutes we have ſpent together; the little Arts we practiced to deceive my Mother and Siſter; and the delightful Converſation and mutual Vows of an Amour, which in thoſe Days, I looked upon unparallellable. For the Love of the Gods, don't altogether fruſtrate my Opinion of thee; Let me die in the Belief that Fortune, and not *Alcibiades*, was the Occaſion of my Diſappointment. To effect this, thou haſt no more to do than to write me a Letter; but I conjure thee, my *Alcibiades*, let it be ſuch as may abound with Paſſion and Tenderneſs, and do it quickly or I die, but it matters not if I die preſently, being not in a Condition to contribute ought to the Happineſs of my *Alcibiades* while I live. Yes, I will go to the Gods and beg to be thy Guardian-Angel, whereby, though I pray it may be long firſt, I ſhall at length have the Pleaſure to accompany thee to the *Elyſian* Shades. There no cruel *Senate* ſhall be able to proſcribe thee; there no Foreign

reign Wars ſhall robb me of thy Embraces; but I can no more, I languiſh, I die, wiſh thee Victory, and bid thee Farewel.

LETTER CXXII.

Thais *the* Corinthian *Harlot, to an* Athenian Chiliarchos, *or* Centurion; *threatning to beat up his Quarters.*

YOUR extravagant Reſolutions and obliging Emotions, Dear *Praxagoras*, have had no leſs Influence over me, than your ſelf, for by the ſame mighty Power of Love that triumphs over Abſence, I find my ſelf always in your Arms, tho' I am at never ſo great a diſtance from you. I am equally regal'd and tormented by Solitude; for while I think on you, Solitude is welcome to me, as it preſents me with the agreeable Proſpect of your Perſon; but when any Body elſe comes into my Mind, I am every where, and no where, in two Minutes. I fly from my ſelf to avoid thinking on any other of your hideous Sex, and would willingly give all the World that it were lawful to pray to and adore you, as ſomething of Divine. To convince you, Modeſty has not the ſame Influence over me, as you ſay it has over you, I will ſhortly beat up your Quarters in ſpite of your *Myrmidons*; and then, though you ſhould requeſt it of me, expect no Mercy, dear *Chiliarchus*. I will batter you worſe than a Broad-ſide could, and rouze your Faculties, beyond the Power of a Demi-culvering. No more, but that I bid you Defiance, and deſire you

you to relie upon seeing me speedily, before your Walls; till when Farewel.

LETTER CXXIII.

Asclepion *to* Idimantus, *a* Cynick; *commending his obscure Life.*

I Envy thee exceedingly, *Idimantus*, and highly approve thy Wisdom, in that being desirous to live at ease, thou avoid'st marrying lest thou should'st quarrel with thy Wife, keeping of Servants for fear of being at the trouble of beating them, or having any other Living Creature about thee, that thou may'st not have the Care of maintaining them. Alone thou dinest, alone thou suppest, alone thou sleepest, and whilst thou livest thus alone, thou enjoyest all the Satisfaction that can be had in this Life. Having none to controul thee, thou obeyest no Body, nor doest thou desire to command over any Body. Solitude is thy Delight, Contemplation thy Diversion, and the Products of the Earth thy Food. Whatever is in thy Inclination, thou ha'st, for thy Desires are always moderate. In a Word, I should have long since taken thee for a God, did I not know that Gods have for some time ceased to assume the Shapes of Men. But as thou art in a manner Divine, thou wilt no doubt be canonized after thy Death. Reject my Envy, but accept my Love, and Farewel.

LETTER CXXIV.

The Same to Chariclea, *diſſwading her from turning Whore, though ſhe had an ill Huſband.*

YOU ſay, *Chariclea*, you are ill married, and therefore hope you may have Leave to ſeek for that Satisfaction in a Gallant, which you have been diſappointed of in a Husband. If there were nothing to be conſider'd in this Caſe, but your being pleaſed, I ſhould entirely be on your ſide; but as there are Laws and Ordinances, both of Nature and the State, which require you to be true to your Husband's Bed, I can, by no means, diſcharge you of that Obligation. True it is, moſt Fathers, like yours, have more Regard to the Riches of thoſe they would marry their Daughters to, than either to their Perſons or good Qualities; whence it follows, that though the Women have great Equipages when they go abroad, yet commonly they Cuckold their Huſbands before they come home. The beſt Way to remedy this, would be to match Minds and Perſons, as well as Eſtates; for a Woman, however prone ſhe may be to Adultery, will hardly commit it, where ſhe has no manner of Provocation. Some Vicious Ladies perhaps will not be confin'd by this Reſtriction; yet, generally ſpeaking, Men are the Erectors of their own Horns. If a Woman can refrain from Incontinence, ſhe certainly better deſerves Praiſe, than ſhe would have done Pardon, if ſhe had yielded to it. The Fair Sex alſo, in this Caſe, come off always with the greater

greater Glory; becauſe they are the weaker Veſſels. Though I know, *Chariclea*, you have all the Incentives that can encline Men to tempt you, yet muſt I admoniſh you to bear up againſt them; aſſuring you it will ever be reputed a greater Honour for you to be reckon'd among the obſcure honeſt Women, than the moſt celebrated Whores. Be adviſed, and Farewel.

LETTER CXXV.

Marc-Anthony, Imperator, *to* Hircanus *High-Prieſt and Prince of the* Jews; *aſſuring him, and his Country, of future Favour and Protection from the* Roman *Senate.*

HAVING underſtood by your Ambaſſador how great an Eſteem and Value you have for us, as alſo how well, both you and your Countrymen, behaved your ſelves againſt the Enemies of the *Roman* Empire that ravaged *Aſia*, for which I ſuppoſe the Sun has ſince obſcur'd himſelf, as well as for the Crimes committed againſt *Cæſar*, we receive ye all into the Number of our beſt Friends, and having totally ſubdued *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, and puniſhed them ſuitably to their Merits, you may aſſure your ſelves both you and your Country ſhall be made Partakers of this our Happineſs, becauſe we have a Kindneſs for ye, and deſire to promote your Intereſts no leſs than our own. For this purpoſe, we have already diſpatched Circular Letters into all our Provinces, ſtrictly requiring and commanding our Subjects, that thoſe *Jews* which

Caius Caſſius had ſold, ſhould be forthwith ſet at Liberty; and, moreover, deſiring that ye be all admitted to the Privileges, which *Dolabella*, and we have formerly granted ye. We have likewiſe forbid the *Syrians* to moleſt ye in any manner whatever; and have alſo commanded them to reſtore all they have taken from ye. In a Word, I accept the Crown ye ſent me, and ſo bid ye Farewel.

LETTER CXXVI.

Lucius Antonius, *Brother of* Marc-Anthony, *to* Auguſtus Cæſar, *upon his having beſieged and taken him Priſoner.*

HAD I been a Stranger, O *Auguſtus*, and no *Roman*, I ſhould have bluſhed exceedingly, and have blamed my ſelf for my Puſillanimity in ſubmitting ſo eaſily to thy Power; but as I am a Citizen of *Rome*, and have contended with thee a Citizen and my Colleague, I cannot think I have any Reaſon to repent of what I have done. Yet do not believe, *Auguſtus*, that I ſay this any ways to excuſe my ſelf, or to evade the Puniſhment thou ha'ſt deſign'd me, ſince I would never have reſign'd my Arms, if I had not firſt reſolv'd to ſubmit to whatever thou could'ſt inflict on me. My Intentions in ſurrendring were not to obtain Pardon for my ſelf, but for thoſe who thought all they did was for the Service of the Commonwealth. On me therefore, let thy Vengeance light, be mine all the Puniſhment. I undertook this War againſt thee, not out of any Ambition

to

to ſeize the Supreme Power, but out of an Inclination to better the State, and reform what had been violated by the *Triumvirate*. This I know thou canſt not blame me for, ſince when you three conſpir'd together againſt our Liberty, ſo great is the Force of Truth, you could not but own that your Dominion was unjuſt and worthy Reproach, and only neceſſary to free you from *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, Rivals of your inſupportable Tyranny. Whilſt they lived, thou hadſt no other Thoughts than their Deſtruction, well knowing that ſhould their Power have prevailed, thine muſt of Conſequence leſſen'd; but after they were dead, you very modeſtly ſeized upon the Republick, and managed all as you pleaſed. This I being not able to ſee unrevenged, endeavoured to reſtore our City to its Ancient Laws and Cuſtoms; but ſince Fortune has determined that what before was common to all, ſhould now belong peculiarly to *Auguſtus*, I am contented to ſtoop my Shoulders, and take upon me the Yoke of thy Violence. This is my Caſe, and this the Cauſe of my Inſurrection, which I have been the more willing to relate, that thou mayſt have Compaſſion on theſe Followers of mine, who have acted only by my Command, and not out of the leaſt ill Will to thee, but rather to reconcile thee to the Commonwealth, and to Reaſon. If you find any Fault in them, I am the Occaſion of it; let me therefore, and not they, be puniſhed for it. Farewel.

LETTER CXXVII.

Auguſtus Cæſar's *Anſwer.*

I Had no ſooner underſtood that you were taken Priſoner, O *Lucius Antonius*, but I immediately diſpoſed my ſelf to ſee you, laying aſide all Thoughts of Revenge, that I might give you the freer Acceſs to my Perſon; ſince I find you ſo generouſly ſubmit to me. You have deprived me of all Power to hurt you. Of all the Injuries you have hitherto done me, I eſteem this the greateſt, inaſmuch as you have hereby ty'd up my Hands, and taken from me the Liberty of doing my ſelf Juſtice, and not as a Captive, but a Conqueror, have put me under a Neceſſity of ſuing to you for Reconciliation. This looks as if I had rather been obliged than injured by you, ſince you can ſo confidently ſurrender your ſelf and Army into my Hands. By theſe Means you have wholly diſarm'd my Anger, and robbed me of all Power to treat ye as Enemies. I will therefore behave my ſelf towards ye, as becomes the Character of *Auguſtus*, ſwearing by the Immortal Gods, that ye ſhall not go from me deceived in thoſe Hopes, with which I know ye come to me. Farewel.

LETTER CXXVIII.

Herod *King of* Judea, *to* Auguſtus Cæſar, *in Vindication of his ſiding with* Marc-Anthony, *at the Battel of* Actium.

I Muſt acknowledge, O *Auguſtus*, that I have all along been a faithful Friend to *Anthony*, and that not only as my Duty obliged me, but as my Gratitude moved me, having received many Favours from him, eſpecially the Kingdom I enjoy. This I would have made known to him in Perſon, had not I been prevented in that Deſign through the Envy of *Cleopatra*, and the Invaſions of the *Arabs*. Thus you may ſee Neceſſity only, and not Fear, withſtood my Meeting you in the Field in his Favour. *Anthony* however has no Reaſon to complain of me; for though I could not come my ſelf to his Aid, yet did I ſend an Army, and good Store of Proviſions. Neither ought you to eſteem me ungrateful in the *Attick* War, ſince I there did all that became me, and all that could be expected from me. I would rather chuſe to declare my ſelf an Enemy to *Cæſar* than not appear a Friend to *Anthony*, for which I doubt not but to merit rather your Approbation, than Diſpleaſure. With you Merit is ever ſafe, whilſt Vice and Ingratitude are ever in Danger. You may obſerve, O *Cæſar*, that I never abandoned my Maſter *Anthony*, whilſt he was in Proſperity, neither do I fly him, now he is vanquiſh'd and

dead. You have not only conquered him with your Invincible Legions, and your Councils, but likewiſe with your Manners. His Queen *Cleopatra* overcame him, *Egyptian* Beauty betray'd him, and *Alexandrian* Luxury deſtroy'd him. He choſe rather to be conquered with *Cleopatra* than to be a Conqueror without her. I would have fain perſuaded him to have killed her, and to have taken timely Care of himſelf; but he would never hearken to me. I proffer'd him Comfort in his Afflictions, I proffer'd him Forces, and my ſelf for a Companion of his Fortune, but all had no Effect upon him. The Witchcraft of *Cleopatra* had taken too great Poſſeſſion of him, and my Advice was wholly neglected. Thus both *Anthony* and I are conquer'd; he by *Cleopatra*, and I by Him. He could never be brought to forſake that wicked Woman, nor I be induced to forego his Intereſt. The Kingdom he gave me I cannot now pretend a Right to, unleſs I have it confirmed by you; therefore when I come to ask that Favour, I ſhall leave the Enſigns of Royalty behind me, but not the Courage to juſtifie what I have done for my Friend. Judge of this as you pleaſe; however, let the Conſtruction be what it will, which you ſhall put upon my Proceeding, I ſhall ſtill have this to comfort me, that I never abandon'd my Friend, either Living or Dead. Farewel.

LETTER CXXIX.

Auguſtus Cæſar's *Anſwer.*

THE Gods ever be thy Protectors, O *Herod*, and mayſt thou enjoy the Kingdom that has been given thee with greater Security than thou haſt hitherto done. I do not envy thy Virtue, but rather take Pleaſure in it, and highly approve of it. Truly thou art worthy to have the Government of many, ſince thou couldſt ſo well diſcharge the Part of a Friend to one, and even in Adverſity didſt not fear, to own thy Friendſhip. What a Friend thou haſt been, thou haſt equally ſhown in both Conditions. Though I have conquer'd *Anthony*, yet do I not pretend any Conqueſt over thee, ſince he that can be ſo good a Friend, is equal even to the greateſt of Conquerors. For this Reaſon thou ſhalt not only be always commended, but valued by me, in as much as no Event could alter thy Mind, for thou didſt never abandon *Anthony*, but *Anthony* thee; and that in inclining more to *Cleopatra*'s Words, than thy Works. His Ignorance of his true Intereſt is perſpicuous, ſince he could forſake the very beſt of his Friends, for the worſt of his Enemies. It is nevertheleſs no wonder that *Anthony* ſhould cling ſo cloſe to *Cleopatra* after he was conquer'd, ſince he was taken by her, even while he was Victorious. Do you admire that this *Egyptian* Queen ſhould have the Power to ſeparate her Paramour from you, when ſhe could even divide him from me, and from my Companion in the Empire, make him my Mortal Enemy. Thus you and I, being equally ſlighted and rejected, let us reign toge-

together. You deſerve no leſs than a Crown for ſubduing the *Barbarians*, during my abſence in the Wars; for I ſhall always look upon the Enemies of the *Jews*, as my own, and think thoſe that riſe againſt you, to be Rebels to me. Whilſt you conquer'd for your ſelf, you fought for me; why then ſhould I not confirm the Gift of a Kingdom to a Prince that has ever been the Defender of it. What you deſerv'd from *Anthony*, you have much more merited from me, therefore I ſhould be highly ungrateful, if I leſs rewarded you. Take the Kingdom you have ſo juſt a Title to, and be aſſured I will never give you occaſion to lament the Loſs of *Anthony*; for after I had conquer'd him in Battel, I ſhould have had Cauſe to bluſh, if I had ſuffer'd him to exceed me in Generoſity. Farewel.

LETTER CXXX.

Poppea *to* Nero, *upon his recalling his Empreſs* Octavia *from Baniſhment.*

BEHOLD, O *Cæſar*, a Petitioner for a Security of the Remainder of her Days, who could once pride her ſelf in the Poſſeſſion of thy Heart. Behold her a Suppliant to thy Pity, who was once a Companion of thy Authority. *Jupiter Liberator* had almoſt been tyr'd with Sacrifices for her Safety, and *Hymen* as often been appeas'd for her injuring her Husband's Bed. Yet unhappy *Poppea* thou haſt been raiſed to all this Monſtrous Greatneſs, meerly that thy Fall might be the more terrible. What do thy Eyes, and thy other Beauties now ſignifie, ſince *Cæſar* can be guilty not only of Inconſtancy, but Treachery

Treachery towards thee. I thought that Princes, reſembling Gods, they could not have been wrought upon to commit any Thing ill, yet has *Cæſar*, without a Cauſe, forſaken his *Poppea*, *Cæſar* without a Scruple, has forfeited all his Vows and Promiſes made her. By this ſo ſudden Change, O Emperor, thou haſt unhinged my Reſolutions, and made me to doubt whether it would be more for my Benefit, to caſt my ſelf at thy Feet, or my Husband's. But why may I not hope Favour from thee, when *Octavia*, that has been a Proſtitute to an *Egyptian* Slave, has recover'd the Poſſeſſion of thy Heart. When ſhe that has polluted thy Name with her brutiſh Practices, is a-new received into thy Boſom. However, *Cæſar*, I muſt take the Liberty to complain that the Exceſs of my Affection was never known to thee; otherwiſe thou couldſt not have prov'd thus ungrateful as to have rejected me for *Octavia*. All the World will ſatisfie thee, nay, even my Enemies, that I have lov'd thee to an extravagant Degree; yet haſt thou given no Credit to my Paſſion, meerly that thou mighteſt have Occaſion to withdraw the Reward due to my Conſtancy. Conſider Ingratitude as the very worſt of Vices; and though Juſtice has not aſſigned it a Puniſhment ſuitable to its Enormity, yet is it not nevertheleſs the more to be tolerated. Recal to thy Memory, O *Cæſar*, the many Services I have done thee, how I have forſook and polluted my Husband's Bed, only to gratifie thy Deſires, ſlighted the Honour of my Family, deſpiſed the Indignation of my Parents, contemned the Hazard of my Life, and what is much more, proved ungrateful to my over-kind Husband *Otho*, meerly for thy ſake. Whilſt thou, on the contrary, after having

having filled my Ears with empty Promiſes, and vain Expectations, abandoneſt me to the miſerable Contempt of thy Slaves, and my Enemies. But let me believe, *Cæſar* was not Inconſtant to me. His Gratitude would never ſuffer him to be guilty of ſuch an Omiſſion. 'Twas the malign Influence of the Stars that occaſion'd my Misfortune. I have merited this Juſtice from the Hands of the Gods. My Crimes, through the Permiſſion of the Fates, have chang'd my Maſter's Humanity to Rigour: For betraying my Husband *Otho*, I have deſerved to be betrayed my ſelf; and by violating my Faith to him, have given *Cæſar* an Excuſe for forfeiting his to me: Yet pardon me, My Dread Lord, for giving too great a Looſe to my Tongue. My Deſign is to lament my own Wrongs, and not to reflect on your Inclinations. You are at Liberty to enjoy the polluted Adultereſs, ſince no Body dares to contradict you in it; but yet loving you as I do, how can I forbear to tell you, that you are betrayed. The Friends of *Octavia*, or rather her Adulterers, have Deſigns againſt your Life. How do you think you can ſave your ſelf, if ſhe ſhould come to *Rome*, ſhe that, at a Diſtance, breaths Sedition and Rebellion into her Slaves. Conceal'd Enemies are ever the moſt dangerous. They always hide the Hand after they have ſtruck the Blow. The Rock that lyes lurking under the Waves, deceives the utmoſt Sagacity of the moſt expert Sailor. Who knows, O *Cæſar*, but thy moſt intimate Friends may be thy ſecret Enemies? Who knows, but that Faith which thou haſt repoſed in them may be corrupted to thy Ruine? Who can ſecure thee, but that thoſe that pray for thee in thy Preſence, may in thy Abſence Sacrifice

crifice for thy Deſtruction? Even the Reſolutions of thoſe that mean thee beſt, are continually aſſaulted by Hopes and Fears. What may not a Woman do, that naturally tyrannizes over the Affections of Men? Our Sexes Tears, though for the moſt Part derived from the Fountain of Hypocriſie, have yet the Virtue to alter the moſt reſolute of Hearts; What then will they be able to do, who have the ſtricteſt Obligations to *Octavia*? They will, no doubt, ſoon ſpread Snares for thy Greatneſs, and force thee at once to fall a Sacrifice to the Pleaſure of their Miſtriſs. But I conjure thee, O *Cæſar*, do not offer to inſinuate to me, that my Reſtoration may reſult from *Octavia*'s Diſgrace. I ſhould abhor the Happineſs that was obtained by ſo mean a Cauſe. The Glory of my Anceſtors will not permit me to deſire another's Ruine. My Concern is only for thy Safety. Thou haſt not undoubtedly forgot the late Rumours of Arms, and the Inſolencies of the Mob, who could ſcarce be refrain'd, by the Prudence of the Conſuls, from aſſaulting thy Sacred Perſon. Conſider, O *Cæſar*, if, during *Octavia*'s Baniſhment, the People have been ſo daring, what will they be when ſhe, that influenced them, is reſtor'd, and become Supreme Arbitre; when ſhe that ſet them on ſhall have the Power to favour her Party, and reward thy Enemies? I fear ſhe may then think to waſh away the Stains on her Reputation with thy Blood. Alſo Revenge, that, in a more peculiar manner, informs our Sex, may then put her upon retrieving her loſt Honour by thy Death: But far be theſe fatal Suggeſtions from happening to thee. Thy Virtue and Fortune, I hope, will deliver thee from ſuch Calamities; or if they cannot, rather let the dreadful

dreadful Blow be levell'd at *Poppea*, than light upon thy Head. Though I have ſeen my Statues thrown down by the Fury of the Inconſtant People, though they have ſet Fire to my Trophies, and loaded my innocent Name with infamous unjuſt Reproaches, yet ſhall I bear all patiently, provided the down-fall of my Images may ſecure the Eſtabliſhment of thine; the burning of my Trophies ſerve to light up Incence to thy Glory, and the blaſpheming my Name, contribute to the celebrating of thine. On theſe Conditions I abſolve thee, *Nero*, from thy Marriage-Oath, and diſmiſs all future Pretentions to thy Affection; only I require from thy Clemency a Protection for the Remainder of my miſerable Life: Yet have I never deſerved thy Indignation, *Cæſar*, nor forfeited my Title to thy former Kindneſſes. Tell me in what one thing I have erred? Perhaps, in bringing into the World an Heir to the Empire, or elſe in loving thee too much. The firſt I did to ſet aſide the Iſſue of that vile *Egyptian* Strumpet; and the latter was wholly owing to my want of Power to prevent it. If exceſs of Love be a Fault, blame thy Goodneſs only that allowed me that Preſumption; and if bearing Children, who could have hindred that better than thy ſelf? To juſtifie my Love, I cannot omit to remember thee, how thou wert pleaſed to expreſs thy ſelf upon the Death of *Plautus*; Thy Words were theſe: *What hinders* Nero *now from preparing for thoſe Joys, which his Marriage with* Poppea *will certainly afford him, and which have been hitherto deferred, through a thouſand Fears and* Chimera's? *What hinders him now to rid himſelf of the odious Company of* Octavia, *on account of the hated Memory of her Father, and the inconſiderate Favours of the People?*

People ? All theſe, my Lord, were irreſiſtible Engagements to make me love you. After thou hadſt deſtin'd me for thy Conſort, and proclaimed me thy Empreſs, what leſs Gratitude could I ſhow than a reciprocal Affection? Yes, I have loved thee, *Nero*, and will continue to do ſo, as long as the Fates lend me Breath. May I die the Minute I am guilty of Ingratitude, yet do not I deſire to live meerly for the ſake of Life, but to enjoy ſometimes the ſight of him that has ever been my Idol. I ask no other Light than what reflects from his Eyes, nor any Breath, but what is communicated to me from his Lipps. So ſincere a Love as mine, O *Cæſar*, is rarely to be met with, therefore I hope for a ſuitable Return; but if thou art determined, notwithſtanding all I have writ, to Sacrifice me to *Octavia*, I obey, I yield to thy Pleaſure. *Poppea* will religiouſly meet that blow that comes from thy Hand; but I conjure thee, My Lord, let no other Perſon be concern'd in my death, ſince what may be called *Juſtice* in thee, will be accounted *Sacriledge* in another, after I have been dedicated to thy Divinity. No other Sword but thine ought to cancel that Affection which thou haſt allowed in my Breaſt. Strike then, plunge the fatal Steel into my Heart, for after thou haſt thus long deluded me with Hopes, it will be but juſt to deliver me at once of my Enemies, and my Breath. Farewel.

LETTERS of the Emperor *Julian*, the *Apostate*.

LETTER CXXXI.

The Emperor Julian *to his Friend; congratulating his Return from* Ægypt.

BELIEVING that *Ægypt* enjoy'd the Fruits of your Presence long ago, I could not but think on my usual Exclamation, when I were wont to reflect on that Country. O Fortunate *Egyptians*! who derive so many Advantages from your Benefactor *Nile*; yet now much more happy, being in Possession of Learning a Benefit no less, nay, in my Opinion, far greater, than the Blessings that flow from that River: For the Fertility of their Soil, which they owe to his Streams, makes them Rich; but the truest Wealth they may still derive from your Tongue, which, by rouzing the Minds of their Youth, will direct them to the Treasure of Wisdom. In like manner, as *Pythagoras* did of old, and after him

Plato,

Plato, when both thoſe Philoſophers were among them. Theſe were my ſecret Reflections on the Happineſs of *Ægypt*, from your Preſence; when you all the while lay *Incognito* ſo near us. Wherefore on the Receipt of your Letters, my Surprize betrayed me to a Suſpicion of their Reality, miſtruſting ſome Deceit ſo ſtrongly, that I could ſcarce give Credit to my own Eyes; but how great was my Satisfaction in being convinced, after I had once read them over, from their Eaſineſs, Propriety and Eloquence, that they were yours, ſince none could forge a Stile with ſo many Charms. The Hopes of your Arrival drawing near, I could not but rejoyce at it, as I ought; becauſe by that you would preſent your Country, at leaſt a while, with ſomething very deſirable. Nor can I take what you ſay againſt your Native Land for any thing, but a pleaſant Railery: For tho' what you write of the Clime be true, and that it cannot be denied, but the drinking Water is brackiſh, and moſt of the Bread, Barley, (from an Aggravation of which, the Love of your Country has reſtrained your Pen) yet we owe abundance of Thanks to that Place that made you a Philoſopher. Give, give us at length a Proof, that you really at laſt contemn the Delicacies of *Ægypt*. The Wiſe *Ulyſſes* could not be induced by *Calypſo*, nor any other advantagious Change, to quit his Barren Iſle of *Ithaca*, or not to prefer that to all other Climates. Nor do I believe the Noble *Spartan*, that was in *Ægypt*, ever accuſed his Country, when he reflected on the homely Fare of *Sparta*. But I have found the Cauſe of your Quarrel to your Native Soil.

You are infected with a Desire of Money; and when you are at a little distance from Gain, you fall into Exclamations, and long for the *Nile*, and the Wealth it produces. This is that which makes you think your self but a Stranger or Guest, and as neglected and meagre as *Chærephon*. But I rather believe you are detained by some Friendly Nymph, and that at last with much Repugnance, you experience the mighty Force of Love. Yet be this as *Venus* pleases, my Vows shall in the mean while be for your Health and Presence; and, in a Word, that you may e're long be a happy Father. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXII.

The Emperor Julian *to the Philosopher* Aristomenes; *inviting him to come and see him.*

DO you delay your coming till you are summoned? Are those Agreeable and Noble Strifes in Friendship quite worn out of Fashion, when each Friend contended for performing the first Friendly Office? Let us have a Care of introducing an unequal Law into Friendship, by which we expect these Formalities from our Friends, we require from our Common Acquaintance. Some may perhaps ask, *How we can be Friends who never so much as saw each other?* Which *Query* I shall answer

anſwer by another, *Whence came we to love thoſe who liv'd a thouſand, nay, two thouſand Years before us?* You may anſwer, their Goodneſs produces our Love; for we value them becauſe they were good Men. Such would we too be; and tho' I confeſs, in regard to my ſelf, we are indeed far from that, in Act, yet in Deſire, we make the neareſt Approaches to it. But, in ſhort, if an Invitation to come can bring you, you ought now to come; or if you deſire Importunity, I repeat my Prayers; Wherefore I beg you, by *Jove the Hoſpitable*, that you come and ſhow us a True *Grecian* among the *Cappadocians*: For as yet I ſee many Sacrifice unwillingly, very few with a good Will, though indeed they are not Men of Learning. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXIII.

The Emperor Julian, *to* Ecdicius, Præfect *of* Ægypt; *ordering the Baniſhment of St.* Athanaſius.

YOU ought to have ſent me ſome Account of that Enemy of the Gods *Athanaſius*, tho' you had given me Notice of nothing elſe, eſpecially when you had long before heard our illuſtrious Decree. I call the Great *Serapis* to witneſs, that unleſs that Enemy of the Gods, *Athanaſius*, be expelled, not only that City, wherein he lives, but likewiſe all *Ægypt*, and the Cohorts you command, ſhall be fined an hundred Pound Weight of Gold. You know how ſlow-

I am to condemn; and yet how much ſlower to forgive after Condemnation. 'Tis to me the laſt Mortification, that he ſhould by his Induſtry ſpread ſo Univerſal a Contempt of all the Gods. In ſhort, you cannot ſend me more agreeable News of your Tranſactions, than the Expulſion of that wicked *Athanaſius*, entirely out of *Ægypt*, who has preſum'd, in my Empire, to prompt and perſuade the *Grecian* Ladies of Quality to *Baptiſm*. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXIV.

The Emperor Julian *to* Artabius, *in Favour of the* Galilæans.

BY the Gods, I will not have any of the *Galilæans* either put to Death, or undergo any Severity, contrary to Law and Equity; yet am I abſolutely for preferring to them Men of Piety and Holineſs. The Madneſs of the *Galilæans*, has brought all things almoſt to Ruin; we being all protected and ſafe by the Favour and Benevolence of the Gods. For which Reaſon, we ought to adore the Gods, and honour both Men and Women remarkable for Piety. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXV.

The Emperor Julian *to* Georgius, *Biſhop of* Alexandria; *in Praiſe of his Eloquence.*

I Could cry out with *Ulyſſes*, in the Poet, *Art thou come my* Telemachus? For you I have beheld in your Letters, and viewed even the Image of your Mind expreſſed in Miniature, as I have ſeen the Figure of ſome Great Deity graved on a little Seal. The Fame of the Learned *Phidias* ſprang not alone from his *Olympick*, or *Athenian Jove*, but likewiſe from his ſmall Sculptures, wherein he diſcovered abundance of Art in a very little Compaſs. In this Number are his Graſhopper, Bee and Flye; whoſe Lead and Brazen Subſtance received a ſort of Life from the Hand of the Artiſt: Yet perhaps the ſmalleſt of theſe Animals help'd out the Induſtry of the Artiſt the more eaſily to deceive and impoſe on our Eyes. But look on his Statue of *Alexander* Hunting on Horſeback, carved within the Bigneſs of a Nail of ones Finger, and you'll find it expreſſed ſo perfectly, and with ſo great Maſtery, that *Alexander* both wounds the Beaſt, and ſtrikes the Beholder, at the ſame time, with the Terrour of his Countenance. The Motion of the Horſe alſo is ſo very lively, that Art ſeems to make him diſdain the Bounds of the *Baſe*, where he ſtands, and to move forward, with a fiery Face. The ſame Effect have you (moſt worthy *Georgius*) had on me: For by thoſe few Words you lately uttered, you have ſufficiently demonſtrated your Virtue and Excellence;

and

and that in a wonderful manner. You have often born away the Prize of Eloquence; and you truly copy the *Homerican Ulyſſes*, who aſtoniſhed and frighten'd the *Phæaceans* with the Eloquence and Force of his Speeches. If therefore my Friendſhip can be of any Uſe to you, O *Georgius*, you may freely and at all times command it. The Mouſe in the Fable, who rewarded the Lion with his Safety, may prove that the Friendſhip of even the Loweſt, is by no means deſpiſable or unuſeful. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXVI.

The Emperor Julian *to* Ecdicius, Præfect *of* Ægypt; *demanding a narrow Enquiry after the Books of* Georgius, *Biſhop of* Alexandria, *murther'd by the People.*

EVERY Man has his peculiar Pleaſure; ſome are taken with Horſes; others with Birds; and ſome with wild Beaſts; but I even from a Boy have always had a violent Paſſion for Books. Wherefore I eſteem it an unpardonable Abſurdity to relinquiſh this Treaſure to thoſe, whoſe Avarice cannot be ſatiated even with Gold, eſpecially when there is ſo little Difficulty in depriving them of it. This Favour and particular Service, you ſhall therefore do me; uſe your utmoſt Endeavours to procure me all the Writings of *Georgius*. He had many Philoſophical, many Rhetorical Pieces, and not a few of the *Galilæans* Doctrine: Which indeed I wiſh entirely loſt; but leaſt with them, all the reſt ſhould periſh,

periſh, I would have you to make a very ſtrict Enquiry after the whole Library. His Library-Keeper will be your beſt Guide in this Search, whom you may aſſure of Liberty, as his Reward; if he be diligent in this Diſcovery: And on the other ſide, let him know he ſhall not eſcape the Rack, if he prevaricates, and acts either maliciouſly or knaviſhly. I ſent him again thoſe Papers he left with me in *Cappadocia* to tranſcribe. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXVII.

The Emperor Julian, Cæſar, Maximus *and* Auguſtus, *to the People of* Alexandria; *Reprimanding them for Aſſaſſinating* Georgius, *an* Arian *Biſhop of that City.*

IF neither the Founder of your City, the Great *Alexander*, nor the Great God *Serapis* had any Influence on you; yet methinks the Love of your Country, the Sentiments of Humanity, the Precepts of your Duty, and the Conſideration of me, ought to have been regarded by you. Of me, I ſay, to whom all the Gods, and chiefly *Serapis*, has committed the Empire of the World, and who had a Right, and Intereſt to enquire into any Injury or Affront that was offered you. But you were perhaps miſled by Anger, and that furious Rage, which, when once it has diſturbed the Mind, impels Mankind to the committing of the moſt barbarous and bloody Cruelties, which by a ſudden Impulſe betrayed you to the Penetration of this Wickedneſs, without

fear of that Reprehenſion your ſelves would juſtly have given to the tumultuous Riots of a People without a Head. For tell me, by *Serapis* I charge you tell me, I ſay, what were the heinous Offences of *Georgius*; that raiſed you with ſuch Violence againſt him? I ſuppoſe you will anſwer, his Inſtigation of *Conſtantius* againſt you; His calling an Army into the Holy City; His invading arbitrarily, like a King, the moſt Sacred Temple of all *Ægypt*, ſpoiling it of all its Holy Statues, Gifts and Ornaments: And for pouring his armed Soldiers in upon you, when he found your Zeal for the God and his Sacred Treaſures, had raiſed your Anger; and made you fly to the Help of the Deity. But was it a ſufficient Motive for you to pollute the Holy City a ſecond Time, becauſe he had done it once? Imagine not that your Zealous Anger for the Gods, will juſtifie the Outrage, when the Laws were open for Puniſhment of the Guilty; to which had you left *Georgius*, you had not incurred the Crime of Murther, for then you had applied the juſt Remedy to the Evil; Law and Equity, which would have been an abſolute Security to your Perſons and Innocence, a ſure Puniſhment to the Author of theſe Impieties, and a Reſtraint and Awful Curb to all others who contemn the Gods, and have no Regard for thoſe Noble Flouriſhing and Populous Cities, who think the Exerciſe of Cruelty againſt them, an Addition to their Power. Compare therefore this preſent with my former Letters to you, and you'll eaſily find I cannot ſend you theſe Praiſes now, with which my former were filled, becauſe you have tranſgreſſed theſe

Bounds

Bounds of Right, the Obſervation of which till now made you dear to me. Conſider, take a View of what you have done; a civilized People have preſumed to aſſault, and like ſo many Dogs or Beaſts of Prey, to tear a Man to Pieces, without Shame and Confuſion, for the Brutality of the Fact; who have not taken Care to preſerve their Hands pure from Blood, to offer Sacrifices to the Immortal Gods. But you may urge in your Defence, That *Georgius* deſerved the Sufferings he met with: I own it, nay, that he merited far greater at your Suit, but not by your Hands: For you all ought religiouſly to obſerve and pay a Deference to the Laws of your Country; nor ought any private Violation of them to encourage a Publick Invading of the Laws and Inſtitutes of our Forefathers, which ought always to be Sacred and Holy in the Adminiſtration of the Publick. You have weighty Reaſon, O ye Men of *Alexandria*, to thank the Gods for your good Fortune, that theſe Crimes of yours are committed in my Reign, who am bribed to a Partiality for you, both out of my Reſpect to the Gods, to whom your Piety betray'd you to this Tranſgreſſion, and by a fraternal Love, which I yet preſerve for you from my Grandfather and Uncle, who govern'd both you and *Ægypt*. For 'tis moſt certain, that the Inſolent Riots of a tumultuous People, are never ſuffered in a ſevere and good Reign, whoſe Authority is not contemned, but like a grievous Diſeaſe is cured by a more grievous Medicine. But, for the Reaſons I have juſt mentioned, I apply a much more eaſie Remedy, that is, Friendly Admonitions, which I hope you will have the more Regard to, in as much as you are of the *Greek* Original, and yet

retain

retain among you, both in Mind and Body, Great and Illuſtrious Marks of True Nobility; and laſtly and chiefly becauſe you are my own peculiar People. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

The Emperor Julian *to his Uncle* Julian; *to clear himſelf of the Death of* Conſtantius.

I Have ſcarce time to write this to you, it now being the third Hour of the Night, and all about me ſo buſie, that I have none to depute this Office to. I am alive by the Favour of the Gods, and delivered from the ſuffering or doing the greateſt Miſchiefs imaginable. But the *Eternal Sun*, (whoſe help and Aſſiſtance I, in the firſt Place, implored) And *Jupiter* the Sovereign of Heaven, are my Witneſſes that I not only never wiſhed the Death of *Conſtantius*, but, on the contrary, always moſt earneſtly deſired his Life. You will ask me then the Reaſon of my advancing towards him: I anſwer, in Obedience to the Gods, who had apparently promiſed me Security and Succeſs, if I comply'd with their Commands, impoſing a Condition on my Stay where I was, which I beg the Gods to avert. Farther, being already by him declared a Foe, I advanced in order only to terrifie him into Reaſon, and by thoſe Means that we might have come to a more friendly Parly, and an amicable Interview. Or if there were no avoiding War, I reſolved to leave the Succeſs of all to Fortune, and the Gods, and expected

pected whatever their Clemency thought fit to beſtow. Farewel.

LETTER CXXXIX.

The Emperor Julian, *to the Philoſopher* Maximus; *who was the Perſon that perverted him.*

I Uſe your Letters as *Alexander* the *Great* is ſaid to have done the Poems of *Homer*; I ſleep with them under my Pillow, and read them daily over and over, with as freſh a Deſire, as if they were always new. Wherefore if you would allow me the Converſation of your Pen, that is, if you would give me a perfect Picture of your ſelf, write, and write daily, or rather by the Favour and Permiſſion of the Gods come to me, aſſuring your ſelf that I have no perfect Enjoyment of Life in your Abſence, except in your Letters. Farewel.

LETTER CXL.

The Emperor Julian *to the Same*; *ſent together with his Writings, which he ſubmits to the Correction of that Philoſopher.*

THE Fables aſſure us, That the Eagle ſoars aloft with her Callow Young, oppoſing them to the Rays of the Sun, that the God might diſcover his true from his ſpurious Iſſue. In like man-

manner ſend I my Writings to you, as to *Mercury*, the God of Eloquence, that, if you can bear them, you may determine, according to your Judgment, whether they ſhall be publiſhed, or if not that you immediately throw them away as Strangers to the Muſes, or elſe commit them to the Floods as Adulterous. The *Rhine* thus does the *Gauls* no Injury, when it bears away their ſpurious Iſſue, as the Revenger of the polluted Nuptial Bed, ſince it bears up, and ſupports on the Surface of its Waters the Off-ſpring of the Virtuous Embraces, and reſtores them to the Arms of the trembling and expecting Mother, and by ſaving the Infant, proves a certain Teſtimony of the chaſt and uncorrupted Marriage-Bed. Farewel.

LETTER CXLI.

The Emperor Julian *to* Oribaſius; *Being an Account of his Dream, and a Complaint of* Euſebius *the Eunuch.*

THE Divine *Homer* tells us, There are two Doors to the Place of Dreams, and that a far different Credit muſt be given to the Predictions of thoſe that come out of each. Yet certainly, if ever you foreſaw any thing in Sleep, your laſt Dream was very Prognoſtic, for I my ſelf had one not unlike it. *Methought I ſaw in a large Hall, a lofty ſpreading Tree, bending towards the Ground, under which, at its Root, was a ſmall flouriſhing tender and kindred Sprout: But I was not a little concerned, leſt that little Tree ſhould be de-*

ſtroyed.

ſtroyed and grubbed up with the greater. Approaching nearer, I ſaw the great one faln all along on the Earth, and the little one upright, but ſuſpended above the Ground; which when I ſaw, I, with a great deal of Rage and Labour, cried out, Alas! how great a Tree is fallen, and how near periſhing too is its little Kindred Sprout! Here a Man, to me entirely unknown, bid me reflect and conſider what I ſaw, and to be of good Courage, for ſince its Root yet remained in the Ground, that little Tree would revive, and fix it ſelf the more firmly. This was my Dream, yet what it forebodes, the Gods alone can tell: But I earneſtly deſire ſome Information about that wicked Eunuch, and whether what he ſaid of me was before or after he ſaw me, in which I would have you to give me the beſt Light you can. He knows very well, how often I have overlooked, and connived at his vexing the People of the Province, to ſo partial a degree, as was unworthy indeed of my Dignity, while ſome Complaints I would not hear, others I would not allow, others I would not believe, and imputed many to the Fault of his Friends and Domeſticks. But when he would Stigmatize me with ſo foul a Blot, by ſending his Miſſive Pamphlets abroad, full of all the Infamous Contumelies and Accuſations he could forge, what ought I not to have done? Should I be Paſſive, hold my Peace, and put up the Affront, or attack him? The firſt would be baſe and ſervile, as well as diſpleaſing to the Gods, the latter, 'tis true, would be both juſt and brave, and worthy a Freeman, but this could not then be executed, by reaſon of thoſe many important Affairs, I was embarraſſed with and involved in at that time. You will ask me then, what Courſe I took; why before a great

great many Perſons, who I knew would be ſure to give him a full Account of the Matter, I only ſaid, *There is no doubt but he will correct his Writings, for now he is extremely intemperate, and outragious.* This Moderation of mine, was ſo far from reducing him to Modeſty and Temper, that he flew out into ſuch Extravagancies, as no modeſt Tyrant would have attempted, eſpecially when he knew me ſo near him. What could a Diſciple of *Plato* and *Ariſtotle*'s do upon this Occaſion? Should I ſurrender the Miſerable into the Hands of Robbers? or rather defend thoſe as well as I could, who now (I believe) are near their End, by their abandoned Contrivance. Certainly there can be nothing more baſe, nor more unworthy the Rites of *Burial*, than for the Military Tribunes to quit their Ranks, though in the Face of Death, when they were to reſcue the Unhappy from Injury, eſpecially when they were to fight againſt ſuch a Company of *Banditti*, with ſo well furniſhed an Army as mine, and with the Gods as Friends. But in all the Events of Fortune, and all our Enterprizes, the greateſt Comfort a Man can find, is a clear and unſpotted Conſcience. I hope the Gods will ſpare that Man of Probity *Saluſtius*. Nor ſhould I eſteem it any Evil, if he were to be my ſpeedy Succeſſor: For a ſhort time ſpent innocently and well, I judge preferable to an Immortality of Sinning. The *Peripatetick* Philoſophy is not more ſluggiſh than the *Stoick*, notwithſtanding the falſe Imputations of ſome Men: Betwixt which I take this to be the true Difference, that one is the more cunning and turbulent, and the other more prudent, that is to perſevere in our Opinion without Change. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER CXLII.

The Emperor Julian, *to* Eugenius *the Philoſopher; Deſiring him to write to him.*

THEY tell us, that *Dædalus* attempted by Art to vanquiſh the Defects of Nature, making his Son *Icarus* Wings of Wax to bear him aloft from his Confinement. I admire his Art, but cannot his Prudence, in committing the Safety of his Son to ſo frail a Support before any one elſe had made Tryal of the Experiment. But could I have the Wiſh of *Anacreon*, and be converted into a Bird, it ſhould not be to fly to *Olympus*, or on any Amorous Expedition, or Complaint, but to the Summits of your Mountains, *to Embrace thee my Care*, as *Sappho* has it. But ſince Nature has confined me to this Priſon of my Body, and does not permit me to bear my ſelf thro' the ſublime Regions of the Air, I'll follow you at leaſt on thoſe Wings ſhe gives me, for I will write to you, and ſo be with you that Way I may. Certainly *Homer* uſed the Epithet *Winged* to *Words*, becauſe they might be ſent into what Part of the World we pleaſe, for they fly away like ſwift Birds where-ever we command them. But you, my Friend, in your turn, ought to write to me; for you have a Pen of as ſtrong, or ſtronger a Wing than mine, by which you can touch your Friends, and variouſly delight them, as if you were preſent. Farewel.

LETTER CXLIII.

The Emperor Julian *to* Ecebolus; *perſuading him that in Returning Silver for Gold, he dealt fairly by him; ſince Silver was the more Excellent Metal.*

PINDAR, ſays the *Silver Muſes*, comparing their Brightneſs and Splendor, to the moſt Bright and Excellent Matter of the Univerſe. The wiſe *Homer* gives the Epithet *Illuſtrious* to Silver, and ſays, *You Silver Streams* to the Water; becauſe they gave a gay and bright Reflection, as if enlightned by the Rays of the Sun. The Beautiful *Sappho* ſays, *You Silver Moon*; and for that reaſon will have it, that all the other Planets are obſcured by her: Wherefore ſuffer me to compare the Gods to Silver, rather than Gold. For I am not the firſt that aſſert, that Silver is more adapted to the uſe of Mankind, than Gold, that is more commendable, nor hides it ſelf in the Ground from the Eyes and Hands of Men, like Gold, but is agreeable to the View, and more convenient for the Neceſſities of Life. All this is the Opinion of the Antients themſelves. If therefore, in Return for the Gold you ſent me, I remit you Silver, believe not your Preſent under-paid, or that you are leſs obliged than I am; nor imagine you have had in this the Fate of *Glaucus* in the Exchange of his Arms; for *Diomedes* himſelf would not have changed Silver Arms for thoſe of Gold, becauſe theſe were much more uſeful, and fitter like Lead to blunt and rebate the Edge of a Sword, than thoſe of Gold. I have from your own Words, taken this Handle of Jeſting with the greater

greater Freedom. But if you would ſend me Preſents more precious and valuable than Gold write daily to me; for I ſhould prefer the leaſt Letter from you much beyond the greateſt Advantages I am capable of expecting. Farewel.

LETTER CXLIV.

The Emperor Julian *to* Euſtochius; *calling his Friend to the Honour of the* Conſulſhip.

THE Wiſe *Heſiod* ſays, We ought to invite our Neighbours to our Feaſts, that they may be merry with us, who have a ſhare of our Misfortunes. But I'm of Opinion, we ought rather to invite our Friends, than Neighbours, becauſe a Neighbour may be our Enemy, which a Friend can no more be, than Black White, or Cold Heat. But that you have always been my Friend, of a Conſtant and unſhaken Fidelity, my Zealous Love for you is a ſufficient Proof. Come therefore, come to me that you may take Poſſeſſion of the Dignity of the *Conſulſhip*. If you deſire any thing more, know I have ſent for your Friends *Enodia*, and *Enodius*. Farewel.

LETTER CXLV.

The Emperor Julian *to* Callixina, *beſtowing on him a double Prieſthood, for his Conſtancy to the* Polytheiſm.

A Juſt Man is only try'd by Time, according to the Antients; but I ſhall Venture to add, That by Time I have try'd a Pious and Religious Man. You'll ſay, the Love and Faith of *Penelope* to her Husband, was diſcovered by Time; but who, that has not made a Debauch in the Juice of the drowſie *Mandragora* would prefer a Woman's Love of her Husband to Piety and Religion. Nor will any Man, that conſiders rightly think the Love of *Penelope* to her Huſband, though the perpetual Theme of ſucceeding Ages, bears any Proportion to thy Merit, when they reflect on the Iniquity of the Times, and the different Cauſes, as well as different Tryals ye have both gone through. But do not you look on that as a ſmall Praiſe, when for your Actions the whole Senate of the Gods will return you their Thanks, and when I crown your Merit with a double Prieſthood, adding to that you already enjoy thoſe of *Ceres*, and the *Mother of the Gods*, in the Sacred City of *Peſinum*. Farewel.

LETTER CXLVI.

The Emperor Julian *to the illuſtrious* Serapion; *containing the Praiſe of Figgs, and of the Number of* 100, *from a Preſent ſent by him of an Hundred Figgs of* Damaſcus.

THE Preſent generally made our Friends, is Praiſe, but I ſend you an Hundred long Figgs of *Damaſcus*, the agreeable Proſpect of a delicious Banquet. Their Number, I muſt confeſs, were too inconſiderable to Delight, did not their Beauty ſufficiently ſupply that Defect. If you'll believe *Ariſtophanes*, there is nothing ſweeter, or more delicious than a Figg, except Honey; nor, a little after, will he yield the Preference even to Honey. *Herodotus*, to give a lively Image of a perfect Solitude and Deſart-Place, ſays, *It had neither Figg, nor any other Thing that was Good*, as if a Figg was the King of Fruits, or that where Figgs are to be found, there could no other Good be wanting. Wiſe *Homer* alſo, who praiſes the reſt of Fruit, either on Account of their Magnitude, Beauty or Goodneſs, to the Figg alone, gives the Title of *Sweet*. He calls Honey *Yellow*, to avoid beſtowing the Name of *Sweet* on that which ſometimes is Bitter. But to a Figg he appropriates the Epithet, *Sweet* by Reaſon in its Propriety it challenges that Name. *Hippocrates* tells you, *Honey is ſweet to the Taſte, but bitter to the Smell*, from whom I, by no Means, diſſent, becauſe, by Univerſal Opinion, it breeds the Spleen, and changes the Humours into a contrary Taſte; which yet plainer demonſtrates its bitter Nature: For if that were not its Original, it could never

be changed into Bitter. But the Figg is not only ſweet to the Taſte, but odorous to the Smell; and ſo uſeful to Mankind, that *Ariſtotle* thinks it a *Specifick* againſt all manner of Poiſon, and that for this Reaſon, in that it is eaten both at the beginning and end of a Meal, as if it were the only Sacred Remedy againſt the Injuries of Food. Whoever knows its uſe, will not doubt but that Figgs were conſecrated to the Gods, made uſe of on all Altars, as fit for all Incenſe, by the Inſtitution of ſome wiſe Prieſt, skill'd in the Holy Rites of Heaven. The Learned *Theophraſtus* in his Treatiſe of *Agriculture*, ſpeaking of thoſe Trees that would admit of Inoculation, chiefly celebrates the Figg-Tree, for receiving the Buds of other Trees in greater Variety, and with more Succeſs than any other whatever; inſomuch that if you lopp'd off ev'ry Branch, and graffed a ſeveral Cien on each, yet would it maintain and ſuffice them all; ſo that a View of this one Tree could ſometimes ſupply you with a Proſpect of a whole Garden, ſending from its own Body Nutriment and Subſtance to the various and numerous Progeny of different Fruits. And whereas the Fruits of other Trees laſt but a while, unable to bear any Age, that of the Figg Tree out-lives the preſent Year, and remains Good at the Appearance of the enſuing. *Homer*, in his Deſcription of the Gardens of *Alcinous* tells us, the Fruit there had ſeveral Ages; and though that might be but a Poetical Fable, as to the reſt, yet 'tis certainly true, as to the Figg, which is the moſt laſting Fruit the Garden produces. This is the general Nature of the Figg, but with us, it is much more Excellent, for as in Compariſon with other Plants, it, without Controverſie, carries away

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the Pre-eminence, ſo among Figgs thoſe of *Damaſcus* excel; nor without Reaſon, for it is but Juſt the True City of *Jove*, the Eye of all the *Eaſt* (I mean the Large and Sacred *Damaſcus*) as ſhe excels all others in the Pomp of her Sacrifices, Magnificence of her Temples, Seaſons of the Year, Brightneſs and Clearneſs of her Fountains, the Multitude of her Rivers, and Fertility of her Soil, ſhould be particular in the Excellence of this Fruit. For which Reaſon this Tree will not endure Tranſplanting, nor retain its Goodneſs out of its own Clime, as diſdaining a Foreign Birth. Gold and Silver are to be found in many Countries: But ours alone bears this Plant, which plainly refuſes to grow to Perfection any where elſe. As the *Perſian* Silk, *Indian* Rarities, and whatever is moſt precious in the *Æthiopian* Countries, is, by the Merchants, tranſported to other Nations, ſo export we our Figgs to all Regions, as being in no other Place to be had Good; nor is there any People ſo diſtant, or Iſland ſo remote, which has not a Value for this Trafick, and a Reliſh of its Sweetneſs. The Tables of Kings have the Figg for an Ornament; and it crowns the Pomp of every Banquet. Neither Cheeſcake, Tart, Biſcuit, or any part of the niceſt *Deſert* can boaſt half the Charms of this Fruit; ſo wonderfully does it excel all others whatſoever. Other Figgs are only Good in *Autumn*, or when dry'd, but theſe of *Damaſcus*, are ſo, both on the Tree and when they are laid in the Sun. If you view their Beauty on the Trees, and how, with their long Stems, they dangle down from ev'ry Bough; how the Tree ſurrounds its Fruit in a Circle; and how, by that Roundneſs, it varies its Form, you would think them ſo many Jewels hanging from a Chain about the Neck. There

is a Myſtery in the Art of preſerving theſe Figgs, as curious as they are pleaſant; for they are not like others of this kind thrown up in Heapes, and placed in the Sun; but they are gather'd one by one, and ſingly hang on the Walls from Thorny Branches, partly, that they may whiten, by the daily Influence of the pure Rays of the Sun, and partly, to ſecure them from Vermin, and the Beaks of little Birds by the Thorns and Prickles. Thus much for the *Birth*, *Sweetneſs*, *Preparation and Uſe of our Figgs of* Damaſcus. Now I ſhall ſhow you the Excellence of the *Centenary* Number. *Homer*, in my Opinion, did not lightly, and without Cauſe furniſh *Jove*, in his Poem, with a *Hundred-fold Shield*, but couches under that Number ſome great and hidden Secret; that is, he gave the moſt perfect Number to the moſt perfect of the Gods; or becauſe the whole Univerſe, expreſſed by the Orb of the Shield, could not be deſcribed but by the *Centenary* Number. For the ſame Reaſon the *Hundred-handed Briareus* is plac'd next that God, and contends with his ſaid Father, to expreſs the Perfection of his Strength, by the moſt perfect of Numbers. Thus the *Theban Pindar*, ſinging the Triumphs of *Jupiter* over the Giant *Typhœus*, thinks he deſcribes the Grandeur of the Vanquiſher ſufficiently, by telling us he overthrew the *Hundred*-headed Monſter at a Blow; as if no other Giant durſt contend with *Jove*, but he whom his Mother had arm'd with an Hundred Heads, or that no God, but *Jupiter*, could obtain ſo ſignal a Victory. The *Lyric* Poet *Symonides*, calls *Apollo*, by Way of Praiſe, *Ekaton*, and by this alone, as a Sacred Note or Mark, adores his Surname, for killing the Serpent *Python* with an Hundred Arrows: Nay, he ſeems more

pleas'd

pleas'd to be call'd *Ekaton*, than *Pythian*, as taking that for an Hereditary Name or Title. *Crete*, that was the Nurſe of *Jupiter*, as the Reward of her firſt receiving the new-born God, receiv'd the Glory of one Hundred Cities. *Thebes* was call'd *Hecatontapolis* by *Homer*, from the Magnificence of having an Hundred Gates. I'll paſs over the *Hecatombs* of the Gods, the * *Hecatomped* Temples, Altars of an Hundred Pedeſtals, the *Centenary* Cloyſters or Galleries; Fields of an Hundred Acres, and all other Things, as well Divine as Humane, diſtinguiſh'd by the Number of an *Hundred*. This Number diſtinguiſhes the Orders of War and Peace, the Military Forces being divided into *Centuries*, under *Centurions*, and the Judges of Civil Affairs, Marſhal'd in that Number. But the Laws of an Epiſtle forbid my proceeding farther; and I think I muſt ask your Pardon for bringing more Inſtances already than the Matter requir'd. If, by your Approbation, my Letter be allow'd to riſe to a Mediocrity of Goodneſs, I am ſatisfied, for then it may juſtly paſs on the Eyes of others, ſupported by the Authority of your Judgment; but if it ſtands in need of Correction, it cannot fall into better-qualified Hands to tranſmit it perfect to the Publick View. Farewel.

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* *Temples ſpreading open* 100 *Foot on every ſide, as that of* Minerva *in* Athens.

LETTER CXLVII.

The Emperor Julian ; *to* Jamblichus *the Philoſopher* ; *celebrating his Praiſe.*

ULYSSES thought it enough to repreſs his Son's Opinion of him, by ſaying,

I am no God, why doſt thou equal me to the Immortals?

But I am, indeed, ſcarce ſo much as a Man, while I am abſent from *Iamblichus*; yet muſt I avow my ſelf ſtudious to ſerve, and deſirous to ſee him. Nor ſhall any ones Opinion of my Unworthyneſs, deter me from that Love of you, which I ſhall ever profeſs. I find not that the Multitude of Admirers of excellent Statues, has ever leſſened the Praiſe of the Artiſt, but, that on the contrary, by their Paſſion for them, they have render'd them a more true and lively Delight. Your Complement of placing me among the wiſe Men of old, makes me not ſo blind, as not to ſee that I am as far from their Merit, as I own my ſelf ſhort of their Diſcipline and Learning. But in you are not only join'd *Pindar*, *Democritus* and the Antient *Orpheus*, but alſo all the *Greek* Philoſophers that have ever flouriſh'd in that kind of Knowledge, in like manner as the Harmony ariſing out of the various Sounds of the *Lyre*, produces a perfect Muſical Compoſition. They tell us the *Ægyptian Proteus* chang'd himſelf into various Forms, as being afraid to diſcover his Wiſdom to thoſe that enquir'd any thing of him.

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But if *Proteus* was wiſe indeed, as *Homer* aſſures us he was Maſter of a great deal of Wiſdom, tho' I muſt approve that, yet muſt I always condemn his Temper, it being altogether unbecoming a good Man, and the Part indeed of a wicked Impoſtor, to conceal himſelf on purpoſe to avoid doing Good to Mankind. How great an Admiration and Veneration therefore, do you challenge from us, firſt in that your Wiſdom equals that of *Proteus*, and much more, becauſe you are not a Niggard of your Noble Qualifications, as he was, but rather impart your Vertue and Knowledge of the ſublimeſt Sciences, and diſperſe your ſhining Rays around, like the Sun, to all Men, not only by inſtructing the preſent by your Diſcourſes and Example, but likewiſe the abſent by your Writings. In this you excel the Antient *Orpheus*; for whereas he conſum'd his Time and Art in ſoothing and taming Wild Beaſts; you, as if you were placed in this World for nothing but the Health of all Mankind, in all Places imitate the Hand of *Æſculapius*, and with that Salutiferous and Eloquent Voice, diſpenſe Inſtruction to all the Earth: Which makes me judge that *Homer*, if alive, would more juſtly have ſaid of you, than of him he did,

One yet alive ſpreads round the ſpacious Globe.

For you alone cheriſh and nouriſh that Fire of Antient Form, which is, as it were, a Sacred Spark of Real and Fruitful Learning. Wherefore grant (O *Jupiter* the Preſerver, and Holy *Mercury*) the Enjoyment of long Life to *Iamblichus*, the Common Benefactor to Mankind: And ſince it is not to be doubted, but that the *Antients*

ents made such just Vows and Prayers for, and by them lengthened the Lives of *Homer*, *Plato*, *Socrates* and other Persons of Conspicuous Merit that appear'd among them, so it can't be amiss in us to pour out the like to the Immortal Gods to prolong to an extreme and happy old Age, the Life of a Man equal to them all, both in Morals and Eloquence. Farewel.

LETTER CXLVIII.

The Emperor Julian *to* Amerius ; *comforting him upon the Loss of his Wife.*

YOUR Letter concerning the Loss of your Wife, I assure you, cost me some Tears. 'Tis indeed a just Cause of Grief to have a young, handsome, chaste and dear Wife ; and, moreover, the Mother of a beautiful Off-spring snatched away before her Time, like a Taper just lighted, and soon after extinguished; but that this should be your Case, is what gives me a sensible Concern: For, indeed, my Dear *Amerius*, you, of all Men, deserv'd least to taste the bitter Cup of any Misfortune, or Sorrow, being so Eminent for your Eloquence, and your Friendship. But were I writing to any other, on this Occasion I should be much more Prolix, by mustering up all the Arguments I could draw from the Common Fate of all Men, which is compell'd by inevitable Destiny, to undergo Disasters, especially the Death of Friends ; the Consideration of which is the greatest Comfort on such Accidents,

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and many other Topicks for the easing an exorbitant Sorrow; but since it would seem too mean to urge those Arguments we use to the Ignorant, to one that teaches and instructs others, omitting all other Lenitives, I will only relate you a Fable, or rather the true and real Saying of a wise Man, perhaps not unknown to you, tho' to many, from whence you may take as healing a Draught of Joy as *Telemachus* is said to have done from the *Spartan* Damsel. They assure us, that *Democritus* of *Abdera* told *Darius*, when nothing could allay his Grief for the Death of his young beautiful Wife, that he would raise her from the Dead, if he would but supply him with the Necessaries requir'd for such an Operation. TheKing bid him command whatever he pleas'd, without Regard to the Expence. The Philosopher, after a little Pause, replies, *All Things else I have sufficient, only one Material Ingredient I want, which I can by no Means imagine how to come by, but you perhaps* (speaking to *Darius*) *being King of all* Asia, *may be able to find it out.* Being ask'd, what wonderful Thing this was, which only so great a King could find? He reply'd, if the King would command the Names of three Women to be ingrav'd on his Wive's Tomb, whom no Body had ever grieved for, she would undoubtedly return to Life. But *Darius*, on Enquiry, finding none of that kind, *Democritus* laughing, as he us'd to do, cry'd out, *Art not thou,* O Darius! *one of the foolisheſt of Men, who alone desireſt to escape that, which no Man else ever did, or ever will, for you will find that the most happy and fortunate of this Life, have felt some private Sorrows.* This indeed was a just Method to take with *Darius* a Barbarian, and one obnoxious and obsequious

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to Pleaſure and Grief; but you, being both a *Grecian* and ſtudious of True Learning, ought to derive the Command of your ſelf from your ſelf: For indeed it would be a ſhame, too infamous, to deny that to Reaſon, which Time would certainly obtain. Farewel.

LETTER CXLIX.

The Emperor Julian *to* Arſacius, Pontifex *or Chief Prieſt of* Galatia; *about the Methods of promoting the Reſtoration of Idolatry.*

THE ſmall Progreſs the *Gentile* Religion makes ſo very ſhort of my Deſires, is owing to the Profeſſors thereof. The Gifts we have received from the Gods, are Splendid, Great and more Excellent, than we could have the Confidence to wiſh or hope: For ſuch and ſo great a Change in ſo ſhort a Time (be *Nemeſis* propitious to what I ſay) who could not long ſince, have expected. But what is the Cauſe of our acquieſcing here, of our reſting ſatisfied with what is already done, as if there were nothing farther requiſite to be done? or why do we not rather turn our Eyes to conſider what has given ſuch Growth to the Impious Religion of the Chriſtians? I mean their Care of and Benignity to Strangers, their Burying the Dead, and that Sanctimony of Life which they put on. All this, I am of Opinion, we ought truly and ſincerely to perform. Nor do I think this ſufficient, but would have you to oblige all the *Galatian* Prieſts, either by Threats or Reaſon to be Men of Honour

and

and Honesty, or otherwise to degrade them from the Priesthood, if they, their Wives and Family are not exemplar in their Assiduity, in adoring the Gods and attending their Temples, and that they suffer not the Wives, Servants or Children of the *Galileans* to behave themselves insolently to the Gods, or prefer Impiety to Piety. Next exhort the Priests not to go to any of the Publick Showes, or drink in Taverns, and Pubick Houses, or profess any mean or infamous Art or Trade. Reward those that are obedient to you in this Reformation, and expel the Refractory. Build a great many Hospitals, and Inns, in every City, for the Benefit of Travellers; to the end Strangers may enjoy the Advantages of our Liberality, and not only those of our Religion, but likewise the Professors of the contrary, may have the Benefit of them, if they are destitute of Mony. I have found out a *Fund* for supplying you with Necessaries for perfecting all this I have ordered. For I have commanded to be deliver'd to you 30000 Bushels of Wheat, and 60000 Quarts of Wine Annually, the fifth Part of which I allot to the Poor that serve the Priests, and order the rest to be distributed among the poor Travellers and Beggars for their Relief. For 'tis a shame, that whereas none of the *Jews* are suffer'd to beg, being supplied by their Sect, and the Impious *Galileans* not only feed their own, but our Poor also, that the followers of our Religion should seem destitute of that Help and Relief, which we ought to supply ours with. Teach therefore the *Gentiles* to lay out their Money in such good Offices; and use the Country People to offering their first Fruits to the Gods, and these sort of Acts of Beneficence, and make it appear to them, that this is a Duty of very

very Antient and Venerable Original; for *Homer* introduces *Eumæus*, ſpeaking thus:

If ſome poor Gueſt ſhould to my Houſe reſort,
My Smiles ſhould give him welcome: My Wealth
(and Wants
Proceed from Jove; *not Great my Store, but*
(Free.

Let us not therefore ſuffer others to rob us of our Praiſe, by an Imitation of our good Actions, whilſt we, through Sloth and Negligence, become infamous; leſt we thus ſeem to betray our Piety to the Gods. If I hear of your Diligence in the Execution of theſe Commands, you will give me a great deal of Joy and Pleaſure. Very ſeldom go to the Palace, to make your Court to the Governours, but often write to them. Let no Prieſt go out to meet them in the Street on their Publick Entries; and only attend their coming within the Temple, when they deſign thither, nor ſhall any Soldier march before them, though they are at Liberty to follow in what Number they pleaſe. But as ſoon as they enter the Temple, they become private Perſons, and you are Chief of all within thoſe Sacred Walls, according to the Divine Law. Thoſe that obey you are Pious, and thoſe, who, out of Arrogance, reſiſt you, are Oſtentatious Boaſters, Hypocrites, and Seekers of Vain-glory. I am ready to bring Relief to *Peſſinus*, provided he propitiates the Mother of the Gods: But if he preſumes to deſpiſe and contemn her, he will not only incur the Penalty of the Laws, but, what is yet more, will provoke me to a very high Degree. *For 'tis an abominable Wickedneſs to aſſiſt him who makes War with*

with the happy Gods. Perſuade him therefore to adore the Mother of the Gods, if he deſires I ſhould take him under my Care and Protection. Farewel.

LETTER CL.

The Emperor Julian, *to the Chriſtian Profeſſors in the Schools; forbidding them to make uſe of, or teach any of the* Greek *Authors.*

WE eſteem True Doctrine to conſiſt in a ſolid Affection of the Mind well inſtructed, a true and certain Judgment, and in Maxims of Good and Evil, of what's Honeſt or Diſhoneſt, not in the Oſtentatious Sound of Tongue, and Pompous Words. Thoſe therefore, who believe one thing and teach their Scholars another, ſeem as diſtant from Knowledge as Honeſty. Nay, the leaſt Difference betwixt the Tongue and Mind is Diſhoneſt, though the Guilt do not exceed. Thoſe that, in Matters of higheſt Importance, teach what they do not credit themſelves; are like ill Vintners, whopalm on the Company ſtum'd Wine, which they know to be abominably Bad. All Profeſſors therefore of any Part of Learning, ought to be Honeſt Moral Men, and ſhould not advance new upſtart Opinions, foreign to the Senſe and received Notions of the People. Such eſpecially ought thoſe to be, who inſtruct Youth in the Writings of the Antients, be they either *Rhetoricians*, *Grammarians*, or principally *Sophiſts*, who pretend not only to inſtruct in Words, in Language, but even in Morals, and chal-

challenge to themſelves a Right to Political Lectures, and delivering Rules and Maxims of State, the Adminiſtration of Commonwealths, *&c.* Whether theſe Pretences are juſt or not, I ſhall not now enquire; I commend their Aim at ſo Noble and excellent a Science, but they ſhould have a much greater Praiſe from me, if they were more Veracious, and did not confute themſelves, by believing one thing, while they teach a contrary to their Scholars. *Homer*, *Heſiod*, *Demoſthenes*, *Herodotus*, *Thucydides*, *Iſocrates*, *Lycias*, &c. learned and wrote under the *Auſpices* of the Gods. Does not one of theſe think himſelf ſacred to *Mercury*, another to the Muſes? Wherefore it ſeems to me abſurd for theſe Pedagogues to explain and teach theſe Books, who ridicule and contemn thoſe Gods which theſe Authors ador'd. But not becauſe I think this Abſurd, do I oblige or command them to change their Opinion for the ſake of their Scholars; I give them this Choice, that either they teach no more what they think not Good, or if they had rather ſtill teach on; that they teach firſt ſincerely and truly, and convince their Scholars that *Homer*, *Heſiod*, and the reſt of thoſe whom they explain, and whom they condemn as guilty of Impiety, Madneſs, and Error to the Gods, were no ſuch Men. For elſe they muſt argue themſelves guilty of the higheſt Avarice, and Baſeneſs, living by the Writings of theſe Men, which they do only for the ſake of a few poor *Drachma's*. Till now indeed there concur'd a great many Circumſtances and Things, which deny'd them the Freedom of a Recourſe to the Temples; and Fear might be allow'd a ſufficient Plea for their not explaining the True Notions, and Opinions of the Gods. But now when Liberty,

berty, by the Favour of thoſe Deities, is eſtabliſhed, it ſeems to me extremely abſurd to teach Men thoſe Authors, whom they eſteem Wicked: Yet if they think there is any Wiſdom in the Books they teach, and whoſe Interpreters they ſit, let them firſt ſtudy to imitate their Piety to the Gods. But if they think thoſe Authors guilty of Offence againſt the moſt Holy Immortals, then let them go into the Churches of the *Galilæans*, and there explain *Matthew* and *Luke*; in Obedience to whom you forbid Men our Religious Worſhip. I would have your Ears, and your Tongue (to uſe your Phraſe) to be born again in theſe Things, of which I wiſh always to participate, and that with all that Love me. This Common Law ſhall be eſtabliſh'd for all Teachers, School-maſters and Inſtructors of Youth: For there ſhall be no Force us'd to thoſe that have a mind to hear, but they ſhall be left to their Liberty. I think it unjuſt to thruſt out the Youth from the Right Path, who are yet ignorant of the Road they take, or to compel them by Force to purſue the Inſtitutes of their Forefathers. Although indeed it would be juſt perhaps to cure them againſt their Will, and in ſpight of their Reſiſtance as impotent and mad: yet, for my part, I leave them all to a Liberty of enjoying their Diſeaſe, for we ought to help, not puniſh, thoſe that are Delirious. Farewel.

LETTER CLI.

The Emperor Julian *to* Ecebolus; *concerning the* Arrian *Christians at* Edeſſa.

MY paſt Decrees, regarding all the *Galilæans* in general, are full of Clemency and Humanity, which ordain that no Force be offer'd to any of them, that none be obliged againſt their Will to go to the Temples, nor that any ſuffer Indignity or Abuſe. But thoſe of the *Arrian* Church, being wanton in their Abundance of Riches, have invaded the *Valentinians*, and done thoſe Things at *Edeſſa*, which never before happened in any Civilized and Well-govern'd City; wherefore, in purſuit of the Command of their admirable Law, to the end they may find the eaſier Paſſage to Heaven, I have ordered all their Money and Wealth to be ſeized, and afterwards to be divided among the Soldiers, and as for their Eſtates, I have ordain'd them to be diſtributed among my Friends. This I have done, that their Poverty might teach them Wiſdom, and that they might not be depriv'd of the Kingdom of Heaven, which they hope for. We alſo now decree and command, that thoſe of *Edeſſa* refrain all manner of Sedition and Riotous Frays, leſt that deſpiſing my Humanity and Mildneſs, they bring upon themſelves the Puniſhment of the Inſolence and Intemperance of the reſt, by Sword, Exile and Fire. Farewel.

LETTER CLII.

The Emperor Julian *to the People; containing a Remiſſion of ſome Arrears of their Taxes, upon a Petition preſented him.*

A Prince that had an Eye on his Profit, and Gain, would never hearken to your Petition, or ſuffer the Publick Revenue to be leſſen'd by any private Favour. But ſince my Deſign is to be as Beneficial, as I can, to my Subjects, and not to gather as much from them as I can; I forgive that which is due to me. That is, one half I give to the Soldiers, the other to your ſelves; who will enjoy even that which they receive, ſince 'tis beſtow'd for your Peace and Security. We therefore remit what is due from you to the Third Tribute: But, for the future, pay as you us'd to do; for this Gift is very Large, and we muſt not wholly neglect the Commonwealth. I have wrote about this to the *Præfects*, that you may, in Effect, enjoy what I have now given you by Words. Farewel.

LETTER CLIII.

The Emperor Julian *to* Zeno, *a Chriſtian Phyſician; recalling him from* Exile, *into which he had been driven by the* Arians, *on Account of his Religion.*

AMONG many Proofs of the Excellence you are arriv'd to in Phyſick, as well as to an equal Temperance and Conſtancy of Morals, at this time your drawing the Eyes, Hearts and Wiſhes of all the *Alexandrians* upon you, is the greateſt, ſo great a Sting have you left behind you in them; nor indeed without Reaſon, for *Homer* juſtly has it, That

One Phyſician is worth a thouſand Common Men.

But you are not only a Phyſician, but a Maſter and Inſtructor of all thoſe that profeſs that Science, you being to them What they are to the People. This is the Cauſe of your honourable Recalling from Exile: For if you were driven out of *Alexandria* by the *Georgian* Faction, you were illegally expell'd, and may juſtly return. Go back therefore with Honour, and your Antient Dignity, and I challenge the Favour of both, by reſtoring *Zeno* to the *Alexandrians*, and *Alexandria* to *Zeno*. Farewel.

LETTER CLIV.

Cicero *to* Curio ; *recommending* Milo *to him, with a great deal of Earneſtneſs, and requeſting that he would have as much Care of his Dignity and Conſulſhip, as of his own.*

WE had not yet the News of your Arrival in *Italy*, when I ſent *Sextus Julius* the intimate Acquaintance of my Friend *Milo*, with theſe Letters to you : But aſſoon as your Return was thought near, and it was known you had left *Aſia*, on your Journey to *Rome*, the Importance of my Buſineſs requiring a ſpeedy Conveyance of my Pacquet, I was not apprehenſive of having diſpatched it too ſoon. Were I ſenſible my Services to you were as great as you are always pleaſed to declare them, I ſhould be much more cautious, and modeſt in preſſing a Requeſt of any conſiderable Conſequence ; for 'tis with Reluctance, a Man of Prudence beggs a Favour of Moment of one whom he thinks he has obliged, leſt he ſhould rather ſeem to exact it as a Debt, than deſire it as a Kindneſs. But ſince the Benefits I have received from you are either known to all, or diſtinguiſhed for their Excellence and Greatneſs by the very Novelty and peculiar Emergencies of the times of my Adminiſtration, and ſince a Candid and Ingenuous Mind, would chuſe to encreaſe the Obligations it has to a conſiderable Benefactor, by deſiring freſh Services, I made no Difficulty of begging a Favour of you by Letter , which I eſteem both the greateſt and moſt neceſſary I could ask. For

I found in my ſelf not the leaſt Suſpicion that I was not capable of behaving my ſelf as I ought under your innumerable Obligations; eſpecially when I hop'd there was no Benefit ſo Great which my Mind was not capacious enough either to receive or return with all the Additions of Gratitude: I have placed and fixed all my Study, Labour, Care, Induſtry, Thought, nay my whole Mind on *Milo*'s *Conſulſhip*, and am of Opinion, that therein I ought not only to ſeek the Fruit of my Service, but alſo the Praiſe of Piety: Nor do I think any Man ever had ſo ſollicitous a Concern for his Safety, and Fortunes, as I have for his Honour, in whom I have center'd all is dear to me. I know it is ſo much in your Power to ſerve him, (if you pleaſe) that we need not apply our ſelves to any Body elſe. What we have on our own ſide already, is the Good Will of all Good Men, won by his *Tribuneſhip*, on my Account, as I hope you are ſenſible, of the Vulgar, by the Magnificence of his Donations, the natural Liberality of Youth, and the Zeal of Men of Intereſt in the Suffrages, by his particular Excellence and Addreſs, or Diligence in that Kind: Alſo he has my Vote due to Juſtice and paſt Favours, which perhaps gives it a Reputation, and Advantage it might otherwiſe be deſtitute of. Wherefore if you can reaſonably conclude from my Zeal and Solicitude for *Milo*, that I am not forgetful of Obligations, or ungrateful to you, but that I am an honeſt Man, and, in a Word, if you can think me Worthy your Favours and Services, I muſt beg with the laſt Importunity you will free me from my Care by anſwering my Deſire, that you

you devote your Endeavours at preſent to my Praiſe, or ſpeak more truly to your own Safety. As for *Milo*, I can aſſure you, and dare engage, you ſhall never meet with a Man of a more ſolid Mind, more Conſtancy or more Gratitude. If you but embrace his Cauſe, you will ſo infinitely oblige and engage me, that *I* muſt acknowledge *I* ſhall then owe as much to you in my Reputation, as in my Safety. *I* ſhould write more on this Point, as how much my Duty engaged me in it, and how all *I* value is concerned in this Petition, for the *Conſulſhip* of *Milo*, ſo that *I* ſhould leave nothing unattempted to compaſs it, were *I* not ſuddenly to ſee you. All *I* ſhall now add, is, that *I* commend and deliver into your Hands this whole Affair, this whole Cauſe, nay, my whole ſelf, with an Aſſurance, that if you grant this Requeſt, *I* ſhall think my ſelf more obliged to you, than to *Milo* himſelf: For my Safety (in which he aſſiſted me) was not ſo dear and valuable to me, as the Return of his Service would be agreeable and pleaſant, which *I* am confident *I* may compaſs by you alone. Farewel.

LETTER CLV.

Cicero *to* Servius Sulpitius ; *debating, whether they ought or not to fly from* Italy *to* Pompey.

I Received yours at *Cumanum*, on the Third of the *Calends* of *May*, from which I perceiv'd the Neglect and Imprudence of *Philotimus*, who ſent me that Letter by another Hand, which he ought to have brought himſelf, being charg'd with ſo much of your Buſineſs to me, as that Epiſtle ſeem'd to intimate: But after the peruſal of it, I ſaw your *Poſthumia*, and my *Servius*, who deſir'd me to urge your Coming to *Cumanum*. As for your deſire of my Advice, that I can ſooner follow than give: For what could I preſume to perſuade a Man of your Wiſdom and Authority to? If we enquire what is the moſt Rightful, that is as plain, as what is the moſt convenient and ſafe is obſcure. But if, as we ought, we eſteem nothing Convenient and Safe, but what is conſiſtent with Juſtice and Honour, there could remain no Doubt of what Courſe we ought to take. As for your Opinion, That both our Cauſes are the ſame, 'tis moſt true we were equally in an Error, when our Sentiments were equally Juſt: For all our Councils and Aim were to keep Things from an open Rupture; which being what would have been the moſt advantageous Thing in the World to *Cæſar*, we believed our Zeal to that End, could not likewiſe fail of being very acceptable to him. But you

you ſee how far he has deceived us, and to what an Extremity he has driven the Diſpute: Nor are you only a Judge of what immediately falls under your preſent View, and what has been already paſt, but with a juſt Penetration, you ſee the Bottom of future Deſigns and Affairs. Wherefore we muſt either approve of what's done, or, at leaſt, be in the midſt of it, tho' we do not approve it. One ſeems baſe, the other dangerous: So that it only remains we leave the Place; and we only have to conſider, what Conduct we ſhall purſue, and to what Place we ſhall retire in our Departure Home. But as there never happened a more miſerable and unfortunate Conjuncture of Affairs, ſo never was it more difficult to determine what Counſel to follow: For every Thing we turn to, oppoſes ſome great and difficult Obſtacle. I would have you, if you think fit to follow my Advice, to ſpare the Pains of this Journey to me, if you reſolve on any Methods different from what I propoſe: But if you have any Buſineſs to conſult me about, I will here expect you: I deſire you to make what haſte hither you can with your own Convenience, which *Poſthumia* and *Servius* equally requeſt with me. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER CLVI.

Cicero *to the Same; containing a Complaint of the Iniquity of the Times; and that Comfort may be drawn from a Good Conſcience.*

I Am daily informed, and that from ſeveral Hands, that your Sollicitude and peculiar Grief and Concern for our Common Miſeries is very remarkable. Which, though I confeſs I cannot at all wonder at, as finding ſomething like it in my ſelf; yet am I troubled that a Man of your ſingular Prudence and Wiſdom ſhould not rather be pleas'd and ſatisfied with your own Advantages, and Happineſs, than be uneaſie at other Mens Misfortunes. I find no ſmall Comfort from many Things, but chiefly from my Conſciouſneſs of my paſt Councils and Conduct, tho' I will not yield, that any Man is more affected with this Plague and Ruine that is befallen the Commonwealth. I foreſaw, as from an high Tower, the Tempeſt gathering long before it broke, not alone, *I* confeſs, by the Force of my own Judgment, but by your Warning and Prognoſtication: For tho' I was abſent great part of your Conſulſhip, yet was I not ignorant of your Opinion and Counſel in foretelling, and Caution to prevent this pernicious War, of which I my ſelf was Witneſs in the beginning of your Conſulate; when you remonſtrated to the Senate by repreſenting the Examples of all the former Civil Wars, inform'd them what they had Reaſon to fear, from what they remembred had before happen'd, and that they might reflect if thoſe

prov'd

prov'd ſo cruel, which had no precedent in the Commonwealth to copy after, how much more cruel and intolerable the future Oppreſſors of the Republick would prove: For Men think whatever they can bring a Precedent for, Lawful; and ſo venture to make new additions and thoſe neither ſmall in their Conſequence, nor few in their Number; ſo that you ought to comfort your ſelf by remembring that thoſe who are now wretched, are ſo out of their own Choice and Obſtinacy, when by following your Counſel and Advice, they might have prevented their Miſery, and yet have poſſeſſed an impregnable Security. But you may reply, What avails this Remembrance in this (perhaps perpetual) Night of the Commonwealth? I confeſs it is a Grief almoſt beyond Conſolation, amidſt that Wreck of all Things, and ſo violent a Deſpair of ever recovering them. But *Cæſar* himſelf and all the *Roman* Citizens have this Opinion of you, that your Probity, Honour, Prudence and Dignity, when all others are extinguiſhed, ſhine out, as ſome great Luminary to Mankind. And the Conſideration of this ought to furniſh you with a conſiderable Alleviation of your Concern. But as for your Abſence from your Friends, that frees you from a great many Inconveniences, your being with them would bring; which your not ſeeing makes you far happier than us, who are compelled to be Eye-witneſſes of it. Thus far, I hope, *I* have juſtly adminiſtred my Conſolatory Advice, having laid down Motives of leſſening your Trouble, with all the Zeal and Candour of a Friend. What remains you muſt ſeek in your ſelf; whence you may draw, *I* am very certain, the greateſt Comfort and Satisfaction; of which

my

my daily Experience challenges so high an Approbation, that they seem to restore me a sort of Health and Security, which the Publick cannot now possess. *I* know very well, that from your Childhood you have been a Lover of all Sorts of Learning; and that with a particular and extraordinary Application, you have made your self entirely Master of all the Maxims of Philosophy, that instruct us in the Means and Methods of a good and happy Life: Which are both useful and pleasant in the midst of Prosperity, but are now in these profligate Times, our only peaceful Retreat. I will not dare to direct you peremptorily, nor advise a Man of your Knowledge, Capacity and Temper to renew your old Acquaintance with those Studies of your Youth and Maturer Age. *I* shall only hope your Approbation of my betaking my self wholly to the Study of Philosophy, when the State of the Commonwealth denied me any use of those Arts *I* had given my self to all my Life, either in the *Senate* or in the *Forum*. Nor is there much more Room for the Exercise of your Profession and Knowledge, than of mine. Where *I* presume not to direct you, but *I* fancy that you have Recourse to the same Study as I have, which, though I confess not be of that Use and Benefit to the Publick, are yet capable of disengaging the Mind from an Anxious Sollicitude. Your Son *Servius* makes such a Progress in all ingenuous Arts, and particularly in Philosophy, (which I have told you is the Object of my Studies) that he is arriv'd to an Excellence. Nor will I yield to any, but your self, in Love and Affection for him, nor is my Love sown in a Barren Soild. And he believes that his

Regard

Regard to me will be equally agreeable to you. Farewel.

LETTER CLVII.

Cicero *to the Same; containing an Account of the Reſtoring* Marcellus.

I Allow your Apology, for your often ſending me Letters to the ſame purport, no farther than your fear of their Miſcarriage by the Negligence or Roguery of the Poſt. But I can by no means allow your Plea of Poverty of Language, (for ſo you are pleas'd to term it) which compels you to make uſe of the ſame Words in all your Letters; and though you, by Way of Jeſt, give me a Wealth or Richneſs of Language, yet ſhall I freely own that I am not conſcious of any great Streights, and Indigence of Words; for I can ſee no great Occaſion of a falſe Modeſty, with ſuch a Friend as you; yet I am not ſo vain neither, but that I as freely own I give Place (I ſpeak not this by way of Flattery, or Irony) to your Subtilty and Elegance. Tho' I always approv'd of your not refuſing this Affair of *Achaia*, yet my Approbation is much ſtronger from the Reaſons I found in your laſt Letters: For all the Motives you urge, are nicely Juſt, and Worthy of your Reputation and Prudence. I cannot agree with you by any Means, that the Event has not anſwered your Expectation. But becauſe there is ſo great and general a Perturbation and Confuſion of Af-

Affairs, every thing lies in ſo forlorn and diſtracted a Condition, by this moſt infamous War, that every Place where a Man is, ſeems the moſt intollerable. And this is the Reaſon that you repent your ſelf of the Reſolution you had taken, and which makes you think us here in a happy Condition: But, on the contrary, we do not ſuppoſe you free from Trouble and Fatigue, but happy in Compariſon of us. In this your Condition is infinitely better than ours, that you dare write the Grievances you lye under, while we are not permitted even the Liberty of that with any Safety: Nor is this the Fault of the Victor (than whom no Man can ſhow greater Moderation) but of the Victory it ſelf, which in Civil Wars is always inſolent. The only Advantage we have had over you, is, that we knew of the Revoking of your Collegue *Marcellus* ſomething before you, and were Witneſſes of the Conduct of that Affair. Aſſure your ſelf, that ſince theſe Miſeries we groan under, that is, ſince firſt the Publick Laws and Right were decided by the Sword, nothing but this was perform'd with the Dignity of the Commonwealth. For *Cæſar* himſelf, after he had accuſed the Sowerneſs (as he call'd it) of *Marcellus*, and very honourably extoll'd your Equity and Prudence, on the ſudden and beyond all our Expectations declared he could not deny that to the Senate, which he was ready to give to the Perſon himſelf. The Method of it was thus: *Lucius Piſo*, having mentioned *Marcellus*, and *Caius Marcellus* having thrown himſelf at *Cæſar*'s Feet, the whole Senate aroſe, and approach'd him in a ſuppliant Manner. Enquire not any farther, ſo Joyful, ſo Noble did this Day appear to me, that me-

thought

thought there was ſome little Appearance of the reviving Commonwealth. Wherefore when All that been ask'd before me, had given *Cæſar* Thanks, except *Volcatius*, (who ſaid, if he had been deſir'd he would not have done it) on my being as'kd I changed my Reſolution: For not out of Sloth, but want of the Antient Dignity of the Robe, I had reſolv'd on a perpetual Silence. But the Magnanimity of *Cæſar*, and my Duty to the Senate, broke my Deſign. I therefore gave *Cæſar* Thanks in an Oration of ſome length; and I fear have depriv'd my ſelf by it of that honourable Retirement, which was my only Comfort, in our Misfortunes. But ſince I have thus avoided his Diſguſt, who might interpret my continual Silence to my Belief that this was no Commonwealth, I ſhall do it, but moderately, dividing my time betwixt him and my Studies. For though from my Youth, I have taken a peculiar Pleaſure in all manner of Arts, and Liberal Learning, particularly in Philoſophy, my Love of which, I believe is heighten'd by the Maturity of my Age, and the prevailing Vices of the Times, there being nothing elſe that can free the Mind from Trouble, and Anxiety. I find by your Letters that your Buſineſs divorces you from theſe Studies, though the long Nights will now give you ſome Relief, allowing you a time to enjoy the ſeverer Muſes. Your, or rather my, *Servius* pays me a particular Deference, whoſe entire Honeſty, extraordinary Virtue, Studies and Learning afford me a ſingular Pleaſure. From him I have frequent Advice of your Stay in and Removal from a Place. I am, as yet of Opinion, that *Cæſar*'s Will ought to be the Meaſure of our Actions. Affairs are at *Rome* in ſuch a Poſture, that if you

were

were here you would find nothing agreeable, but your Friends they being the beſt of all Things in this City. But as for both other Men, and other Things, they are ſuch as are better heard than ſeen, if one of them muſt be done. This Advice I give you is extremely againſt my own Satisfaction, who earneſtly deſire to ſee you, but in it prefer your Pleaſure to my own. Farewel.

LETTER CLVIII.

Cicero, *to* Marcus Marcellus, *perſuading him to Return to* Rome, *and to make Tryal of* Cæſar's *Humanity, contrary to his Reſolution of remaining in perpetual Baniſhment.*

THOUGH I dare not blame your Conduct, not but I diſſent from you in it my ſelf, but cannot preſume to prefer my own Sentiments to the Reſolutions of a Man, of whoſe Wiſdom I have ſo high an Opinion, yet both the long time of our Mutual Friendſhip, and your extraordinary Benevolence to me, Experienc'd from my Childhood, perſuades me to offer thoſe Reaſons to you, which may be ſerviceable to your Safety, and not at all Repugnant to your Honour. I know you are one of thoſe, who long before ſaw theſe Evils in their Riſe, and remember very well the moſt honourable and juſt Diſcharge of your Conſulſhip. I alſo found, that you neither approv'd the Counſels nor Me-

thod

thod of the Management of the Civil War, that you never approved *Pompey*'s Forces, nor the Nature of the Army he had got together, nay, that you had the laſt Diffidence of them. And I believe you remember, that I was of the ſame Opinion. And this was the Reaſon that you medled but little in the Management of thoſe Affairs, and I always took pains to avoid being concern'd in them at all: For we fought not with thoſe Weapons, in which we were Superiour to them, I mean with Counſel, Authority, Reputation, and the goodneſs of the Cauſe, but with ſuch in which we were much Inferiour; that is, with Force and Numbers. In ſo unequal a Combat therefore we were overcome, or, if Honour could not be vanquiſh'd, broken at leaſt, and dejected. In which your Reſolution muſt be highly applauded by all, in that you threw aſide the Luſt of Battel, with the Hopes of Victory; and gave great Proofs of an Excellent Citizen, when you unwillingly enter'd into the opening of a Civil War, and with Reluctance purſu'd it in its cloſe. Thoſe who have taken a different Courſe from you, are now divided into two Parties, for they have either endeavour'd to renew the War, and taken themſelves to *Africa*; or as we, have join'd themſelves to the Conqueror. You indeed have ſteer'd betwixt both, judging perhaps what we did, Mean, what they, Obſtinate. I confeſs your Reſolution has been eſteem'd Wiſe, by moſt, nay all, and by ſome worthy a great and valiant Mind. But yet methinks there ought to be ſome Medium, ſome Moderation in your Determination, eſpecially when I believe there is nothing wanting to the Reco-

very of all your Fortunes, but your *Will* to receive them: For I'm inform'd, that he that has now the Power in his Hands would make no difficulty of offering all this, but that he fears you will not think the Offer, a Benefit. What my advice to you in this Caſe would be I need not particularize, ſince my Actions will inform you. But if you have fixt your Reſolution rather to undergo perpetual Exile from *Rome*, than ſee thoſe things done, which you do not approve, yet you ſhould reflect that where-ever you fly, you will be ſtill in the Power of him you would fly. But if he ſhould ſuffer you to live quietly and freely out of your Country, and without your Fortunes, yet certainly you ought to conſider whether you would chuſe for your abode *Mytilene*, or *Rhodes*, rather than *Rome* and your own Houſe, let Affairs go as they would. But ſince his Power, whom we fear, extends o'er the whole Earth, had not you better be ſafe in your own Houſe, than in danger in a Strangers? Nay, were there a neceſſity of Death, certainly it were better to die in our own Country, than in any foreign and remote Parts. With me all thoſe who love you agree, whom your noble and excellent Virtues have made extreamly Numerous. We alſo regard your Fortune and Eſtate which we could by no means have diſſipated: For tho' it can receive no laſting and perpetual Injury, which neither the Victor, nor Commonwealth would ſuffer, yet are we not willing they ſhould ſuffer any preſent Damage, by the Depredations of Robbers, whoſe Names I ſhould not fear to give you, did I not know that you were already acquainted with them. Your return hither is nego-

negotiated by the Sollicitudes and Care, and the many and daily Tears of your Excellent Brother *Caius Marcellus*, to whom I reckon my ſelf the next concern'd in Grief; tho' I cannot be ſo forward in my Mediations, becauſe I have my ſelf ſtood in need of an Interceſſor. I have the Favour and Intereſt of a vanquiſh'd Man, yet am I not wanting to *Marcellus* in my Advice, and my Endeavours. The reſt of your Friends conſult me not, tho' I am ready for any Part, they ſhall require. Farewel.

LETTER CLIX.

Cicero *to the ſame, on the ſame Subject.*

I Dare not attempt to adviſe a Man of ſuch extraordinary Prudence, nor to confirm a Mind ſo noble, nor comfort a Courage ſo firm and approv'd. For if you bear the public Events, as I am told you do, I have more occaſion to Congratulate your Virtue, than endeavour to Mitigate your Sorrow. But if the Miſchiefs, that have befal'n the Commonwealth break you, I am not Maſter of Reaſon enough to comfort you, who cannot comfort my ſelf. I ſhall therefore only be ready to comply with the Commands of your Friends, ſo far as to be active in all things for your Service, that I can, and to wiſh my ſelf able to do what I cannot. I would have you believe that your Friendſhip for me will not let me be ſilent, and would perſuade you to my Opinion, that if there be any Commonwealth at all, you by the common

Conſent and Judgment of all Men ought to be at the Head of it, in ſuch manner, as the Times will bear, or if there be none, that this is the moſt proper and convenient Place of Exile. For if by flying *Rome* we purſue Liberty, what Place ſhall we find exempt from its Dominion? And if it reaches all Places, where ſhall we find one ſo dear and pleaſant as our Native Country? But you may believe me, the poſſeſſour of the Foreign Power is a great Favourer of Senſe and Ingenuity, and he Careſſes, as much as his Cauſe will allow, Men of Honour and Nobility; but I have urg'd more, than I deſign'd. I therefore return to this one thing, that as long as your Friends are your Friends, I agree with them; but if they ceaſe to be ſo, I ſhall not fail in any thing, that our Friendſhip and Love demands. Farewel.

LETTER CLX.

Cicero *to the ſame, urging his Return, yet more ſtrongly and efficaciouſly.*

THO' I ſent you lately by *Quintus Mutius* a long Epiſtle of my Advice, as to your Conduct at this Juncture; yet could I not let your Freedman *Theophilus*, whoſe Fidelity I was ſenſible of, go to you without a Letter from me. I ſhall therefore repeat again, and again, my Perſwaſions that you would, as ſoon as poſſibly you could, come to the Commonwealth, let her Condition be what it will. Perhaps you may meet with things you like not, yet not more, than you

you hear of daily. And you are not a Man touch'd only by your Senſe of ſeeing, inſenſible to what your Ears convey to you, and that commonly in a more magnify'd and terrifying Form. But you may urge if you are here, you muſt either ſpeak ſometimes what you do not think, or do ſomething that you do not approve. Firſt it was always thought the part of a wiſe Man to give way to the Times, that is to obey Neceſſity. And next perhaps things are not in ſo deſperate a Condition, as you may Imagine, for tho' it may be you may not have leave to ſay what you think, yet may you always hold your Peace. All things are now at the diſpoſal of one Man; and he takes no Advice but his own: Which would not have been much better if he had obtain'd the Victory, whom we follow'd. Do you believe that he, who in the War (when he ſaw that all our Safeties were embark'd in one common Bottom with his own) took the advice only of ſome few Men, and thoſe none of the moſt Prudent, would after the Conqueſt have ſhar'd with others, what he never would in other Affairs and Times? And can you imagine that he who refus'd to follow your moſt excellent Counſel, in your *Conſulſhip*, nor would conſult at all your Brother in his, which he bore by your Authority, and my Endeavours, would when he was in Poſſeſſion of an abſolute Power, deſire our Opinions? All Civil Wars are full of Miſery, which our Anceſtors never experienc'd, but our Age has too often already felt. But nothing in a Civil War is more miſerable and unfortunate than the Victory it ſelf. Cruelty and Empire, which falling to Men of better Principles than

ordinary, makes them leſs regard any Meaſures, and grow more ferocious than otherwiſe they would, deriving that from Neceſſity, which they did not from Nature: For a Conqueror is oblig'd to do a great many things to gratifie thoſe, by whom he got the Victory. Did we not both foreſee how cruel the Victory would be, had *Pompey* obtain'd it? But would you then have him exil'd from your Country, that you might not have thoſe things done which you did not approve? You may reply no— for you ſhould have retain'd the Poſſeſſion of your Wealth, and your Dignity. But your Virtue would have plac'd your own private Affairs among things of the leaſt Conſequence to you, and have been chiefly concern'd for the Commonwealth. Again, what is the aim and end of that Counſel and Reſolution? For yet is your Action approv'd, and your Fortune as in a thing of this Nature, applauded? Your *Action*, in obeying Neceſſity in your Engagement in the beginning of the War, and in wiſely avoiding the pertinacious Proſecution of it after the fatal Deciſion. *Your Fortune*, in that you retain'd the State, and fame of your Dignity in an honourable Retirement. But now you ought neither to eſteem any Place more agreeable than your own Country, nor to love her leſs, but rather pity her, becauſe time has impair'd ſomething of her Original Beauty; nor ought you to deprive her of your Sight, at a time when ſhe has loſt ſo many Men of Worth and Dignity. Laſtly, If it were thought the part of a great Mind, not to ſupplicate the Victor, yet you ought throughly to conſider, whether it will not be an Argument of Pride to reject his Liberality; and that

if

if Wiſdom will make a Man ſupport the want of his Country, yet not to deſire it favours of Obduracy: And if one cannot enjoy the Commonwealth, 'tis abſur'd to throw up one's own private Affairs too. The ſum of all is, that tho' your preſent Abode may be more convenient, yet ought you to conſider whether it be alſo as ſafe. The Licentiouſneſs of the *Gladiators* is great, and they make leſs Difficulty to do a Miſchief in the Extremities, than in the Heart of the Empire. I yield to none in my Zeal for your Good, but your Brother. And that Advice is wholeſome and ſafe, that prompts to a regard to the Times, to your Safety, to your Life, to your Eſtates. Farewel.

LETTER CLXI.

Marcus Marcellus *to* Cicero; *aſſuring him of his complying with his Advice.*

YOU may aſſure your ſelf I have ever in all things, but more eſpecially in this laſt Affair, paid a particular Deference to your Authority. My Brother *Caius Marcellus*, whoſe Love for me I am extreamly ſenſible of, urg'd both his Advice and Prayers in vain, till your Letters had wrought me over to follow your Counſel. Your Letters inform me how the Affair was manag'd. Your Congratulation, tho' recommended to my Approbation by the generous Intention that declared it, yet the Pleaſure

and Satisfaction it gave me was wonderfully heighten'd by knowing your Zeal towards me, both in Expreſſion and Action in that great dearth of Friends, Relations and Dependants, who ſincerely were for my Safety, and good Fortune. The Iniquity of the Times would make me without any pain forego all other Conſiderations; but I am of Opinion there can be no true Enjoyment of Proſperity, nor ſupport of Adverſity, without the Converſation of Men of ſuch generous Principles: And this I Congratulate my ſelf for. But I ſhall endeavour in Deeds, more than Words to prove, that your Zeal and Service have been plac'd on one that is entirely your Friend. Farewel.

LETTER CLXII.

Servius Sulpitius *to* Cicero; *containing an Account of the Murther of* Marcellus.

THO' I am too ſenſible I ſhall be the Meſſenger of no agreeable News to you, yet ſince *Chance* and *Nature* have ſo conſiderable a Power over the *Good*, I reſolv'd to give you the whole Progreſs of the Matter. When from *Epidaurus*, I landed at the *Piræum* on the 10th of the *Calends* of *June*, I met my Collegue *Marcellus*; and ſpent that Day with him. He told me the next Day he deſign'd from *Athens* to *Beotia*, for the Execution of the reſt of my Commands, and that he intended by the laſt of *May* to Sail for *Italy*. About the tenth Hour of the Night after

after his departure from *Athens*, his Friend *Posthumius* came to me with an Account that my Collegue *Marcus Marcellus* was after Supper ſtab'd in the Stomach, and behind the Ear, by his Friend *P. Magius Chilio*, but that he had hopes yet of Life; that *Magius* had kill'd himſelf; and that he was ſent by *Marcellus* to inform me of the Accident, and to deſire me to bring him ſome Phyſicians; I did ſo, and ſet out by Break of Day towards him; but had not gone far from the *Piræum*, before his Boy deliver'd me a Letter that his Maſter dy'd a little before Day: Thus the moſt Worthy Roman fell by the Hands of the moſt Wicked of Men, and that after a moſt Barbarous Manner. He whoſe Virtues made his Enemies ſpare him in Reſpect to his Honour and Dignity, met his Death from a Friend. However, I went forward to his Tent, where I found only two Freedmen, and a few Slaves, the reſt being all fled for fear, their Maſter being kill'd before the Door of his Tent. I was forc'd to bear his Body back to the City in the Litter I came in; and made him as Magnificent a Funeral as *Athens*, could enable me to do; tho' I could by no means perſuade the *Athenians* to let me Bury him within their City, being forbid, as they urg'd, by Religion, nor ever had granted it to any one. However, they allow'd us to do it in any of the *Gymnaſiums*; we choſe a Place in the moſt Noble of the World, where we burnt his Body, and took care that the *Athenians* ſhould build him a Marble Monument. Thus I perform'd all the Offices that were due to our Colieguеſhip, and our Relation, both alive and dead. Farewel. *Athens* the laſt of *May*.

LETTER

LETTER CLXIII.

Q. Metellus *Proconſul to* Cicero; *accuſing him of being too Violent a Proſecutor of his Brother.*

IF you are well, 'tis well. I thought our Friendſhip and Reconciliation would have been ſufficient to have hinder'd your making a Jeſt of me in my Abſence; and from oppoſing, and proſecuting my Brother *Metellus* for a *Word*, on which his Fortune and Life depended: Whom if his own Modeſty expos'd, my Endeavours to ſerve you, and the Commonwealth ought to have given him ſome Relief. But now I find him circumvented, and my ſelf deſerted by thoſe who ought to be aſham'd of this Conduct: So that I, who am at the Head of a Province, and an Army, and who wage War, am forc'd to Mourn, and devote my ſelf to Sorrow. But ſince your Adminiſtration is neither agreeable to Reaſon, nor the Clemency of our Anceſtors, it will be no wonder if you repent it. I did not expect you would have been ſo fickle to me and mine. But no private Grief, nor Injury ſhall make me Sin againſt the Commonwealth. Farewel.

LETTER CLXIV.

Cicero *to* Metellus; *being his defence againſt the foregoing Letter.*

IF you and your Army are well, it is well. You write me Word, you thought our Friendſhip and Reconciliation would have ſecur'd you from, being made a Jeſt of in your Abſence. Which I confeſs, I do not perfectly underſtand; but I ſuppoſe ſome Body or other has ſent you word, that when I was urging in the Senate how many there were that were troubl'd I had preſerv'd the Commonwealth, I ſaid you had been prevail'd with by ſome of your Relations, whom you could not deny, to ſuppreſs what you had deſign'd to ſpeak in the Senate in my Praiſe. But at the ſame time I urg'd this, I did you the juſtice to declare that we ſo divided the Office in the Preſervation of the Commonwealth, that while I defended the City from domeſtick Ambuſhes, and inteſtine Wickedneſs, you protected *Italy* both from open Foes, and ſecret Conſpiracies. Alſo that our Society in this great and noble Work was endeavour'd to be weaken'd by ſome of your Relations; who aſſoon as they ſaw what honour I paid you, were afraid leſt you ſhould make ſome manner of Return. 'Tis true, when I began to explain my ſelf, and ſhew what I expected from your Oration, and the Trouble I was in, the Diſcourſe ſeem'd a little pleaſant, and cauſed a ſort of Laughter; not at you but rather

rather at my Trouble, and for my open and ingenuous Confeſſion of my deſire of being prais'd by you. Yet certainly there could no greater Deference be paid to your Honour, than my declaring I was not ſatisfy'd with all the Glory I had obtain'd, without the Teſtimony of your Approbation. But whereas you urge our *Mutual Friendſhip* I confeſs, I'm at a loſs to know what you mean by *Mutual Friendſhip*: I take it to be an equal Return of Service. If I ſhould ſay I quitted the Province for your ſake, you might perhaps accuſe me of Levity, my own Affairs requiring it, and I now every Day receive new Advantages from that Reſolution. But this I can affirm, that aſſoon as I had thoughts of giving up that Poſt, I began to contrive how I might deliver it into your Hands. I ſhall ſay nothing of your *Lots*, but would have you to believe, that my Collegue did nothing without my Privacy. Call the reſt to your Remembrance as how ſuddenly, I call'd the Senate together after the *Lots* caſt; how much I ſpoke in your behalf, that you your ſelf told me my Oration was ſo very much in your Favour, that it ſeem'd contumelious on your Collegues. Conſider too the Act of the Senate paſt that Day, of ſuch a tenure that while that remains my good Offices to you can never be either obſcure or doubtful. And after you were gone to your Province, pray call to Mind what I did for you in the Senate, what I ſaid for you in my Speeches, and what Letters I wrote to you. When you have reflected on all this, I would have you your ſelf be judge whether your next Return to *Rome*, had any thing Mutual or Anſwerable

to

to all theſe things I had done for you. As for *Reconciliation*, I don't underſtand why that ſhould be call'd ſo, where there never was any Breach. In anſwer to your ſaying I ought not to have oppos'd your Brother; Firſt I aſſure you of my Approbation of your Brotherly Love and Zeal full of Piety and Humanity. Yet I muſt beg your Pardon, if I preſume to oppoſe your Brother in any thing, wherein the Good of the Commonwealth is concern'd, for I ſhall never yield to any one in my Zeal for the publick. But if I defend my ſelf againſt his moſt barbarous Aſſaults, I think I pay enough to Friendſhip, when I complain not to you of the Injuries your Brother has done me, from which I endeavour'd to reclaim him after I had found the whole Endeavours of his *Tribuneſhip* directed to my Ruin, by the Mediation of your Wife *Clodia*, and your Siſter *Mutia*, whoſe favourable Opinion of me I had found on ſeveral Occaſions, on Account of my Intimacy and Engagements with *Pompey*. Nay the Injury and Affront he offer'd me on the laſt of *December*, tho' a *Conſul* that had preſerv'd the Commonwealth, was ſo ſingular and infamous that the moſt profligate Magiſtrate that ever was, never receiv'd the like, (which doubtleſs you have heard of) for he deny'd me the Liberty of making my Farewel Oration, when I was going out of the Conſulſhip. Tho' what he meant, as an Injury prov'd to me the greateſt Honour: For when he would permit me only to Swear, with a loud Voice I took the nobleſt Oath in the World, confirm'd for Truth by the Univerſal Voice of the People. Yet notwithſtanding this unſufferable Injury, I employ'd our common Friends, that very

very Day to diſſuade him from purſuing his Malicious Deſigns, and his Anſwer to them was he could not deſiſt with Safety: For he had a little before in an Oration declar'd, he ought not to have the Liberty of ſpeaking who had puniſh'd others without hearing their Plea: A Man of wonderful Sedateneſs and Conſideration, and a good Citizen indeed, who could judge him worthy the ſame Puniſhment, who deliver'd the Senate from Slaughter, the City from Fire, and *Italy* from War, which was adjudg'd by the Senate, with the Conſent and Approbation of all good Men, to thoſe who had plotted to ſet Fire to the City, to Butcher the Magiſtrates and Senate, and raiſe a moſt dangerous War in *Italy*. For theſe Reaſons I oppos'd your Brother to his Face; for on the firſt of *January*, I argu'd with him in ſuch a manner in the Senate, that he might perceive his Conteſt was with a Man of Courage and Conſtancy. When he had begun his Speech on the third of the *Ides* of *January*, he addreſs'd himſelf to me almoſt every other Word, not forbearing Threats; nor had he any other Conſideration, but how he might deſtroy me not by Courſe of Law, but by any Force or Means that would accompliſh his Deſigns. If I had not oppos'd his Raſhneſs with Reſolution and Virtue, People might reaſonably have judg'd that the Fortitude I ſhow'd in my *Conſulſhip*, was rather the effect of Chance, than Thought and Reflection. If you are Ignorant of all theſe Tranſactions of *Metellus* againſt me, you muſt aſſure your ſelf that your Brother hides from your Knowledge things of the greateſt Importance. But if he has made you conſcious of any of theſe Deſigns, you may judge

of

of my Tenderneſs for you when I expoſtulate not with you about them. And when you underſtand I was not touch'd, with a *Word* as you write, but by the ſucceſſive depravity of his Counſel and Reſolutions, and his inveterate Malice againſt me, own then my Humanity, if a Remiſſion, Neglect and Regardleſſneſs of Mind in the mid'ſt of ſuch intollerable Injuries, merit ſo good a Name. I have never given my Vote againſt your Brother, but in all the Acts that have paſt, I have always voted on the moſt Moderate ſide. Nay I ſhall add, (what I had no great Reaſon to be ſollicitous about, tho' I might not be troubl'd it was done) that I made it my Endeavour, my Enemy, (becauſe your Brother) ſhould be reliev'd by an *Act of the Senate*. I have not therefore oppos'd your Brother, only reſiſted the Aſſaults he made on me. And have been ſo far from being fickle in my Friendſhip to you, that I have been conſtant in it, even when you have neglected the Duties, and grateful Returns, requir'd from one of that Character. Nay even now, I make this Anſwer to your almoſt menacing Letter: That I not only pardon your Concern and Reſentment, but commend it; having a *Monitor* within me, that urges and repreſents to me the Force of fraternal Love. On the other ſide, I deſire you to ſhew your ſelf ſo equal an Arbiter of my Concern (if I am aſſaulted by your Relations Inveterately, Cruelly, and without Cauſe) as to declare, I ought not only not to give way to this Impetuoſity, but ſhould if occaſion requir'd make uſe of your Help, and the Aſſiſtance of your Army. I always deſir'd you as my Friend,

and

and have frequently labour'd to convince you by my Actions, that I was yours to a very great Degree. I am yet, and ſhall as long as you think fit continue ſo: And had much rather, and ſhould much ſooner ceaſe to hate your Brother for your ſake, than ſuffer my Averſion to him in the leaſt to diminſh our good Underſtanding. Farewel.

LETTER CLXV.

Metellus's *Anſwer; being a Reconciliatory Letter in which he rejects his Brother.*

YOUR frequent good Offices a little moderate and alleviate the perpetual Contumelies of the moſt importunate of Mankind. And as ſuch ſort of Men are ſingular for Levity, ſo are they always by me deſpis'd. Wherefore with all the Satisfaction in the World I receive you into the Place of that Brother, whom his Vices have made me caſt off. I deſire wholly to forget him, tho' I have twice ſav'd him againſt his Will. Not to oppreſs you with Letters I have wrote to *Lollius* of my ſelf, and my Affairs, as well as of what I deſire ſhould be done, as to the Account of the Province, of which he will inform you. I deſire you, if you poſſibly can after what has paſt, to perſevere in your old Friendſhip for me. Farewel.

The

The following are a Course of Letters which will be as it were a Secret History of the Civil Wars of Rome, *after the approach of* Cæsar *to* Italy; *which cannot but be agreeable to any Curious Reader, since besides the History, it will show the Inclination and Manners of the Great Men of that Age.*

LETTER CLXVI.

Cn. Pompey *Proconsul, to* M. Tullius Cicero *Imperator.*

QUINTUS *Fabius*, who came to me on the fourth of the *Ides* of *February*, informs me that *L. Domitius* is on his March towards me, with his eleven *Cohorts*, and the fourteen of *Vibullius*; that he once design'd to go to *Corfinium*; and that on the fifteenth of the *Ides* of *February*, *Caius Hircus* would follow with five *Cohorts* more. I would have you to come to us to *Luceria*, for here I believe you will be in the greatest Security. Farewel.

LETTER CLXVII.

M. T. Cicero *to* Cn. Pompey *Proconſul.*

I Receiv'd your Letter at *Formiæ* on the fifteenth of the *Calends* of *March*, by which I underſtood that the Action in the *Picene* was much more Advantageous to us, than I had been told; wherein I was ſenſible and willingly own'd the Virtue and Induſtry of *Vibullius*. I yet remain on that Coaſt where my Command has plac'd me, but not without having a Ship ready when Occaſion ſhould require me to remove, for the Rumors I heard, and the Danger I fear'd, made me to judge it moſt proper to follow your Direction intirely in the diſpoſal of my ſelf. But ſince by your Authority, your prudent Counſel and Reſolution, our Affairs ſeem in a more promiſing Poſture, if you think we can hold *Terracina*, and the Coaſt about it, I will ſtill ſtay here; tho' there be no Garriſons in the Towns. For here is not one of our Order or Degree, but *Marcus Eppius*, a Perſon of Induſtry and Vigilance, whom I deſir'd to reſide at *Minturnæ*. *L. Torquatus*, a Man of Valour and Authority has left *Formiæ*, in order, I ſuppoſe, to come to you. I came to *Capua* according to your deſire, the very Day you left it; for 'twas your Requeſt that I and M. *Conſidius* the *Proprætor*, ſhould take care of Affairs in that Place. When I came thither, I found that *Titus*

Ampius

Ampius was very diligent in his Elections, and *Libo* receiv'd them from him with a great deal of Aſſiduity, and Authority in that *Colony*. I ſtaid at *Capua* as long as the *Conſuls*, and from them I return'd thither again on the *Nones* of *February*, whence, after three Days ſtay, I went again to *Formiæ*. I am now at a loſs to know your Reſolutions, and the Method of the War which you Deſign: If you think we ought to hold theſe Coaſts, which in my Opinion may be held, and which lye very opportune and convenient, and abound with good Citizens, there is a Neceſſity there ſhould ſome Commander remain here; but if you think it moſt adviſeable to draw all your Forces into one Place and Body, I ſhall make no difficulty of coming immediately to you; for that is what I moſt earneſtly deſire, as I told you that very Day we left the City. I am not in pain for any Man's accuſing me of too much Dilatorineſs in this Affair, as long as you are ſatisfy'd with my Conduct: And yet if it muſt come to a War, as 'tis plain it muſt, I ſhall eaſily, I doubt not, ſatisfie every Man. I have ſent my Kinſman *Marcus Tullius* to you, by whom if you deſign to write, you may ſend any Letters. Farewel.

LETTER CLXVIII.

Cn. Pompey *Proconsul*, *to* M. T. Cicero *Imperator*.

I Read your Letters with a great deal of Pleasure, for there I found your ancient Virtue in the publick Safety. The Consuls are come to that Army I had in *Apulia*. I earnestly intreat you by your singular and perpetual Zeal for the Commonwealth, that you repair to me, to the end that by our common Consultations we may bring relief to the injur'd Commonwealth. I'm of Opinion your best Road to *Brundusium* is the *Appian Way*. Take care of your Health. Farewel.

LETTER CLXIX.

Cicero *Imperator*, *to* Cn. Pompey *Proconsul*.

WHEN I wrote those Letters, you receiv'd at *Canusium*, I did not in the least suspect you would pass the Seas in your Expedition for the Commonwealth; but I flatter'd my self with great Hopes, we might either bring Matters to a fair Accommodation, which appear'd to me the most eligible, or at least have defended the Commonwealth with Honour, without flying out of *Italy*. But being acquainted with your Resolution, by the Orders you sent the *Consuls* by *Dialius* before my Letters could reach

reach you, I would not wait your writing to me, but immediately began my Journey into *Apulia* to you, with my Brother *Quintus*, and our Children. As ſoon as I arriv'd at *Theanum Sidicinum*, your intimate Acquaintance *Caius Meſſius*, and ſeveral others, aſſur'd me that *Cæſar* was marching to *Capua*, halting that very Day at *Eſernia*. I confeſs I was a little ſurpriz'd, ſince by that means I was not only intercepted in my Journey, but alſo very likely to be taken my ſelf; which made me retire immediately to *Cales* to wait there the Confirmation, or Confutation of that Report. While I was there a Copy of your Letter to the Conſul *Lentulus* was ſent me; in which you mention'd the Letter ſent you by L. *Domitius* on the thirteenth of the *Calends* of *March*, and inclos'd a Copy of it. You wrote it was of great Conſequence to the Intereſt of the Commonwealth, that all its Forces ſhould, as ſoon as poſſible, draw together in one Body and Place; and that he ſhould leave a ſufficient Garriſon in *Capua*. On the reading this Letter we were all of Opinion, you deſign'd to March directly with all your Forces to *Corfinium*; whither I thought I could not come with any Safety, becauſe *Cæſar* was encamp'd about that Town. In the midſt of our Expectation, News was brought us of the Tranſactions at *Corfinium*, and of your Retreat to *Brunduſium*. As my Brother, and my ſelf were preparing to come thither to you, we were caution'd by ſuch as came out of the *Samnium* and *Apulia* to have a care what we did, *Cæſar* directing his March with the utmoſt Expedition into thoſe Parts, and that we muſt of Neceſſity fall into his Hands, for he would certainly be there before us. When we were

ſufficiently convinc'd of the Truth of this, my Brother, my Self, and all our Friends, thought it our Duty not raſhly to expoſe our Liberty, which would be detrimental to the Republick, as well as your ſelves, eſpecially when we had no manner of doubt, but that if we ſhould go, we could by no means now come up with you. During theſe Conſultations your Letters of the tenth of the *Calends* of *March*, dated from *Canuſium* came to us, in which you preſs our ſpeedy Retreat to *Brunduſium*. Theſe having receiv'd on the third of the *Calends* of *March*, we had no manner of doubt but that you were got to *Brunduſium* your ſelf: And we look'd on our Journey thither wholly intercepted, and that we were no leſs taken, than thoſe who went to *Corfinium*, eſteeming them as much taken who were ſurrounded with the Enemies Soldiers and Garriſons, as they who were fal'n already into their Hands. But ſince things are come to this, I muſt firſt tell you, that it was my deſire to have been always with you; and for this Reaſon I refus'd the command of *Capua*, which charge I avoided not on Account of the Weight, and Trouble of the Government, but becauſe I very well ſaw that City could not be defended without an Army in the Field; for I had no Mind to incur the ſame Fate, which to my great Sorrow I ſaw, had befal'n many Men of Virtue and Bravery. But ſince Fortune denies me the Satisfaction of being with you, I heartily wiſh I could any way get certain Information of your Counſels and Reſolutions, for I could never gueſs at an Event, than which I ſhould ſooner believe all Impoſſibilities could happen; that is, that we ſhould not hold our

Ground

Ground in *Italy*, in the Cauſe of the Commonwealth, when you were at the Head of us. Nor do I now condemn the Meaſures you have taken, but deplore the Misfortune of my Country. Nor ſhall I judge your Counſels leſs the Reſult of the higheſt Reaſon, becauſe I cannot comprehend them. I believe you have not forgot what my Sentiments were, firſt for preferring unequal Terms of Peace before the Extremity of War; and ſecondly, as to quitting the City, for you never conſulted me about *Italy*: But I am not ſo vain as to think that my Advice ought to have prevail'd; I follow'd yours, not for the ſake of the Commonwealth, for of that I long before deſpair'd, which is now broken, nor capable of being recover'd but by the Means of a moſt pernicious and deſtructive Civil War, but it was you alone I ſought, with you I deſir'd to be; as I will yet, if any Opportunity offers it ſelf. I am ſenſible my Conduct in all this Affair has not been at all agreeable to thoſe Gentlemen, who were ſo avaritious of Battel; for firſt I made it appear, that Peace was the chief Aim of my Hopes and Deſires; not but I fear'd the ſame things which they did, but I thought all we could fear from Peace, could not be ſo pernicious as a Civil War. After which War being begun, when I ſaw the Conditions of Peace brought to you, and your large and honourable Anſwer to them, I urg'd my Reaſons, not doubting eaſily to make it Evident to you, that they were agreeable to thoſe Benefits I had receiv'd from you. I remembred that I was the only Man, who had undergone the moſt Barbarous and Cruel Puniſhments for my Service to

the Commonwealth; that I was the Man that ſhould go through all thoſe Struggles and Conteſts again, if I had offended his Inclinations, to whom you had order'd one of the *Conſulſhips*, and an honourable Triumph, when we were now in Arms; that my Perſon might be ſingled out always, as having ſome Popular Remedy againſt the impious Aſſaults of profligate Citizens on the Commonwealth. Nor was my Suſpicion of this earlier than the publick Declaration of it reach'd my Ears: Nor was I terrify'd at the Proſpect of this, if there had been a Neceſſity of undergoing it, tho' I was of Opinion, I ought rather to avoid it if I could with Honour, ſince you ſee the Reſolutions I had taken at that time, while yet we had hopes of Peace; but Chance has robb'd me of the Power of doing what elſe I would have done. But my Anſwer is eaſie to thoſe who are not ſatisfy'd with my Conduct, for I was never more *Cæſar*'s Friend, than they were, nor were they ever more Friends to the Commmonwealth, than I. The only difference betwixt us is, that they, tho' very juſt Patriots, were for deciding the Matter by the Sword, while I, who am not much behind their Merits to the Publick, was for an amicable Concluſion, which Opinion you your ſelf declar'd for. But ſince their Advice prevail'd, I ſhall make it my Endeavours that the Commonwealth may always find in me the Mind of a *Roman*, and you that of a Friend. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER CLXX.

M. T. Cicero *to* Atticus.

THO' my Eyes are more troubleſome to me than uſual, yet could I not but ſend you a Letter (which I dictate) by our Common Friend *Gallus Fabius*: For I wrote thoſe Letters I ſent you the Day before Yeſterday my ſelf, as well as I could, the Propheſie of which I heartily wiſh may be falſe. The only Motive of this Letter, is not that I may paſs no Day without writing to you, but yet a more Juſt and Important one, which is to deſire you to take a little Time (and a little will ſuffice to do it) to explain your Advice ſo, that I may perfectly underſtand it. All my Actions and Conduct are Juſt and Guiltleſs. Nor have I left any thing undone for which I cannot produce not only a Probable, but a wiſe Excuſe: For certainly no Man can impute as a Crime to me, the rejecting the Command of *Capua*, ſince by my refuſal I ſecur'd my ſelf from the Reflections of Sloth and Treachery, which my Enemies would beſure to have loaded me with, if I had loſt that Place, not tenable in the Condition they would have confided it to me; nor can they juſtly make me Criminal from the Caution I us'd of not offending him, whom *Pompey* in Arms, had made an arm'd *Conſul*, and order'd a Triumph after the Conditions of Peace were brought by *Lucius Cæſar* and *Fabius*. Nor do I think my laſt Conduct juſtly blameable, in my not paſſing the Seas: For tho' that indeed was worthy of Conſideration, yet could I by no means put it in Execution:

For

For I ought not to doubt, especially when I had seen *Pompey*'s Letter, (of which our Judgments were the same) but that he would advance to the relief of *Domitius*. Besides, I thought it more prudent to give my self time for a more deliberate and longer Consideration. Wherefore I would have you *First*, tho' you have often wrote about it, send me your Judgment of all these Things more particularly. Nor would I have you stop at the Censure of my past Actions, but look forward, and let me know what Measures you would prescribe my Conduct for the future; and where you think I can be most Serviceable to the Commonwealth. Whether Matters will be refer'd to any favourer of Peace, or whether all Things must end at last in the Warriors alone, I, who square all my Actions to my Duty, remember however your Advice, which if I had follow'd, I had escap'd all the Miseries of these Times. I perfectly remember what you persuaded me to by *Theophanes* and *Caleo*, and have often with Sighs reflected on it. Let me therefore, now at least, return to what I then rejected, that is not only to take Glorious, but secure Resolutions. But I prescribe nothing: I would have you be very particular in the Opinion you send me. I desire you also to make as narrow an Enquiry as you can have Opportuny to do, what our Friend *Lentulus* and *Domitius* do now, and what they intend. As to what they now do, I would know, if they accuse any Body, or are angry with any one: I mean, whether they resent any Conduct of *Pompey*. *Pompey* throws all the Blame on them, as you will find by the Copy of his Letter, which I send you. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER CLXXI.

Cn. Pompey *to* Marcus Marcellus, *and* L. Lentulus, *Conſuls.*

MY Opinion being, that while our Armies were divided, we could not be Serviceable to the Commonwealth, I wrote to *Domitius* to Expedite his March to join me with all his Forces; that if he had any doubts as to himſelf, he ſhould ſend me the nineteen *Cohorts* that were marching from the *Picene*. What I was afraid of came to paſs, that *Domitius* was highly embaraſs'd, for he was not of ſufficient Force to Encamp my nineteen, and his twelve *Cohorts*, being diſpers'd into three Towns; nor could he, if he had a Mind, make that Expedition was Neceſſary. Know therefore, that I am in a great deal of Pain and Sollicitude; for I would fain deliver ſo many, and ſo worthy Men from a Siege; nor could I go to their Relief, becauſe I did not think fit to commit their ſafe Conduct to theſe two Legions; out of which I could but draw fourteen *Cohorts*, which I ſent to *Brunduſium*, nor did I think I ought to leave *Canuſium* without Garriſon in my Abſence. I ſent Inſtructions by *Dellius*, that I was in hopes of much greater Force, that if you judg'd it proper, one of you ſhould join me, and the other ſhould go into *Sicily*, with thoſe Men you had rais'd in and about *Capua*; as likewiſe, with thoſe rais'd by *Fauſtus*; that *Domitius* with his twelve *Cohorts* ſhould join them; that all the reſt of our Forces ſhould March directly for *Brunduſium*, to be

be there ſhipp'd off for *Dyrrhachium*. But ſince I can now Contribute no more, than you to the Relief of *Domitius*, or make our Way through the Hills, 'tis, by no means Common, Prudence to ſuffer the Enemy to come near theſe fourteen *Cohorts*, which I have cauſe to ſuſpect, nor to let them follow us too near in our March. Therefore, thought fit with *Caius Marcellus*, and the reſt of our Order that was here, to lead the Army I have with me to *Brundaſium*. I deſire you to make what ſpeed you can with all the Men you can raiſe, to the ſame Place. I would have you to Arm your Men, with the Arms you deſign'd for me: If you bring the Overplus to *Brunduſium*, you will do the Commonwealth great Service. I would have you impart this to all our Friends. I have ſent to P. *Lupus*, and C. *Coponius*, the *Prætors*, to join their Troops, and haſten to me. Farewel.

LETTER CLXXII.

Cn. Pompey *Proconſul*, *to* L. Domitius *Proconſul*.

I Am ſurpriz'd to hear nothing from your own Hand about the Publick Affairs, but from others. With this broken and divided Army, we can by no means make tolerable Head againſt the Enemy, but I hope by contracting our Troops into one Body, we may be able to defend the Republick, and the Common Safety. Wherefore when, as *Vibullius* wrote me Word, you had reſolv'd to March from *Corfinium*, on the

the fifth of the *Ides* of *February*, in order to join me with your Army, I wonder what Motive you had of changing your Design; for that Reason, which *Vibullius* mentions, is extremely trifling, *viz. That you made a Halt, because you saw that* Cæsar *had left* Firmium, *in order to Possess himself of* Castrum Tarentinum; for tho' near the Enemy, the more haste you ought to have made, that you might join me before *Cæsar* could get betwixt us, and cut off your Approaches to me. Wherefore I beg you in the most earnest manner I am able, as I did in my former Letter, to make the utmost Expedition you can to *Luceria*, before *Cæsar* can get those Forces together, by which he intends to cut off all Communication betwixt our Troops. But if any one oppose your coming, let them keep their own Men, yet it is but just you send me these who in *Picene* and *Camerine*, left their Dwellings and Fortunes for my sake. Farewel.

LETTER CLXXII.

Cn. Pompey *Proconsul, to* Lucius Domitius *Proconsul; pressing him to hasten to him, with his Army.*

ON the fourteenth of the *Calends* of *March*, *Marcus Calerinus* brought me Letters from you, in which you tell me you design to observe the Motions of *Cæsar*, and that if he Marches towards me by the Sea Coasts, you will come by the Way of the *Samnites*. But if he stays in those Parts, where he now is, you let me know

you

you intend to oppoſe him. I do not queſtion but this Reſolution proceeds from the Greatneſs, and Bravery of your Mind. But we ought a little more ſeriouſly to conſider, that while we are divided, we may prove inferiour to our Enemy, ſince he not only has a great Army already, but daily expects much greater Reinforcements. Your Prudence ought to make you not judge of *Cæſar*, by the Forces he has at preſent againſt you, but what a Power of Horſe and Foot he may ſuddenly have, a proof of which are the Letters ſent me by *Buſſenius*, and ſeveral from other Hands, intimating that *Curio* is drawing out all the Garriſons in *Umbria* and *Tuſcany*, with deſign to lead them all to *Cæſar*. Which if once got into one Body, and part ſent to *Alba*, and the reſt againſt you, you will not be able to oppoſe them; nay, if they are only on the Defenſive, you will be ſo block'd up that you will not have Liberty to Forage. For theſe Reaſons I beg you to make all the haſte you can poſſibly to me. The Conſuls have deſign'd to do the ſame: I have order'd *Metuſcilius* to let you know that I muſt take Care the two Legions venture not to ſtand the approach of *Cæſar*, without the *Picentine* Cohorts. Wherefore I would not have you ſurpriz'd, if you hear, I retreat before *Cæſar*, for I think I ought to take Care I am not ſurrounded, for I cannot Encamp, both by Reaſon of the Seaſon of the Year, and the uncertain Minds of the Soldiers; neither muſt I draw all my Garriſons out of the Towns, leaſt I thereby give up thoſe Fortreſſes, that have been deliver'd to me; wherefore I have only drawn together fourteen *Cohorts* to *Luceria*. The Conſuls will bring all their Garriſons

risons to me, or carry them into *Sicily*: For we must either have an Army of that strength to be able to keep the Field, and Invade our Enemy, or seek such a Country as may enable us to defend our selves: Neither of which I am Master of at present, because *Cæsar* has possess'd himself of great Part of *Italy*, and our Army is much inferiour to his in Number and Force; wherefore 'tis time for us to take the greatest Care of the Commonwealth we are able. I again repeat my importunity, that you may immediately repair to me with all your Troops; we may yet restore the Commonwealth, if we could come to consider of Affairs together. If we are separated, we are but Weak. Since the writing this *Sica* brought me both Letters and Advice from you, which desire my immediate March towards you, which I can by no means comply with, because I can have no great Confidence in my Men. Farewel.

LETTER CLXXIV.

Balbus *to* Cicero; *engaging him to mediate Peace betwixt* Pompey *and* Cæsar.

I Must use all the earnest Entreaties I can to beg your Mediation in the Reconcilement of *Pompey* and *Cæsar*, set at variance by the Treachery of some about 'em. 'Tis a Negotiation worthy your Virtue. You may assure your self, if you think fit to come hither, *Cæsar* will not only be entirely rul'd by your Advice, but will likewise think himself extremely oblig'd to you.

you. I wish that *Pompey* would but follow his Example, whose Compliance with any Terms, I rather desire, than hope. But I shall begin to quit my Despair of Success, and no longer doubt of your Authority with him, when he once can come to a Resolution, and consults no longer his Jealousies and Fears. Your consent to Consul *Lentulus*'s staying here, has been very agreeable to *Cæsar*, and a particular Obligation to me, who love him equal to *Cæsar*. And if he had, but as he us'd to do, consulted me, and not made me a perfect Stranger to his Resolves, I had been less unhappy, than now I am. I would not have you to believe any Man is more sensibly touch'd than my self, to see the Consul do ev'ry thing, but what a Consul should. Yet if he would but follow your Advice, and take my Word, *Cæsar* would spend the rest of his Consulship in *Rome*, when I should begin to hope, that through your Authority the Counsels of the *Senate*, and his Mediation, *Pompey* and *Cæsar* might once more be reconcil'd, which could I but see done, I should I think have liv'd long enough. What *Cæsar* did at *Corfinium*, know is highly with my Approbation, for certainly in these Conjunctures the best way is to put an End to the Contest, without Blood shed. I am extremely satisfy'd at your joyful Reception of yours, and my *Balbus*, and I dare assure you, what he has told you of *Cæsar*, or what his own Letters import, he will absolutely make Good. And whatever his Fortune may be, yet what he has written to you deserves Applause. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER CLXXV.

Balbus *to* Cicero; *perſwading him to ſtand Neuter, being oblig'd both to* Pompey *and* Cæſar.

AFTER *Oppius* and I had writ to you, I receiv'd a Letter from *Cæſar*, a Copy of which I have ſent you, whereby you will find how earneſtly he deſires a Reconciliation with *Pompey*, and how far he is from all manner of Cruelty, at which I am, as I ought to be, extremely ſatisfy'd. I am intirely of your Opinion, my *Cicero*, as to your Self, your Honour, and your Piety, and that your Reputation and Juſtice, would very much ſuffer in your taking up Arms againſt *Cæſar*, from whom you own you have receiv'd ſo conſiderable Services. That *Cæſar* will approve your Conduct, his Humanity may aſſure you, and think himſelf abundantly ſatisfy'd, you ſhare not with him in the War againſt his Adverſary, as long as you join not them againſt him. As an Argument, he will be ſatisfy'd with this in you, who are a Man of that Reputation and Intereſt, he has at this time ſuffer'd me to be abſent from the Army that goes againſt *Pompey* and *Lentulus*, in conſideration I have particular Obligations to them, aſſuring me he would be contented with my ſtaying here, doing Buſineſs for him in the City, and had ſure Liberty to do the ſame for them. By this means I manage all the Affairs of *Lentulus* at *Rome* at this Juncture, and perform that Truſt, which Piety and Duty require. And tho' our

hopes of a Reconciliation are now again laid aſide, yet can I not deſpair of it becauſe I know *Cæſar*'s Sentiments in that particular are what we could all wiſh and deſire. If I might adviſe, you ſhould write to him, to deſire his Protection, as you did that of *Pompey*, with my Approbation in the Time of *Clodius*. I dare engage, if I have any knowledge of *Cæſar*, he will be more ready to conſult your Dignity, than his own Advantage. I know not how what I write may be taken, but this I am ſure of, that it flows from the higheſt Veneration and Love, for (ſo let me die, while *Cæſar* is ſafe and well) as I love you above moſt of my Acquaintance. I deſire I may hear from you, as ſoon as you are come to a Reſolution in this particular, for I am in pain you ſhould behave your ſelf with that Equality to both, as both deſerve from you, which yet I cannot doubt from your Prudence, and your Juſtice. Take care of your Health. Farewel.

LETTER CLXXVI.

Cicero *Imperator, to* Caius Julius Cæſar *Emperor; requeſting he may be ſo intirely Neuter, that he may be capable of being a Mediator of Peace betwixt him and* Pompey.

THE Letters *Furnius* brought me from you ſurpriz'd me, not with your deſire of my being in Town, and that you would make uſe of

of Authority, Dignity and Counſel; but I confeſs I was to ſeek in what you meant by Favour and Aſſiſtance. But Hope led me to an agreeable Imagination, that you following the Dictates of your wonderful and ſingular Wiſdom, had ſome thought of negotiating a Peace, and the Concord and Union of the City, whereupon I confeſs I thought my ſelf no improper Perſon for a Negotiation of that Nature; and if you have in reality any thoughts of reconciling *Pompey* to you, and the Commonwealth, you could chuſe no Body ſo proper as my ſelf, who have always perſuaded him, and the Senate, as ſoon as I could, againſt a War, nor ſince they have taken up Arms, have I had any Hand in their Military Expeditions. I declar'd my Opinion that the War was an Invaſion of you, againſt whoſe Honours, beſtow'd by the People of *Rome*, your Enemies, and thoſe that envy'd you, ſtrove. But as I was then the ſupport of your Dignity, and brought many over to your Aſſiſtance at that Juncture, ſo at this time the Dignity of *Pompey* moves me extremely, for now many Years are paſt ſince I choſe you two out from the other *Romans*, as the juſteſt Objects of my Eſteem, and with whom I would enter into ſo intimate a Friendſhip, as I now enjoy with both of you. This gives me the aſſurance to importune you with all the earneſtneſs I can, that you would amidſt your great Cares, take this into Conſideration, and ſuffer me to be, and ſhow my ſelf, by your Favour, a Pious, a Good, and a Grateful Man, for the many Obligations I have to you. This, if it reach'd none but my ſelf, I ſhould not deſpair of obtaining of you, but if I am not deceiv'd it extends to your Faith and Honour, and to the Com-

monwealth, that I be permitted to be in a Station capable of being the Author of Peace to both of ye, and of Concord to my Country. The Thanks I return'd you for the Protection of *Lentulus*, as if my own ſafety had been your Care, I hope will convince you of my Gratitude; but I beg you not to force me, at a time when I am ſtudying to be grateful to you, to be ungrateful to *Pompey*. Farewel.

LETTER CLXXVII.

Steſicrates, *the famous* Egyptian *Statuary, to* Alexander *the* Great; *concerning his Intentions to cut him out of the Mountain* Athos, *and make him hold a City in one Hand, and pour out a River with the other.*

'TIS certain that either the mighty *Alexander* has no occaſion for a Statue to perpetuate his Memory, or that *Steſicrates* is alone capable of doing him that Juſtice by erecting one. What, ſhall he be confin'd within an Ell of Canvas, or the compaſs of a little Braſs, whom the whole Univerſe could not contain? He wept for more Worlds to Conquer, and ſhall *Apelles* or *Lyſippus* pretend to circumſcribe him? What muſt that *Alexander* whom my Eyes have ſeen almoſt equally glorious with the Sun in his *Meridian*, be oblig'd to the Labours of a vile Weaver or Founder for preſerving his Fame? Can he be repreſented on Cloth, or by Braſs, whoſe ſingle Look were ſufficient to ſtrike Terror into, or give Conſolation to an hundred Kingdoms? Pardon me thou greateſt

greateſt of Men! If I preſume to limit thy Dominions to a ſet Number, ſince none can now be any ways ſaid to rule in this Habitable Earth except *Jove*, and thy ſelf. To think to eternize *Alexander*, by painting him is Ridiculous. If he were like other Mortals, which I dare not affirm, this Action of *Apelles* would rather tranſmit his Frailty, than Glory to Poſterity. What can leſs reſemble *Alexander* than want of a Divine Power? If this Painter had thought to have repreſented thee by ſuch weak Materials to take away the force of the Thunderbolt he had loaded thy Hand with, he were excuſable in that he might be ſuppos'd to have been thereby a Well-wiſher to the World, but as he thinks by ſo mean a Performance to come up to the Grandeur of the Original he is miſtaken, vilely beſotted, and can deſerve to be thought nothing for it but a Fool, or a Madman. Shall *Alexander*, the Darling of Mankind, not be able to outlaſt an Age? Shall he that was Born for the good of humane Race part with his Majeſty in leſs than a hundred Years? Are Conquerors and Thunderers wont to be ſubject to the Injuries of Inſects? Impoſſible: So great a Hero muſt needs out-live ſo ſmall a ſpace of Time, and become a Neighbour to Immortality. What an Ignorant likewiſe muſt *Lyſippus* be to think to form thee out of Braſs, when even the proud *Artaxerxes* thought fit to envy thy Modeſty? Braſs is too rigid a Mettal for thy benign Temper, which never alters but where thou contend'ſt for Glory with thine Enemies. A Statuary might have preſumd to have copy'd *Darius*, but to attempt *Alexander* was down-right Madneſs. Thy Soul will not ſuffer thy Body to be confin'd within the narrow

Limits of Out-lines. He must be qualify'd to effect the greatest of Impossibilities that can circumscribe thy Majesty. Since therefore no other is able to represent thee, this great Work must needs have been reserv'd for me, and I will undertake it. From the greatness of my Thought thou may'st be satisfy'd of the Esteem I have for thee. The vast Mountain *Athos*, stretching along the Confines of *Thrace*, hides his Head among the Clouds, and extends his Feet even to the Sea-shoar. This huge Mass of Earth I take to be only fit to receive thy Impression, for since thy Actions have been all along so great, 'twere but just thy Portraiture should bear an equal Proportion. This is that Mount *Athos* which *Xerxes*, being greedy of Glory, separated from the Continent, and made Ships to ride in its Bosom. No less wonders will I perform, for while I trace out thy distant Symmetry, I will put a City into thy Right-hand, and a River into thy Left; the former to represent thy excessive Magnanimity, and the latter to denote thy prodigious Liberality. This is that *Alexander* I design to Copy; this is that Hero I intend to Carve. 'Twould be an Injury to so great a Prince to be form'd out of any thing less than a Mountain, and even such a one as Guards a thousand Kingdoms. *Alexander* would disdain an Artist, that should have a meaner thought of him. Every *Apelles* or *Lysippus* can make a Miniature of him, but 'tis reserv'd only for *Stesicrates* to shew him in his true Greatness. Who will not immediately distinguish *Alexander* by this Emblem of Bounty and Power, which I have given him. Even when thou com'st to die, most Glorious of Monarchs! This Image shall preserve thee alive, for tho' thy

Animal

Animal Soul be gone, thy Vegetative ſhall ſtill remain, and as long as the World laſts thou here ſhalt Flouriſh. Every Spring ſhall renew thy Glory, and every Summer revive thy Immortality. He that can conceive a larger Idea of thee, muſt have recourſe to infinite Space to exerciſe his Thought in. He that can erect a nobler Statue muſt require a more extenſive Skie to receive its Altitude. He that would repreſent a Perſon more a Prince, muſt invent ſomething of greater Benefit than a River, or of more Magnificence than a well-built City. My *Alexander* ſhall have *Tartary* for his *Baſis*, the Sea for his Looking-Glaſs, the Earth for his Throne, and Heaven for his Canopy. His ruin will be only owing to the Diſſolution of all Things, if peradventure he be not able by his ſingle Force to reſiſt the ſupreme Decree, and preſerve his own Being after all others are deſtroy'd. The Giants when they formerly attempted to Aſſault the Gods, had not a way better prepar'd for them than I have contriv'd for my Hero, yet cannot I apprehend the divine Thunder for what I have done, unleſs I could be made to think that thoſe Deities would ever ſo far debaſe themſelves as to envy humane Virtue. Thus I have deſign'd a Statue for thee, O *Alexander*, which I hope will equal thy Grandeur. The Skie, the Sea, the Earth ſhall all contribute to applaud my Invention. The Heavens ſhall eternally Crown thy Head with Stars, the Sea ſhall waſh thy Feet, and the Earth proſtrate all her Productions before thee. What King will not incline to Kneel as ſoon as he ſees my Monarch ſo highly exalted? What Wretch will dare to deſpiſe him when he ſhall perceive avenging Thunder to hang over his Head? If

Steſicrates had been in being when that antient Hero *Hercules* ſet up his Pillars, he had taught him a much nobler Way of diſtinguiſhing his Grandeur. *Steſicrates* would have all the World to know by this his vaſt Deſign, that *Jove* and *Alexander* are Rivals, for if on Earth no Place remains for the latter to Conquer, where ſhould his next Thoughts be but againſt the Former?

LETTER CLXXVIII.

Jamblicus *to* Portiliacus; *acquainting him how he employs his Time.*

FOR my part, *Portiliacus*, I am none of thoſe that pretend to procure themſelves quiet by Sloth. Induſtry is my Delight, whence I can ſtill derive the greateſt Content. I look upon my ſelf not to have liv'd that Day wherein I have neither ſeen nor done ſome new Thing. That Night ſeems loſt to me which has not furniſh'd me with ſome new Dream to exerciſe my Fancy. When neither Day nor Night afford me any other Matter for Action, I make my Bed, duſt my Books, bruſh my Cloaths, or Walk, ever contemplating on ſome divine or humane, publick or private Object. Do you do the ſame, *Portiliacus*, if you have a Mind to have me either for your Friend, or Well-wiſher. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER CLXXIX.

The ſame to Anaximander, *a Poet; adviſing him to be merry as became that Character.*

I Muſt either ceaſe to love you, *Anaximander*, or you muſt lay aſide that ſadneſs of Mind which I obſerve afflicts you. What an unbecoming thing is it for a Poet to have Diſcontent ſit on his Brow. The various Conditions of Men are diſtinguiſhable by their various Countenances. The Soldier aſſumes a bold Martial Air; the Judge a ſevere; the Lawyer a ſly cunning Look; the Phyſician an humble fawning Grin; the Courtier a ſupple deſigning Leer; the Tradeſman an Hypocritical lying Phyz; when the Poet is never to have any thing in his Face but Mirth, as having his Thoughts always running upon ſome pleaſant Fancy. If you therefore *Anaximander* have a Mind to be one of this Character, rid your ſelf, as quickly as may be, of your Melancholly, for till you have ſo done, you muſt not expect that *Apollo*, and the Muſes will have any thing to do with you. Laugh and Farewel.

LETTER CLXXX.

The Cynique *Philoſopher* Diogenes, *to his Friend* Megaſthenes; *informing him after what manner he was initiated of that Sect by* Socrates.

COME to *Athens*, my Friend, where you ſhall ſee that *Socrates* who firſt taught me Wiſdom.

Wiſdom. As ſoon as his Fame reach'd me, I went from *Sinope* to hear him, and found him teaching that there were but two Ways that led to Virtue and Happineſs, the one long, the other ſhort. Upon asking him to ſhew them me, he roſe from his Seat, and together with his other Scholars carried me to the City, and afterwards to the Caſtle. There he pointed to two ſteep Ways, the one narrow, ſhort and craggy, the other long, broad, and of eaſie Aſcent. *Both theſe*, ſaid he, *go to the Caſtle; of the ſame kind are thoſe that lead to Virtue and Happineſs, but he that goes the nearer Way always arrives ſooneſt, tho' it be with the greateſt Pain. Chuſe therefore*, quoth he to me, *Which will you have.* I knowing my ſelf naturally able to undergo Hardſhips, made choice of the ſteep and craggy Road, being even then ſenſible, that he that aims at true Happineſs muſt grudge no Labour to obtain it. *Socrates* having approv'd what I had done, bid me pull off my Cloaths, and receive the † *Pallium*, which I did. Then he put a Wallet upon my Shoulder, with a heavy Earthen Platter, and a great Wooden Cup in it. After which he equipp'd me with an Oil Cruiſe, and a Curricomb, and laſtly gave me a Staff in my Hand. Thus habited I began to ask him a reaſon for all he had beſtow'd on me. *Why have you given me the* Pallium, quoth I? *That you might attend me both Winter and Summer*, reply'd he. *But why ſo thick lin'd*, purſu'd I. *Becauſe*, ſaid he, *You ſhould neither be ſenſible of Cold, nor want Heat. But*, proceeded I, *What means this Wallet on my Back. That is given you*, quoth he, *To the end you may beg*

† *A looſe Habit in uſe among the* Greeks, *eſpecially the Philoſophers.*

beg where-ever you come. But what means this Cup and Platter? demanded I farther, *What but to feed and drench you*, reply'd he. *And this Curri-comb and Oil Cruiſe, what Uſe are they for? The one to ſupple your Limbs when you are weary, and the other to rid your Hair of the Filth you will contract by going bareheaded.* Laſtly he told me, he gave me the Staff for a Caution, *What Caution*, reply'd I? *What*, anſwer'd he? *But that which the Gods uſe againſt Poets.* Thus dear *Megaſthenes* have I given you a full Account of my Admiſſion among the Philoſophers, and of the Habit, I receiv'd on that Occaſion. Farewel.

LETTER CLXXXI.

The ſame to the Græcians, *being a ſevere Satyr upon them.*

THE *Dog* to thoſe that call themſelves *Græcians*, ſends a Howl, and tho' he had kept his Mouth ſhut, yet would they have nevertheleſs diſcovered themſelves to have been *Apes* in their Hearts, and Men only in their Countenances. You *Greeks* diſſemble all, and know nothing. You make Laws for your ſelves, yet are always at variance with your Neighbours, ever envying thoſe that do ill, rather than imitating ſuch as do well. If you ſee a Man better Cloathed, Richer, or more Learned, you preſently have him in Abhorrence. In a word, you do nothing you ought to do, and on the contrary are ever employ'd in what you ſhould avoid. Neither you nor your Anceſtors have ever ſpared good Men, or puniſh'd bad. Wherefore not only I, but

but Nature abhors you. Before you Marry you are Hypocrites, and afterwards Tyrants. You are equally cruel to Enemies and Friends. Some you puniſh for ſmall Crimes, and let others eſcape for greater. You Hang, Burn, Poiſon and Torture, yet all without Reaſon. Whether is it the ſame Thing, O Madmen! to Kill, and to Torment? Is not the Rack a double Death, and why ſhould that be apply'd for a ſingle Crime? Likewiſe from the Dead we can expect no Benefit; but if we pardon, the very worſt of the Living may at one time or other be Serviceable to us. You *Græcians* inſtruct the Unlearned in Muſick to divert you, and take no notice of the Learned, who would be of much greater Uſe to you. Is it becauſe you abound in Knowing Men that you ſo deſpiſe them? If ſo, Iſſue out an Edict to baniſh them, that you may the more freely proceed in your Wickedneſs. In ſolemn Feſtivals you both Gourmandize, get Drunk, and grow Mad in the *Forum*, and publick Schools. Then it is you rail at the *Dog*, as you call him, but he takes little or no notice of ye. You would kill him, but he is below your reach. I have known a poor Man ſtarve a Diſtemper, which in the rich would have endanger'd Life, by being continually nouriſh'd. Whilſt ye lye upon your Beds of Down, your Minds grow harden'd. If ye were wiſe, ye would practiſe the Temperance of *Socrates*, and rather hang your ſelves than chuſe to die of a Luxurious Diſeaſe. But it is moſt impoſſible you ſhould alter your ill Courſe of Life. Your Obſtinacy will not let you be free from it, tho' it were otherwiſe in your Power to make your ſelves ſo. Ye will

will ſtill continue your debauch'd Banquets, and when in the height of your Cups, ye grow Feveriſh, ye ſend for thoſe Butchers, ye call Phyſicians, who tho' their Method be to Burn, Cut, Fley, Poiſon, or otherwiſe Torment; yet ye matter not as long as ye get well, when if ye had been careful of your Health, ye need not have any occaſion for their Help. For my part I am apt to imitate *Antiſthenes*, who would endeavour to convert thoſe that deſir'd it, but as for all ſuch as deſpis'd Reaſon, Truth and Wiſdom, he had the like contempt for them. This my Epiſtle is addreſs'd to *Greeks*, but it might as well have been to *Barbarians*, your Extravagances being far greater than they would ever have been guilty of, for whereas they have always been provident and content with what they enjoy'd, ye continually exceed in Profuſeneſs and Ambition. Farewel.

LETTER CLXXXII.

The ſame to Alexander *the* Great, *reproaching his Ambitious Proceedings.*

I Have already written to *Dioniſius*, to *Perdiccas*, and even to you *Alexander*, who ſince you wage War continually with all Mankind, think you have obtain'd Univerſal Dominion. However give me leave to tell you your Proceedings can deſerve no better Title than that of meer Madneſs. Conſider what you do, and ſince your Brain is ſo diſtemper'd, commit your ſelf to the Care of ſome Skilful Phyſician that may reſtore your Senſes, and deliver you from that Con-

Contagion, which you have contracted by your Obſtinacy. You have all along hitherto contended to do ill; neither if you were now diſpos'd do I think it in your Power to do otherwiſe, ſince you have ſo long been vitiated by a bad Habit. Moreover remember that Sovereignty and Power, are not the ſame Thing, neither can they warrant your converſing with bad Men, to employ them in worſe Actions. This the veryeſt Brutes will not do, neither does the Wolf or Tyger come near you in this particular. They only ſatisfie their own private Appetites, whereas you hire wicked People, and place them in Power, that they may have the greater Authority to do ill, wherein, nevertheleſs you are far more blameable than they. Repent at laſt of theſe heavy Crimes, for what can all this Pomp and Greatneſs ſignifie to you, ſince they are acquir'd by ſo many ill Actions? What benefit can all theſe violent Proceedings bring you? Do not while you continue in this Courſe believe your ſelf better than all Men, but rather imagine you are worſe. Do you think that what you buſie your ſelf about, can occaſion you any quiet? Ought not you to apprehend rather the greateſt of Dangers, and the moſt uncertain Succeſs? I fancy you could not draw worſe Calamities upon your Head, than theſe Enterprizes will cauſe you. Nevertheleſs you ſtill perſiſt in your Undertakings, and fancy you are engag'd in a good Cauſe. You look upon your ſelf to be an honeſt Man, and undergo chearfully the utmoſt Perils to gratifie the Dictates of your Ambition. You don't ſee what Snares are laid for you. You don't conſider what a Riſque you run. Likewiſe you are not ſenſible what Maladies may attack

you

you during your long Expeditions. Shields are of no defence againſt a Fever, neither is Courage againſt a Conſumption. A Soldier may ſooner die, than a private Man. Do you think the Misfortunes of Men proceed more from any thing than Ignorance of the Cauſe of them. Truly Great *Alexander*, you ſeem to me one of this Number. Forſake therefore this vitious Courſe of Life, if you would have any thing Succeed that you attempt, or be well ſpoken of that you have tranſacted. I would ſend one of the *Athenian* Judges to enable you in effecting this Reformation, but they are all ſuch exceſſive Ill-doers, that I can by no means truſt them with your Converſion. I would wiſh you Health, but till you have left off rambling, ſuch good Will would be vain. Be advis'd and flouriſh. Farewel.

LETTER CLXXXIII.

Soſigenes *to* Pythodorus, *upbraiding him with ſpeaking ill of every Body.*

MAY'ST thou always be ſpoken ill of *Pythodorus*, ſince thou never ſpeak'ſt well of any Body. Tell me, I beſeech thee, moſt contemptible of Men! What God do'ſt thou take thy ſelf to be deſcended from, ſince thou thinkeſt ſo contemptibly of all thy Fellow Creatures? Do'ſt thou believe *Jupiter* begot thee, or *Mars*, or *Neptune*, or *Pluto*? Sure thou haſt ſome monſtrous Imagination in thy Head, or thou would'ſt not fancy, thou excel'ſt all others in Beauty, Birth,

Birth, Wit, Valour and Virtue. Why ſhould'ſt thou not care to ſuffer any Man to be commended beſide thy ſelf? Art thou the only Perſon of worth now Living? Is no Body fit to be compar'd with thee think'ſt thou? Cannot the whole World furniſh another like thee? Truly I believe not, thou art ſo exceeding Singular. What other Man would run on in an eternal Ding in his own Praiſe, and not at the ſame time have the leaſt regard to his Merit? What other Man would not be ſenſible of his Weakneſs in pretending to ſurpaſs all Mankind? Ceaſe, Fool, ceaſe thus to vaunt thy good Qualities. Let others find out thy Perfections if thou haſt any, for they will always be eſteem'd the beſt Judges of them. Perhaps, becauſe thou had'ſt obſerv'd that no Body offer'd to Praiſe thee, thou thought'ſt it allowable to do that Office for thy ſelf. But herein thou err'ſt more Miſerably than ever, for tho' none can be found to ſpeak well of a Man, yet muſt not he undertake to do it for himſelf, leſt he thereby incur a Univerſal *Odium*, and become the Laughing-ſtock of all that know him. In a word, forbear to ſpeak ill of others, if thou would'ſt have any Body to ſpeak well of thee. Be Wiſe, and Farewel.

LETTER CLXXXIV.

The ſame to Cephiſophon; *being merry with him, upon his inviting him to walk with him.*

YOU are almoſt every Day, *Cephiſophon*, inviting me to take the Air with you, under pretence of alleviating our Cares by mutual Converſe.

verſe: How can you pretend to propoſe Freedom of Speech, when we are every Minue interrupted by Friends of yours that meet us. Either reſolve for the future, to give thoſe many Impertinents a ſhorter Audience, or conſent to allow me a Stool, for it would be impoſſible for me to ſtand to hear all thoſe inexhauſtible Fellows will certainly find to ſay to you; whenever therefore you are any more diſpos'd to have me out with you, inſtead of asking me to walk, you muſt change the Phraſe, and deſire me to go and take a ſitting with you, that being the more proper Expreſſion in this Caſe. You may be aſſur'd, as long as you ſuffer theſe Inſects to buz about you, no Body will care to keep you Company on any other Condition. Conſider of this Counſel, and Farewel.

LETTER CLXXXV.

The ſame to the ſame; adviſing him to Marry a Widow, or an Old Maid.

I Would not have you, *Cephiſophon*, look upon that which I writ the other Day to *Polemon* concerning his Marriage, to ſuit any ways with yours, for whereas I allow'd him a young Buxom Virgin, I recommend to you either a ſtaid Widow, or an old Maid, as agreeing beſt with your Years: Threeſcore and odd would look but very awkardly in the Arms of a Girl of fifteen; beſides, I would not have you to flatter your ſelf that your Ability is any thing like what it was while you were young, for tho'

in your fancy you may pleaſe well enough, yet in effect you muſt needs come ſhort of a requiſite Performance. Women have firſt regard to the Vigour, and afterwards to the Comelineſs of Husbands. If they happen to Marry either to Age or Deformity, you muſt know, 'tis not the Men, but their Money they have in view. Whilſt I am thus preaching to you about conformity of Years, I would not have you take my meaning to be that they ſhould be altogether equal. They may differ at leaſt ten Years on the Mans ſide, and there will be no diſproportion in the Match. Such a difference would only occaſion them to go off the Stage Hand in Hand, as they came on. Do you, *Cephiſophon*, conſider all this: Examine your Force, and the time it is likely to laſt before you engage. You'll find your ſelf elſe baffled in your Attacks, and not able to carry them on for want of Ammunition. Beſides, if you ſet down before ſuch a Fortreſs as you propoſe, your Adverſaries Sally will be more dangerous than your Storms, and while ſhe has a Port always open to receive Recruits, you'll be likely to die in your Trenches, before you can bring her to a Capitulation. Take my Advice, or repent of your Neglect. Farewel.

LETTER CLXXXVI.

Ithicles *to* Callias; *approving his Receſs into the Country.*

I Greatly commend you, *Callias*, for that having altogether hitherto been bred at Court, you can at length prevail on your ſelf to retire into

into the Country. I alſo approve of your choice of a Habitation there, neither ſo ſplendid as to be coveted, nor ſo poor as to be deſpis'd. By this Receſs, you will be freed from all Diſtractions and Fears. No Mid-night Alarms are like to diſturb your Repoſe, in ſuch Tranquility. All there is Peace and Plenty. No King or Tyrant will be able to find you out to moleſt you, in ſo remote a Solitude; ſo long as you pay your Annual Acknowledgment to the State, you will have no reaſon to ſtand in awe of any Body. What a happy Thing then is it to be out of the reach of Diſquiet? Envy her ſelf can never penetrate your diſtant Manſion; you may there Sleep ſecure from all Harms. The Rural Innocence is not capable of doing Injuries. Juſtice reigns there equal with Malice, and Hatred at Court. You will alſo add to your Happineſs, by your moderate Deſires. Great Poſſeſſions invite Thieves, whereas your ſmall Stock will rather be overlook'd than attempted. Your Land ſerves to keep your Houſe, and that's all you ſeek after. Fine Furniture you deſpiſe, what's Neceſſary you have only regard to: Coſtly Ornaments only delight the Eye, whereas Uſe beſt pleaſes the Mind. Perſevere therefore in the way you have begun, and you ſhall never want the Character of a Prudent Man. Farewel.

LETTER CLXXXVII.

Phædon *to* Theagenides; *ſhewing how far a Man may value himſelf on his Birth.*

I Would fain know, *Theagenides*, whence you derive all this Quality you make ſuch a buſtle about, and fill every Bodies Ears with the Relation of. Is it from the firſt Man that you pretend ſo much to a long *Series* of Progenitors? We all may be ſaid to have deſcended from him, and how you ſhould be able to deduce your Pedigree in a right Line, beyond any other, I can't imagine. I know your Allegations to be falſe, and thus I prove them ſo. Your Grand-Father was the Son of no Man, for no Body would own him, and your Father begot by the Lord knows who, for every Body ſuſpected his Parents. How you came into the World I need not tell you, your Mother having often confeſs'd that at the time ſhe fell in Labour with you under a Hedge, ſhe knew not whoſe Door to lay you at, till thro' hers, and your good Fortune, a rich Citizen of *Ægina* coming by, and ſeeing the Woman in that deplorable Condition, had the Compaſſion to have ye both brought to his Houſe, where he took care of her, and being Childleſs, bred you for his own. Now whatever Quality this good Man could pretend to, I would willingly be ſatisfy'd what Title you have to it. Thus 'tis plain, your Gentility, is not Hereditary. As to other means of making a Gentleman, you have as little pretence to them, as to the foregoing. Riches 'tis true you have, and as the

the World now goes, thoſe you may think ſufficient to ennoble you, but let me tell you, *Theagenides*, Wealth without Wiſdom and Virtue is of no worth; the greateſt Glory proceeds from theſe two, and even a noble Birth without them ſignifies nothing. Tho' your Anceſtors were the beſt of Men in all Reſpects, yet if you do not imitate them in what is good, it will avail you little to have deſcended from them. If you do not come up to their Excellencies, you degenerate from them, and ought not to have the benefit of your Alliance with them. Ceaſe therefore, ceaſe to boaſt of your Parents, for if they were really Noble, as I have prov'd it uncertain what they were, you could have no Advantage by it unleſs you had ſucceeded them as well in their good Actions, as their Eſtate. Farewel.

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

The Cynick *Philoſopher*, Diogenes *to the People of* Synope; *ridiculing them for baniſhing him.*

YOU have baniſh'd me, my Countrymen, and I on the contrary deſire you may be confin'd home for while you inhabit *Sinope*, I live at *Athens*. You ſpend your time with none but mercenary Traders, while I converſe daily with Philoſophers. You deal in nothing but vile Merchandize, while I continually read both Men and Books. Pity me not then, but rather envy me in that being remov'd from you, I lead a much

much happier Life than when I was with you. I then wallow'd in all kinds of Sloth and Luxury; I now am oblig'd to labour for my Living; I then liv'd at large, but now am confin'd to Rules. What then hinders me commiserating your poor Condition, Men of *Sinope*, in that having so great Wealth, you want Knowledge, and in wanting that, want every thing. Your banishing me, I look upon as a Favour, and Value your Threats so little, that I had rather be accus'd, than applauded by you. In a word, I would chuse to be a Vagabond all over the Earth, before I would consent to live a Wealthy, but unknown Citizen of *Sinope*. Farewel.

LETTER CLXXXIX.

The same to Zeno; *affirming himself not beholden to his Parents for begetting him.*

I Am not therefore oblig'd to my Parents, Friend *Zeno*, because they begot me, by reason all humane Things proceed from Nature, and not from the Qualities of them. Confusion of the Elements is the cause of Generation, for which reason I have no Acknowledgments to make to those that had neither Will nor Intention to bring me into the World. *Venus* ever presides over this Act, wherefore present Pleasure always takes place of future Benefit. Those that begot me had no Thoughts of doing so, therefore how am I oblig'd to them for my Being? These are my Sentiments of Generation, which how

how far they may agree with yours I cannot tell; however, ſure I am that Man being Born as he is, in a manner by Chance, ought not to value himſelf ſo much as he does, but be humble and modeſt in his Behaviour in this Life, conſidering he might as well have not been, as been. Farewel.

LETTER CXC.

The ſame to Megaſthenes; *acquainting him how he banter'd and converted a* Victor *in his return from the* Olympick *Games.*

AFTER the Games at *Olympia* were over, I determin'd to go thither, when by the way meeting one *Cicermus*, a * *Pancratian* Wreſtler, who had obtain'd a *Victors* Crown, and was then upon his return homeward, accompany'd by a great Number of his Friends, I taking him by the Hand accoſted, and thus ſaid to him, *Friend lay aſide all this Pride, and go modeſtly home to thine Houſe, let the occaſion of thy ſo great Rejoicing be what it will. But*, proceeded I, *what can be the Cauſe of all this Ovation? How com'ſt thou to be thus puff'd up? What is the meaning of this Crown on thy Head, this Palm-Branch in thy Hand, or of all this Hair-brain'd Mobs following thee?* To which he reply'd, *Theſe are all Tokens of my ſucceſs at the* Olympick *Games, where I have conquer'd every Body. How*, quoth I, *what did'ſt thou Conquer* Jove, *and his Brothers? Not ſo neither*, anſwer'd

* *One that wreſtled and box'd at the ſame time.*

he. *I ſuppoſe*, continu'd I, *You did not challenge all that ſtood about you.* *No*, reply'd he. *How then*, argu'd I, *could you be ſaid to Conquer all? I fancy*, purſu'd I, *you had the good Luck to have thoſe Conqueſts aſſign'd you by* Lott, *which others had gain'd for you; was it not ſo, Confeſs*; he own'd it was. Then I proceeded to ask him, whether they were Men only which contended at theſe Games. He anſwer'd, *No, ſome were Boys: I warrant you made fine work with them*; purſu'd I, *Not at all*, quoth he, *For they were not my Match. Did you then Conquer all that were your Match? Yes. And were all thoſe that contended with you Men? Yes. And are not you a Man likewiſe? Undoubtedly. Did you then Conquer your ſelf? No. How then could you be ſaid to Conquer every Body, when you your ſelf have eſcap'd? But*, proceeded I, *tell me Prithee were thoſe you got the Victory over your Equals or Inferiors? My Equals. If they were Equal to you, how came you to Conquer them? No, they were my Inferiors. If ſo, why were you not aſham'd to contend with them? Ceaſe*, Cicermus, *to boaſt any further of Conqueſts of this Nature*, purſu'd I, *and rather ſtrive to out-do all Men in Virtue, and a good Life. The Victories of the Mind are ever the moſt Glorious, whereby you ſhall aſſuredly live Happy, and after a long Series of Days die ſo.* This ſaid my *Pancratian* began to relent, and after ſome few more Documents beſtow'd on him, threw away his Crown and Palm-Branch, and vow'd never to contend at the *Olympick* Games more. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER CXCI.

Hipparchus *to* Ariſtides; *Ironically commending his Behaviour upon the Death of his Father.*

I Should have long before this condol'd with thee, *Ariſtides*, upon the loſs of thy Father, had I not thought his Inheritance gave thee more Joy, than his Death caus'd thee Grief. However, I'm ſatisfy'd, thou know'ſt how to behave thy ſelf upon all Occaſions whatever. Thou know'ſt what a wiſe Man ought to do, both in good and adverſe Fortune. Tears would not become a glad Countenance, nor Mirth a ſad one. Thou therefore carry'ſt it between both, and ſhow'ſt one that is indifferent. Thou haſt neither liv'd among the *Epicureans*, who would have no Grief appear on their Brows, nor with the *Jonick* ſect, who preach'd up nothing elſe; ſo much Sorrow ſatisfies thee, as ſerves to diſtinguiſh thee from a Beaſt. Tears belong to Women, Words to Boys, but Thought only to Man; how far thou art inwardly concern'd, I leave all Mankind to judge: Thou bear'ſt thy Misfortune like a Man of Senſe, and doeſt not go about to exceed the bounds of Grief. It is the part of a Brute to be altogether Negligent upon theſe Occaſions, but of a Man to bear with Patience all that proceeds from the Gods. Your Father was a good Man, and conſequently may be ſuppos'd to be remov'd to a better Place. Why then ſhould you lament at his Happineſs? You

do

do wisely *Aristides*, neither to be immoderate in your Joy nor your Grief. Do all that becomes you, and make it your Endeavour to refrain from all that would expose you. Consider, and Farewel.

LETTER CXCII.

The same to Lysitheus; *blaming him for hindering his Daughter from Marrying, that she might keep his House.*

YOU have a very beautiful Daughter at home with you, *Lysitheus*, nam'd *Thanippe*, whom you keep unmarry'd, and call the Staff of your Age. I would willingly, out of meer Complaisance, approve your Proceeding in this particular, but cannot for my Heart think that so delicate a Creature was design'd rather to rub a bald Pate, than bear Children to a young vigorous Husband. Women like Plants of Trees or Herbs, never thrive so well, as when they are transplanted from their Native Soil, for then 'tis they produce always the largest Fruit, and bear the sweetest Flowers; I mean after they have been well graffed or inoculated. Thus you may perceive *Lysitheus*, how great an Enemy you are to your Daughter, while you keep her mew'd up at home, preferring her making you Caudles, to her making you a Grand-Father: Forbear at length this austere Usage, and since she was Born for the Delight of Mankind, let some

ſome body have the Benefit of her Birth. I don't ask this for my ſelf, becauſe like you I am paſt the Pleaſures of the fair Sex. My requeſt is only on hers, and your account, that ſhe may enjoy the uſe of her Liberty, and you not repent of her Confinement. Farewel.

LETTER CXCIII.

Hegeſias *to* Soſigenes; *accuſing himſelf of too great Modeſty.*

I Would willingly, *Soſigenes*, get rid of this curſed Nature of mine that Bluſhes even at the beſt Things, and makes me thought a ſtrange Kind of Monſter, by thoſe that don't know me thoroughly. If I meet a Man I don't like, I can't flatter him, neither can I promiſe him any thing, I never intend to perform. I can't take him by the Hand, and call him Friend, when I never ſaw him before. I can't run into a vain Harangue on my own Praiſe, and produce Papers to juſtifie my Aſſertion, yet theſe are all done by thoſe that have a mind to thrive in the World; theſe are the Arts that flouriſh. I have never yet learnt to palliate my Sentiments with a Lie, nor to ſeem pleas'd when I have heard my ſelf prais'd. Upon anothers commending my Judgment, or my Wit, I have ſtood as if I had been Thunderſtruck, and tho' my Writings have gain'd every other bodies Applauſe, yet have they had nothing but my Contempt. I never read my Performances

formances to any body, nor care I to hear them rehears'd by every body, as ſome do. If they have convinc'd the World, I am an honeſt Man, and no Fool, I have my end. A Repetition of what I have written diſguſts me, and ſeems to reproach me with an Inclination to favour the hearing it. Thus you ſee *Soſigenes*, I am no ways qualify'd to proſper by my Undertakings, and therefore muſt either get the Aſcendant over my Modeſty, or be contented with the bare Reward of Virtue, which is Poverty, and a good Conſcience. Farewel.

LETTER CXCIV.

The ſame to Heliodorus ; *approving his choice of a Woman, to pleaſe his Fancy.*

YOU have done wiſely, *Heliodorus*, in refuſing to Marry that rich, but old Gentlewoman, who was lately offer'd you. Had you conſented to have had her, you would have ſoon found you had wedded Wealth inſtead of a Wife, and brought home a domeſtick Strife, in lieu of a conjugal Satisfaction. A Man that entertains thoughts of Marriage ought to pitch upon a Woman he can propoſe a laſting Comfort in, and not have regard meerly to her Portion. What greater Plague can there be, than to have a Wife lord it over one, becauſe ſhe has brought a great Fortune? If Money is not to be had without ſuch a Companion, let it never be had for

for me. Riches are to be desir'd no further than they are subservient to our Happiness. So soon as they cease to Contribute to our well-being in this Life, they begin to be a Torment to us, and are not less to be avoided than a Pest that sweeps away all our Contentment. You therefore, *Heliodorus*, have acted a prudent Part, in preferring a good Woman to Gold. I would advise you yet further to chuse one young, of equal Years with you, and of a lesser Fortune: So shall you never have reason to fear, she will upbraid you, but rather always acknowledge her self oblig'd to you. Let her be Beautiful, that she may disarm your Anger; Modest, that she may deserve every Bodies good Word; and Chast, that she may occasion you no Disquiet. Thus Marriage will render you Happy, and sweeten all your Misfortunes. Farewel.

LETTER CXCV.

Eutidemus *to* Lysanias; *advising him not to exceed in Love.*

YOU have begun to Love, *Lysanias*, and consequently to despise all such as are past it, for *Innamorato*'s, as you are now become, seldom care for any but those that are equally infected with themselves. I do not so much blame your Passion, since you are Young, and of an Age proper for it; I only require you to take heed

heed, you do not ruin your ſelf by it. The Poets have not unfitly compar'd Love to Fire, as agreeing with that Element, both in Nature and Force. If you come near Fire while you are cold, it gently warms and delights you, but if you are ſo Mad as to throw your ſelf into it, you will ſoon find it will not only burn, but conſume you. The ſame happens in Love, for as long as you are contented with the moderate Uſe of it, you will have your Mind enliven'd, and Body refreſh'd; but ſo ſoon as you deliver your ſelf up a Prey to Luſt and Luxury, Sloth will ſeize you, Defilements pollute you, and Frenzy diſtract you. Virtue will then be an utter Stranger to you, and Vice alone be predominant in your Affections. You will then be eaſie to be corrupted, and hard to be reclaim'd; whereas on the contrary, if you do not exceed in this Paſſion, you will prolong your Life by it, and make all your Days eaſie. Be adviſ'd, and Farewel.

LETTER CXCVI.

The ſame to Aceſtorides; *ridiculing his ſlothful Courſe of Life.*

I Would have you, *Aceſtorides*, go to *Epidaurus*, where I hear there is a King that rewards Lazineſs, and encourages his Subjects in Sloth. They ſay he has inſtituted a new Sort of Order, whoſe Members are to ſpend all their Lives

Lives upon Feather-Beds, whence they are call'd, *The King's Sluggards.* When they are to undergo a Trial for an Election, they muſt prove they have ſlept perpetually, or at leaſt never come out of the Sheets. Their Tongues muſt appear to have been always clos'd, and their Eyes to have been as conſtantly fixt. Neither their Hands muſt ever have offer'd to help them up, nor their Limbs ſeem'd diſpos'd, at any time, to have turn'd about; they muſt ſtill have lain in the ſame Poſture, and ever been fed with the moſt delicate of Viands: They muſt never have had any the leaſt Deſire of riſing or quitting their Poſt, as long as they have liv'd. Theſe Qualifications intitled them to that Fraternity, and he that exceeded in Indolence, was to be the Great Maſter. To this Order, I muſt needs recommend you, *Aceſtorides*, ſince you have hitherto ſo unactively paſs'd away your Time. No doubt you will quickly obtain a conſiderable Fellowſhip there, and ſoon ſleep your ſelf into your Princes Favour. I leave you to your Merit in this particular, and bid you Farewel.

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LETTER CXCVII.

Diogenes *to* Metrocles, *in defence of his living by Beging.*

VALUE not your ſelf, *Metrocles*, ſo much upon your Condition and Quality, nor think ſo meanly of mine, for asking a neceſſary Alms where I want it. Do not Princes beg Aids of their Subjects to carry on the Common Cauſe? Do not Phyſicians diſpenſe Health to thoſe that have firſt requeſted it of them? In a word, do not poor languiſhing Lovers obtain conſolatory Kiſſes from their Miſtreſſes, by meer Importunity and Entreaty? Why then ſhould I, of all Mankind, be excluded that Liberty which every Body elſe enjoys? What I beg for, 'tis certain I come honeſter by than many do by their great Poſſeſſions, and if I have a Juſt Title to what I get, what has any one to do with my manner of getting it. Reproach me not therefore, *Metrocles*, for the future, with my Profeſſion, but imitate the Gods, and all good Men, who delight in diſtributing their Favours to the Neceſſitous and Virtuous. Farewel.

LETTER CXCVIII.

The ſame to Ariſtippus; *concerning* Alexander's *deſire to ſee him.*

YOU ſend me word that *Alexander*, King of *Macedon*, has a great Deſire to ſee me. You did well to give him that Title, for whatever the *Macedonians* may be, you know I am ſubject to no Body. If that Prince has a mind to be acquainted with me, and my manner of Life, let him come hither, for I ſhall always think *Athens* as far diſtant from *Macedon*, as *Macedon* is from *Athens*. Farewel.

LETTER CXCIX.

The ſame to Phœnomachus; *relating his Interview with that Monarch.*

WHILST I was ſitting in my Tub, ſtitching and gluing of Books, *Alexander*, the Son of *Philip*, came and ſtood between me and the Sun. As ſoon as I perceiv'd my ſelf hinder'd from Working, for want of Light, I caſt up my Eyes, and both ſaw, and knew the Cauſe of it. He ſtretching forth his Right-hand, call'd me by my Name, and ask'd me if I knew him. I told him I did, and that he was

an invincible Youth, whose Power was equal to that of the Gods; *However* (quoth I to him) *you do ill to occasion this Ecclipse.* *What Ecclipse*, answer'd he. *What*, (reply'd I) *but the interposing of your dark Body between me, and the Sun. You jest* Diogenes, said he. *How do I jest*, quoth I, *when I am as much interrupted in my Business by your Presence, as if* Apollo *had really left our Hemisphere. Now since you are able to do me no good*, (pursu'd I) *you would do well to leave me. How* (answer'd he) *is* Alexander *able to do you no good? Not in the least*, quoth I, *I have nothing to lose, and therefore 'twere fruitless for his* Phalanx *to move this way. But* (continu'd he) *you are poor, and in that respect I may serve you. How am I poor*, reply'd I? *How*, argu'd he, *but in being a Beggar, and wanting every thing. Want of Money*, Alexander, proceeded I, *is no Poverty, neither is it a Sin to beg, but rather to engross all, and thirst after every thing as you do. A little will suffice me; this Tub, that Fountain, these Herbs and Roots, and even those Skins that cover me, which no Body will contend with me for, whilst neither Earth nor Sea being able to satisfie you, your next Expedition must be against Heaven, which, how heinous an offence that is to attempt*, Homer *has describ'd to you at large.* Having back'd this with several other Reasons, the mighty Monarch blush'd, and turning to some of his Companions, told them, *That had he not been* Alexander, *he could have wish'd to have been* Diogenes. Afterwards using many Arguments to get me along with him, and finding them to no purpose, he almost left me, before I were willing he should. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER CC.

The ſame to Monemus ; *telling him ſome pleaſant Adventures of his at* Athens.

WHILST you continue in *Olympia*, expecting every Day the Games ſhould be celebrated, I am come to *Athens*, where I paſs my time in another manner. Walking the other Day about the *Forum*, with my Cup in my Hand, after my uſual Cuſtom, and viewing both the Sellers and Talkers of all Sorts, I at length happen'd to light upon a Philoſopher, who was diſcourſing concerning the Quality and Efficacy of the Sun. Coming up to him, and crowding in among his Auditors, I ask'd him, *Pray Sir, How long is it ſince you dropt from Heaven* ? The poor Orator not a little ſurpriz'd at my Queſtion, anſwer'd not a Word, which his Audience obſerving, and thinking I had confounded his Arguments, departed ; leaving him to contemplate the reſt upon the Ground, and me to purſue my Frolick. Quitting this Numſkul, I accoſted another, a Poet, who ſitting crown'd with Lawrel in the mid'ſt of a Throng, and pretending not a little to Divination, I demanded of him, *Whether he were a good, or a bad Prophet.* Perceiving me to hold up my Stick, he anſwer'd, *He was a good One. Gueſs then*, quoth I, *Whether I intend to ſtrike thee or not. I believe you dare not*, reply'd he. Taking that for an Argument of his Ignorance, I ſtruck him. The

Mob immediately made a great Clamour, whereupon turning to them, I ask'd what they meant by all that Noiſe. *Is it*, quoth I, *becauſe I have beaten a falſe Prophet?* Hereupon the People being convinc'd of their Error, forſook him, and follow'd me. I began to diſcouſe to them upon ſeveral Subjects, all which they reliſh'd ſo well, that ſome offer'd me Gold and Silver; others Things of equal Value, and moſt of them invited me to Supper. Keeping nevertheleſs to my Profeſſion of Poverty, I refus'd all but a few Neceſſaries. Supper 'tis true, I accepted, but that only from one, a rich Young Citizen: When I came into his Dining-room, I found it nicely adorn'd in every Part: Even the Pavement ſhone with Riches, and the Walls and Cieling likewiſe reflected theirs upon it. After I had been there for ſome time, having occaſion to ſpit, I look'd round about me, and finding no place more proper, I ſpit upon my Hoſt. He immediately demanding the reaſon of my Proceeding, I told him, he ought to blame himſelf not me, for ſince I ſaw no Place beſides unadorn'd in his whole Houſe, I thought he was the fitteſt to beſtow that Excrement upon. To which he reply'd, *You ſhall hereafter have no ſuch occaſion to find fault with me*, and therefore next Day ſelling all he had, he became one of our Fraternity. This is what has happen'd to me, ſince I left you at *Olympia*. Farewel.

LETTER CCI.

Democlides *to* Cteſicles, *againſt* Sodomy.

YOU ask me, *Cteſicles*, who are thoſe I moſt Hate, and beſt Love. I may anſwer you without a bluſh, that I hate thoſe that love Boys, and love thoſe that hate them; the former, becauſe they forget they are Beaſts and the latter, becauſe they remember they are Men. The Eternal Decrees of the Almighty Gods are by *Sodomy* fruſtrated, and confounded for what they by the Laws of Nature intended for the Propagation of Mankind, the Practiſers of this Brutality violate and profane. Judge then how heinous a Crime this muſt needs be, when to gratifie an unaccountable Luſt, the Springs of Providence are ſtopp'd, and the Courſe of Generation interrupted. How ought the World to abominate theſe vile Men, who are continually Conſpiring againſt its Duration: But no more on this Subject, which is equally horrid and abominable. I doubt not *Cteſicles*, but you agree with me in theſe Sentiments, and have a juſt Abhorrence of ſuch unnatural Doings. Farewel.

LETTER CCII.

Lyſimachides *to* Charonidas; *commending his Contrivance.*

WHETHER I ſhould moſt commend or admire you, *Charonidas*, I am at a loſs

to

to determine, since you so prudently fly that common Pest of Mankind, Lust, that neither Nature nor Custom are able to prevail upon you to practise it. I count you truly blest in that you can resist the Wiles and Allurements of Women, and equally despise their Follies and Pleasures. They are a sort of Animals, necessary indeed to Generation, and for that end design'd, yet the enjoyment of them is always accompany'd with so much Repentance and Dissatisfaction, that it were better to let them alone. What can be more vile, brutal or short liv'd, than the Joys we propose in their Embraces? What more Infectious? What more Pestilent? Yet many of us wrap up our chiefest Happiness in them, and propose them for our *Summum Bonum* in this Life. You therefore, *Charonidas*, that have so timely foreseen these Evils, and so seasonably taken care to avoid them, are not a little to be prais'd; especially, if you persevere in your Resolutions, which will render your future Days both Many and Happy. Farewel.

LETTER CCIII.

Hegesias *to* Praxibulus; *concerning some Advantages that flow from Drinking.*

OF Feasts and Merry-makings at leisure Hours to recreate and unbend our Minds, when fatigu'd, either with Study or Business, I highly approve; when those that are wholly dedicated to Sloth and Luxury, I at the same time no less condemn. The former serve to divert and fortifie

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the Mind, whereas the latter do but weaken and enervate it. I would not be thought to imply by this, that what Nature has freely beſtow'd upon us, ſhould not be with the ſame freedom enjoy'd, yet muſt it withal be conſider'd, that what ſhe has diſpens'd with ſo much reaſon, ought alſo to be reaſonably made uſe of. Wine if we drink it moderately, exhilerates our Souls, ſtrengthens our Bodies, clears our Judgments, quickens our Conceptions, and refines our Wits: But, on the contrary, if we take never ſo little too much of it, it turns us to Brutes and Madmen. Thus we ſee both good and evil proceed from the ſame Cauſe, which we need not however wonder at, if we reflect, that Tears often flow from both Joy and Grief. Farewel.

LETTER CCIV.

The ſame to three Brothers, that liv'd three different Lives.

I Wiſh Generoſity to *Parſilocus*, Temperance to *Orocleus*, and Mirth and Comfort to *Phiſomenus*, you being three Brothers, that as I'm inform'd, are of three different Tempers, and lead three different Lives. I cannot but wonder, Gentlemen, that being ſo near a kin, and ſprung from the ſame Bowels, you ſhould ſuffer your ſelves to be thus divided. One of ye, I underſtand, gives himſelf wholly up to Covetouſneſs, ſpending his Life altogether in the queſt of Riches; another dedicates his Days intirely to Intemperance

temperance and Luxury. The third deſpiſing the Proceedings of both, conſumes his Years meerly in Sadneſs and Obſcurity. Herein you ſeem to imitate the three Sons of *Saturn*, whereof *Jupiter* choſe Heaven, *Neptune* the Sea, and *Pluto* Hell. Now which deſerves the beſt Character of you three, I am at a loſs to determine. Sadneſs may lead to Felicity by a Reflection on humane Miſeries, and conſequently make a good Man. Intemperance may bring one to a State of Moderation, by conſidering the Advantages of its Oppoſite. But as for Covetouſneſs, he that has once given himſelf up to that Vice, muſt never expect it will ever quit him, 'till he is wrapt in his Winding-ſheet: Nay ſcarce then neither, for he that is truly Covetous will not only grudge himſelf the charge of a decent Funeral, but almoſt of a Grave. Farewel.

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